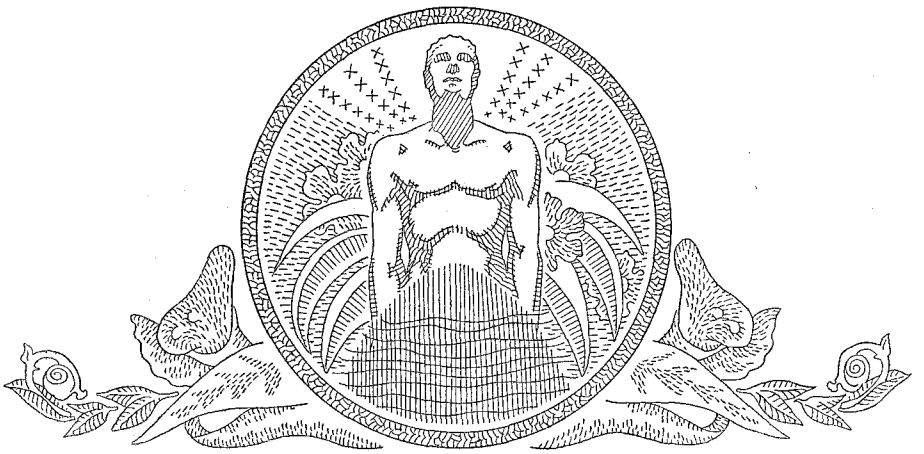
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCVIII JUNE, 1935 No.6



Is Man Improving?

By Abbé Ernest Dimnet

We live in an age of material marvels. But is Man himself really improving? This is the first of a group of articles on the subject. Robert Briffault, C. E. M. Joad, and others will contribute to the series

It is fortunate that this question is being discussed, for, although it appeals to the high school sophomore, it chiefly appeals to the philosopher, and one may say that a conscientious effort to answer it does not leave us the same men or women we were before becoming aware of it. Covering, as it does, under its apparent obviousness, some of the most important issues in which mankind is interested, it cannot, of course, be a new topic. Two years ago, disguised as Technocracy, it was the subject of innumerable conversations, sanguine or terrified; the year before, hundreds of lectures on the Machine Age discussed it in a happier atmosphere because people are less afraid of honest English words than of a Greek polysyllable, but it was the same question; in the eighteenth century the economic philosophy which the first Dupont de Nemours called "Physiocracy" was only another aspect of it; and when the Ancients, leisured people, marvelled through centuries at what they called the Golden Age, there is no doubt that they regarded their own epoch as a prosaic, disgustingly comfortable machine age.

Any discussion with such a past behind it is apt to be artificial. People inherit their view of it as they inherit their political opinions, and the result of a great deal of talk unfortified by a corresponding amount of thinking is merely loyalty to an emotional Yes or No, or perhaps a slogan, or a shrug of the shoulders. Yet, all the time, the use of our life, our possibilities of happiness, as well as the right development of civilization, are at stake.

Well, is man improving? Man certainly *is* a progress. Anybody with a reflective mind and in possession of a few elementary data concerning the history of the Universe not only knows that Man is a progress but is lost in wonderment at the progress he is. Most people talk glibly about the inhabitants of Mars or Venus and entertain no doubt that of the myriad suns which crowd space many must be inhabited. They speak without knowing, of course; nobody knows, and the continuation of man on this little planet may be too brief to allow him ever to know. The moment we realize that all the stars we see are suns and that a sun is only a globular mass of ignited gases the temperature of which baffles imagination, we no longer feel inclined to believe in the life of corporeal beings upon them. Only the invisible satellites of those suns might make life, as we understand it, possible. But of such satellites we know nothing: we only feel sure that they may exist, because

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we live on a satellite of the Sun. And they may exist without the inclusion of any organic life, for we cannot be sure that even Mars, which has an atmosphere similar to our own and is a next door neighbor, is inhabited. Therefore, we can regard it as a wonderful thing, maybe as a unique chance, that our little speck of a globe *is* inhabited, or even that there is any life upon it at all.

The apparition of Man on the Earth, the progress that Man has been is, the moment we condescend to dwell upon it, another subject for wonderment. Remember that there was a time, a tremendously prolonged period, during which our globe too was a mass of ignited gas. The hidden furnace is still active a few miles beneath our feet. In time this minute star grew cool, and gradually a crust of earth and water divided the fire from the air. Then, in conditions which we begin to glimpse, what we call life appeared. Infinitesimal at first. There is still around us, nay, in us, an endless variety of such infinitesimals which we may not regard as alive as we are, but which, exactly like ourselves, are born, grow, breed, decay, and die. These were succeeded by, or perhaps evolved into, the innumerable species we see around us, or study in museums, or read of in thousands of tomes. They grew in size and complication until in dense jungles—the debris of which are now burning in our furnaces—enormous creatures roamed beside enormous rivers. Scientists rebuild those landscapes for us. The scale to which plant, animal, and stream have to be drawn makes them seem unfamiliar, but so would seem many regions in Africa. What is really perplexing to us is the complete absence of man. He is nowhere seen hunting, fishing, or building. There are not even anthropoids to suggest his proximity. The whole scene is awe-inspiring, because there seems to be nobody to *think* it. Finally, with the Quaternary Age, Man appears and a tremendous revolution takes place, for henceforth Nature is no longer alone at work. Something infinitely superior to its blind forces—thought—is now visible, and its action is so compelling that most of us are conscious of nothing else. Say what a Monist will, just as we cannot bridge the gulf between the inorganic and life, we cannot bridge the gulf between the unorganizing and thought. A marvellous thing is confronting us, and as it seems wonderful that our globe should be the only one on which we are sure that life is, it is wonderful that of the myriad beings alive on the Earth only one species, ours, should have risen to thought.

This is what we mean by saying that Man *is* progress.

But is he progressing? Partly and at times, and he will probably go on doing so till too much cold or too much heat kills him off, a consummation which does not seem to worry many prophets of progress, but which the philosophy of progress must take careful cognizance of. The material progress of Man is clearly written in the geological strata where we read of an iron age succeeding a stone age and of the former being succeeded by a bronze age, itself to be succeeded by the steel age which we also call machine age. During the past three centuries this progress has been intensified in a way which the philosopher admires and which overwhelms the unphilosophical out of all proportion with the amount of thought it actually represents. A great deal of nonsense can be heard over a radio, and the radio engineer who happens to hear it, and knows that vital improvements have often been the chance discovery of ignorant workmen, has no doubt that it is nonsense not one whit superior to the exclamations greeting the apparition of the rabbit in the conjuror's hat. However, it is a fact that our material comfort, absurdly misnamed "material civilization," has recently increased in a thousand ways too obvious to describe. And it is also a fact that the same science which has transformed our everyday life by its applications has gradually succeeded in telling us the history of the universe, especially that of our own earth, in such a way that our philosophy could not but be influenced by it. Meanwhile the history of primitive Man and of early civilizations has also given us a setting in which our ideas cease to be quite what they were. Nobody dreams of not calling that progress, or of not rejoicing about it. A recent book written in a spirit which I shall soon say I do not admire, *A Century of Progress,* edited by Mr. Charles Beard, is full of the record of innumerable improvements in technics of all kinds, and it might have been even longer than it is, for it does not take into account a number of facts in which the historian is interested. There is, for instance, an encouraging difference between the Church of England in the eighteenth century, as Macaulay describes it, and what it is now; in the same country, a hundred years ago, the Civil Service was about as bad as the Postal Service was in America; today it is envied by all nations. But it is not for incompleteness that I find fault with Mr. Beard's book.

The progress of Science, however, is not absolutely synonymous with the progress of Man, any more than the progress of an army can be entirely laid to individual soldiers. I remember, as a child, wondering at the herbs and teas which I saw hanging from strings in a garret of our house. I knew there were hundreds of them the properties of which were familiar to housewives, as well as others more mysterious reserved for the apothecary. How had mankind become sure about the virtues of those plants? There was hemlock in the garden almost undistinguishable from chervil: how had gardeners found that hemlock killed while chervil was beneficent? How did people know that even chervil would kill the merry blackbird? Children have no notion of time and I should have been but little enlight-

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ened if I had been told that, centuries and centuries before me, the colic must have taught primitive man a lot, and that with the mere addition of one more plant every hundred years the pharmacy would have been much larger than it really is. Progress, the progress by mankind, is in its details too anonymous and too slow to be called the progress of Man. That powerful thinker, the Polish Jew Meyerson, who recently died in Paris after a lifetime of research on this subject, proved in his *Les Cheminements de la Pensée* that the most abstruse scientific reasoning is not essentially different from that of primitive Man. More than that. We admit that primitive Man was physically our superior; everybody seems also convinced that he was nearer nature, better aware of its mystery, of its *mana,* in short, that he was more gifted as a poet than we are. Can we be sure that, with infinitely less mental encumbrance and with no inhibitions, his virgin brain did not work, within the limits of its data, in a more original way than ours, laden with a multiform heritage, can ever do? If so, where is the progress, except in multiplicity, in what we have learned to call contemptuously quantity?

Besides, if a volume can easily be filled with instances of progress, another could no less easily be written on innumerable instances of regress. Do people realize that prehistoric Man frequently showed himself a great artist? M. Jacques Blanche, painter and writer, says that he knows of only one living artist, Picasso, whose draughtsmanship equals that exhibited in the painted caves of Southern France and Spain. Who would dare to compare modern China with the China of ten or twelve centuries ago? Egypt, the marvel of ancient history, finally decayed and perished. Material progress has also its eclipses: the Roman Empire had created great roadways which its successors neglected and, in the long run, forgot. The mails of even Julius Cæsar—who was the pioneer and did in Gaul what the French have just accomplished in the Moroccan Atlas—travelled ten times faster than those of Charlemagne. What had become of medicine in the darkest period of what we call the Dark Ages? It had followed philosophy to where it had taken refuge, and modern visitors to the charming Fez *medersas* may admire their architecture but they cannot help showing amazement when told that under those exquisite arches Aristotle and Hippocrates were taught when they were forgotten in the rest of the world, except, possibly, in one or two Irish monasteries. Indeed, progress is far from being the rule, and to say so is not croaking but simply talking with book. Historical or literary criticism may sound pessimistic to the uneducated; in reality it is so when pessimism is the only possible attitude.

Are we at present at a peak of progress? Mr. Beard seems to be firmly persuaded that we are, or at all events that America is, but his book has been conceived as a panegyric of material progress and Mr. Henry Ford is one of the contributors. The limitations of such a book appear the moment we open it; its spirit is eminently what the French language brands as *primaire,* that is to say, blithely indifferent to culture. There are indeed two chapters in this *Century of Progress* dedicated to Art and Literature, but they are a mere exposé of what literature and art are in America, and neither Mr. Fiske Kimball nor Mr. John Erskine adopts for an instant the triumphant tone of Mr. Beard in his Introduction. There is also a chapter on Education, and that one is as jubilant as a modern school building, but it is *primaire.* Even in the section devoted to curriculums which adverts to secondary education there is no reference whatever to classical education which is the woefully weak point in the American high schools, but the writer crows over the fact that in 1890 the list of subjects taught in the high schools was limited to nine, whereas, owing to marvellous progress, it now includes two hundred and fifty! Pass from such a book to an essay of Emerson's or to a perfect page of Hawthorne's, you will have your doubts of what *A Century of Progress* calls progress.

As a matter of fact anybody with a modicum of education knows that at no period was there not only so much deep thinking but such a distribution of the thinking power as there was in the best period of Greek history, when Athens was no larger than many an American college. Artistic talent in the thirteenth century for which Mr. Beard entertains little respect must have been found at every corner; one would give a great deal to have heard the conversation of the stone-cutters who, towards the noon hour, descended from their scaffolding on the façade of Rheims Cathedral. A similar team, with the same power and the same spirit, must have come down at the same minute from a score of towers all over France. Marvellous days when Rodins and Bourdelles were no splendid rarities but an hourly encounter.

Education in the sixteenth century was not judged by the length of a list, but by the length of the heads. At twenty-five, even at twenty, a man like Cujas, the jurist, was a stupendous encyclopedia. He was a giant, of course, but how many others beside him knew more than famous scholars today! The indolent Montaigne comes naturally to mind. Why were those people so marvellously equipped? Simply because the methods of education were infinitely more effective than they are today. Latin and Greek were taught to be known, known as we possess today any modern language. At present, not only in America where the high school teaches them so that not only does the pupil not know but is convinced that his teacher herself does not know, but in most countries, the classical languages are merely played with. Where is the progress?

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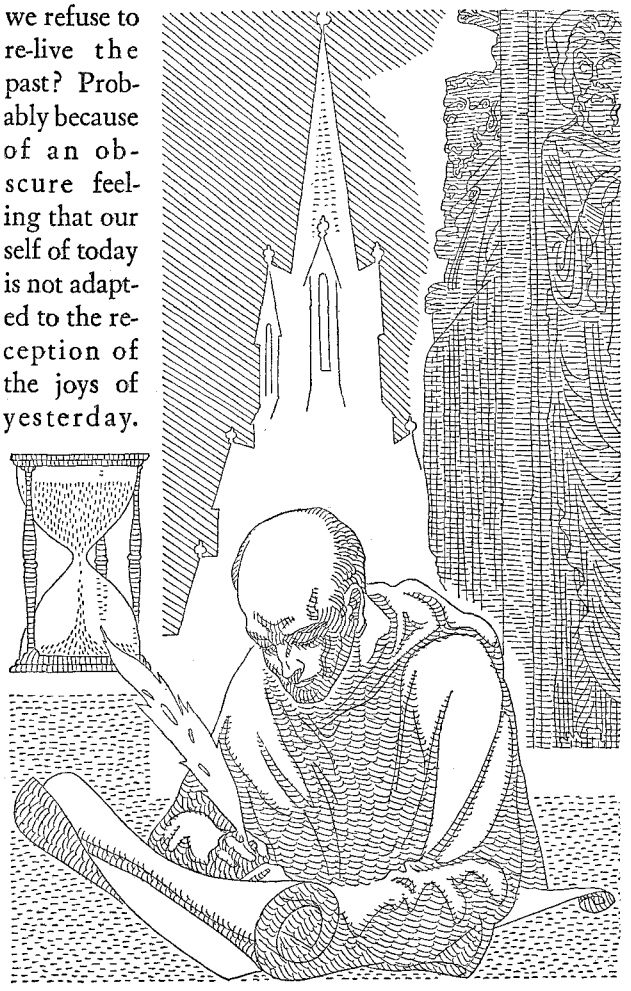
There is a regress also in religion which in many communities is being reduced to mere moralism. Politics is at a low ebb, not merely because politicians lack character but because their insufficient education incapacitates them for clear thinking. Innumerable people denounce the Versailles Treaty, for instance; when asked on what points they would like it to be revised they are mum because they have not thought the matter out.

It is almost cruel to ask the worshippers of modern progress what they think of the financial, economic, or social plight of the world. The distribution of wealth is so evidently not only unjust but productive of danger that people who, only five years ago, were intoxicated by what to them was the acme of progress, do not say a word in protest when they see questioned, one after the other, all the principles on which they believed society to be based. I have frequently admired in America the philosophy of those younger men who know to what extent the New Deal threatens their future comfort; I have seldom sympathized with older men's wondering or repining. They have been all too empirical in the past. In any case, nobody will feel like calling progress the amazement of some, the resignation of others, or the experiments of a few.

We should, in consequence, conclude that modern harping on progress is an inherited and uncritical brag which examination of facts promptly silences. The sober reality is that Science—the knowledge of the material universe—is progressing, but spiritual improvement does not follow in its train, and, what is worse, a vast majority of mankind does not care. Three centuries of constant investigation of physical laws and of wonderment at their application have created an obsession similar to the obsession of hygiene or that of comfort, and the vaunted modern intellect is not strong enough to dispel it.

From that phantasm the Ancients were free. Many historians even say that the Greeks thought themselves at a peak which no effort could transcend, but readers of Plato's *Republic* realize that this is saying too much. While the obsession of progress is modern the notion of progress is of all times. It is inseparable from discovery and the slightest effort at introspection reveals it in our psychology. For, there is in us an ineradicable tendency to regard yesterday as dead and gone and tomorrow as more promising than today. When we think of a farther-away past we show one of the many antinomies in our nature: in the first place Memory is as clever an enchantress as Hope: she throws a halo over occurrences which we know did not make us particularly happy when they actually took place; on the other hand, we never want to re-live even that enchanting past, and we insist on looking forward to the future, (which means that we believe in progress). Why do we refuse to re-live the past? Probably because of an obscure feeling that our self of today is not adapted to the reception of the joys of yesterday.



It is a melancholy fact that, for complex causes, even loving men and women would hesitate to resurrect their beloved. In *Swann's Way* Marcel Proust shows us the unforgettable grandmother roused from a dream in which her late husband was speaking to her. She clutches her rosary and says in an agitated whisper, "Thank goodness, nothing goes wrong in our house, only the kitchen-wench being confined." We all know of similar experiences.

It is true that we gladly revisit places where once poetry descended upon us, but almost invariably that attempt at repetition is a disappointment. It is also true that we look wistfully back towards states of consciousness in which we respected ourselves more than we do now. But we will generally find that those were only momentary, and we do not want to relapse, for the sake of a moment, into periods which contrast shows to us dull and drab. Hence our preference for the future which imagination paints in the most attractive colors. This implies a belief in progress.

That belief the Ancients shared, and it seems hardly possible that with this kind of subconsciousness they should have imagined themselves to be at the peak. When Cicero, in a familiar letter, says to Atticus that he is more interested "in the vast future than in the

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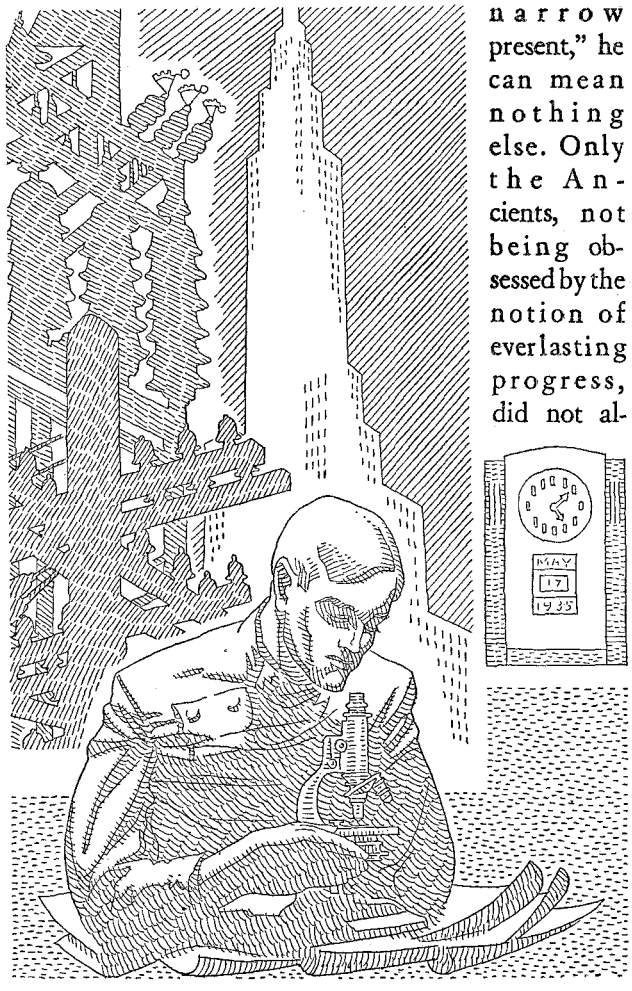

narrow present," he can mean nothing else. Only the Ancients, not being obsessed by the notion of everlasting progress, did not allude to it *ad nauseam* as our contemporaries do.

The tendency to formulate the doctrine of progress, latent in the men of the Renaissance who worshipped the past but showed the buoyancy of great expectations, only appeared definitely in the seventeenth century. Hobbes, in a well-known passage of the *Leviathan* beginning "Felicity is a continuall progresse" evidently shows it. It is also part and parcel of Cartesianism, two principles of which (1. science is endlessly in progress; 2. science continually influences practical life) reveal it in full. But it only became popular when, in the latter part of the seventeenth century the notorious dispute between the admirers of the Ancients and those of the Moderns disseminated it. The former, inheritors of Montaigne and of the powerful scholars of the preceding century, were mentally far superior to Perrault hypnotized by the éclat of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, but Perrault had on his side "Society" which was beginning to dictate and which gladly believed in excellences it did not take years of study to appreciate. Soon progress was a dogma. The certainty that it is inevitable fills the elegant writings of Fontenelle, the first scientist who thought of making science accessible to court-ladies and did so at once with the complex serio-comic smile of Benjamin Franklin.

Almost simultaneously Fénelon was haunted by that notion of man's fundamental goodness which took such complete hold of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre and especially of Rousseau. Nature even then began to replace God and whatever was natural became divine.

During centuries a curious superstition had been rampant, viz., that savages with their strange color, red, or black, their nakedness, their gibberish, their fierce look and their anthropophagy were incarnations of the devil. Another superstition, the notion of the "good savage," only contaminated by civilization, was substituted. Rousseauism opened up vast vistas of possibilities which many people still implicitly believe in.

With Condorcet, Diderot, and the Encyclopedists appeared the certainty that, given real science, perfect logic, and a perfected language, progress would require no effort, but was sure to increase day by day like a river in its course. The theological view that progress could only be providential was scoffed at because the ideas of God and Providence were too crude in the popular mind to resist all this science and philosophy. The Divine Right of kings perished at the same time, and the American Revolution would not have been half so popular in France if it had not appeared as an ultra-modern manifestation of the right of peoples to dispose of themselves according to reason.

Many Americans who imagine that Dupont de Nemours crossed the Atlantic to become rich by making gunpowder for a young government mistake him for his son Eleuthère. The father only wished to see long cherished ideas embodied in a living nation. The United States of those days was what Russia today seems to many of our contemporaries: a paradise for theorists, not in the least a field for gold-seekers.

By that time a name had been given to the doctrine: it was called perfectibility, liquid syllables which Madame de Staël never utters without unction, and the persuasive sound of which has meant more than volumes. Only one other name was destined to act with the same power on the imagination of both the scientist and the average reader, that was Evolution. Everybody knows that while Evolution can, without any effort, be regarded as a divine process, hasty inferences once led to regarding it as an essentially godless view of the universe. The same with Marxism which was the next sensation. What should have remained a purely economic doctrine, or at best a subsidiary chapter of the philosophy of history, was held up as a theology shocking or terrifying to many.

So, for nearly three centuries the world has been echoing the word progress as if it were a sesame, and a magical halo surrounds the notion it vaguely connotes. It is a fact that most men being uncritical and imitative have not dared to analyze or discuss it, while many so-called philosophers have been enthusiastic over

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its sublimity. It is only when other idols collapsed that this one, in its turn, was shaken on its throne. If Science and Democracy still commanded the respect they enjoyed so long, it is probable that Progress, their sister, would remain undiscussed. But all the great ideological structures are being tested and, as in the case of Democracy, are being replaced by less naïve systems. That is why Progress is at last boldly looked in the face and that is why this article is written. Its title may be "Is Man Improving?" but underlying this question there is a more fundamental one, viz., "what is improvement? what is progress?"

People begin to notice that hardly any question is as vital, since the answer to it has an immediate effect on our life. They also gradually see that all philosophies being at bottom arts of thinking or arts of living either presuppose the question or try to answer it. So do, more imaginatively of course, the many Utopias which aim at reforming the world under the guise of visualizing its future. No seer has become so famous as Mr. H. G. Wells, whose book, *The Shape of Things to Come*, has deservedly attracted attention.

This book is supposed to consist of extracts from the manuscripts of one Philip Raven, an official in the service of the League of Nations, who died at Geneva in 1930. Raven was a well-informed, intelligent, and attractive individual, but the value of his manuscripts is apart from his personal qualities. Raven was subject to trances during which he not only saw the future as if he were living it, but wrote about it as if it were already past. One may say that Mr. Wells has written the whole book in the tense which puzzles young students of French so much, the future past. It makes reading a little difficult, for, while Raven may be describing events taking place in 2100 he will casually refer, in the past tense, to other happenings listed under 1999, and one has frequently to telescope twice backwards what one is reading.

But this is only a literary device which ought not to detain us. We are not concerned either with the amount of talent displayed in this volume. Whatever one may think of Mr. Wells's methods one never opens his books without being challenged to reflection and without encountering, every now and then, some illuminating thought. The real fault—for it touches the mental constitution of the writer—consists in a dangerous delight in the dexterous handling of a subtle vocabulary, and one is not surprised to find Raven certain that when basic English will have grown from one thousand to two million words thinking will be naturally clear and easy. Mr. Wells is dexterous and nimble, but he is far too allusive and elusive.

What do we gather from his book? That in 2106, the last year dreamed of by Raven, everything is lovely while most of the twentieth century was wretched? What made it wretched? The nationalisms, fascisms, and tariffs born of the great war and insufficiently counteracted by the League of Nations. What brought about the miraculous change? The genius of one De Windt and the determination of all the nations of the world at the Basra conference (1965) to combine into one World State. You can imagine the sequel: all the religions promptly disappear and with them the remnants of nationalisms. Science reigns supreme: biologists learn a method of treating chromosomes and genes with a substance derived from war gases, and they produce such enormous creatures that mankind is almost afraid of its own work. But what about the daily lives of men and women in this Earthly Paradise? Allusively and elusively the answer to this question is given in Book Fifth, beginning with "Monday morning in the creation of a new world." It represents what Mr. Wells, after many years of imaginative thinking, regards as real progress.

Well, there is a complete "solidification" of mankind including—but we do not see how—Negroes and Jews, towards whom Mr. Wells, taking his clue from Hitler, does not seem too generously disposed. Property has disappeared, yet everybody, in some mysterious way, is rich. "Housing, food, and clothing wait upon us," and there is a jolly waste. People are not nudists; they wear their suits (most comfortable but not described) a week and throw them away. Houses are "as graceful as panthers" but it must be late in the game, for Mr. Wells varies in his architectural ideas and we see contradictions. For instance, private houses disappear (even the dear English village is swept out) and are replaced by powerful blocks—no doubt designed by Le Corbusier—but while you deplore this "Americanization" a contemptuous allusion to belated New York alone keeping her skyscrapers sets you wondering and doubting. Apparently all roads and bridges vanish, but you are not told that it is because people have wings. There is a whole lot that Raven does not tell you. He seems to say that more and more people will write (a fine progress!), but to my anxious query: who will lecture? who will have to teach the very lazy sons of those leisured people? he gives no answer. Nor do we know who will do the small amount of governing still necessary. Raven admits there is still crime in 2100 (especially against children!) but he says nothing about a police. One might go on a long time asking the questions which he does not answer, if there were not a little suspicion of bullying in that treatment of an author, even if the author indulges in the fundamental childishness of fantastic imaginings couched in serious language. However, I cannot let Mr. Wells go before asking him what he means by saying that love, in 2106, will be "less primary and more personal." Is it possible that he has been won over to my thesis, bold in these

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days, that we can only really love the people we like?

I hope he has, for that would mean spiritual progress, and I am sorry to say that there is very little of that in *The Shape of Things to Come*. Not any more, in fact, than in Mr. Beard's symposium. Solidification, verdure, tailoring on a tremendous scale, huge blocks or panther houses, as much as you like, but of the refinement in thought or taste of our great-grandchildren we hear nothing. Poor Raven, who was so much appreciated in Geneva for his delightful queernesses joined to a powerful brain, has seen nothing. Like Mr. Beard, like most people who find it difficult to resist quantity, Mr. Wells mistakes progress for its surroundings. Perhaps he himself has been conscious of the deficiency, for the last words he has copied from Raven's manuscripts are "we see darkly," and a scriptural allusion from an English pen generally indicates a prick of conscience. No cultivated man, no reader of history, no person with an interior life can accept as final the current notion of progress shared in by Mr. Wells. His book is an interesting book, but it is no event, because the idea of progress on which it is built is already superannuated, and this Mr. Wells, himself, more or less "darkly," must have been conscious of.

What is urgent at the present moment is a clear conception and a satisfactory definition of progress. Progress may and should include material development, if it is understood that scientific inventions are our helpers and not our idols or tyrants. I have often been struck by the fact that in monasteries, dedicated to spiritual life, even in Cistercian communities where the care of the body is reduced to a minimum, the latest technical improvements are visible everywhere, from the library to the kitchen. We can imagine a Wisdom School as a sort of Erewhon where man is entirely left to his natural resources so that he may feel independent of all outside assistance. But we can also imagine it as a palace of electrical marvels, not trying to dazzle us as a magic hall at the Chicago Fair but to enchant us by its almost invisible cooperation. What matters is that our activity, not our laziness or a rather silly wonderment, should be encouraged by scientific inventions.

In 1910, an American woman, Mrs. John Martin, published a vigorous book entitled, almost like this article, *Is Mankind Advancing?* The author analyzed modern inventiveness with remarkable shrewdness, though at times with cruel criticalness, and concluded that its redeeming feature was the alleviation of suffering, but its general tendency was chiefly to produce more, run faster, and kill more quickly. This was no progress. To Mrs. Martin progress was "the production of finer and finer strains of men, the final test being the relative degree of pure intelligence." The book was full of arresting thoughts some of which probed pretty deep. One was that scientific progress, even today, is so slow that it gives us no cause to infer in modern men and women a higher mental capacity.

Mrs. Martin seemed to contrast modern intellectuality with that of the Greeks, and easily triumphed. She gave little attention to social progress, that is to say, to the perfected socialism the thought of which has delighted all political reformers, from Plato to Lenin. That too cannot be absent from the ensemble we regard as legitimate progress, but it should not be an end in itself. The commonweal may theoretically be admirable; it will be a useless masterpiece if the ultimate result of its perfection is not the improvement of individuals. A poor but real artist in a bare studio is an infinitely more attractive being than the average man we glimpse through the fifteen chapters of *A Century of Progress*. His progress is all his own, and his surroundings count for nothing. That this is basically human perfection is self-evident. The ancient philosophers knew it. So did Descartes when he said that he would rather dominate his own self than rule the natural laws. So did Pascal with his famous saying that the alpha and omega consist in staying satisfied in one room.

Above all, progress is nothing if it does not include character. Aptly says Emerson in his disconnected but rich essay on Politics: "We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous civilization the influence of character is in its infancy." Recently Mr. James Truslow Adams devoted a whole essay to the development of the same idea, and it is unquestionable that our modern minds are groping towards a higher notion of progress than that bequeathed to us by the nineteenth century.

Progress today appears to be the ascent of civilization towards a level where intellectual or moral inferiority will be regarded as a calamity. The more thinkers, artists, or philanthropists will be produced, the higher will progress admittedly be. The decline of religion will not be thought, as it is by Mr. Wells, a step onwards, but as a misapprehension of the short-sighted. The treatment of the weak, including animals, will be a test.

On the whole, underlying all this discussion, is another question, simpler and more general: what is a gentleman? Even more fundamental would be the question suggested, it seems to me, by every paragraph of this article. That is, what is happiness? The answer, of course, would fill a volume. But it may be enough to remind the reader that, except to rather ignoble natures, happiness has little in common with mere success. Now, what our age has too long regarded as progress was nothing else than the success, not the happiness, of mankind.

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Gulliver

The Story of a Tall Man

By Thomas Wolfe

Author of "Of Time and the River"

Some day some one will write a book about a man who was too tall—who lived forever in a dimension that he did not fit, and for whom the proportions of everything—chairs, beds, doors, rooms, shoes, clothes, shirts, and socks, the berths of Pullman cars, and the bunks of transatlantic liners, together with the rations of food, drink, love, and women which most men on this earth have found sufficient to their measure—were too small.

He should write the story of that man's journey through this world with the conviction of incontrovertible authority, and with such passion, power, and knowledge that every word will have the golden ring of truth; and he will be able to do this because that man's life has been his own, because he has lived it, breathed it, moved in it, and made it his with every sinew of his life since he was fifteen years of age, and because there is no one on earth who understands that world, in all its joy and pain and strangeness of an incommunicable loneliness, as well as such a man.

The world this man would live in is the world of six feet six, and that is the strangest and most lonely world there is. For the great distances of this world are the fractional ones, the terrific differences are those which we can measure by a hand, a step, a few short inches, and that shut us as completely from the world we see, the life we love, the room, the door we want to enter, as if we saw them from the star-flung planetary distances of bridgeless and unmeasured vacancy. Yes, that world we see and want is even more remote from us than Mars, for it is almost ours at every instant, intolerably near and warm and palpable and intolerably far because it is so very near—only a foot away if we could utter, find, and enter it—and we are lashed on by our fury and devoured by our own hunger, captives in the iron and impregnable walls of our own loneliness.

To be a giant, to be one of those legendary creatures two miles high in the old stories—that is another thing. For a giant lives in his own world and needs and wants no other: he takes a mountain at a stride, drinks off a river in one gulp of thirst, wanders over half a continent in a day, and then comes home at night to dine in friendship with his fellow Titans, using a shelf of mountain as a table, a foothill as a stool, and the carcasses of whole roast oxen as the dainty morsels of his feast.

And to be a giant in a world of pygmy men—to be a mile-high creature in a world of foot-high men—that also is another thing. For sometimes his huge single eye is blinded by their cunning, he will make the mountains echo with his wounded cries, tear up a forest in his

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pain and fury, and will lash about him with an oak tree, and hurl ten-ton boulders torn from granite hills after the little ships of terror-stricken men.

He awakes at morning in a foreign land, his ship is wrecked, his comrades drowned, and he forsaken: a regiment of tiny creatures are swarming up across his body, they shoot their tiny arrows at his face and bind him down with countless weavings of a threadlike cord, and the terrific legend of his life among the pygmies becomes the instrument by which another giant whipped the folly, baseness, and corruption in the lives of men with the scorpion lash of the most savage allegory ever written.

And to be a pygmy in a world of pygmy men, that also is another thing. For where we all are inches tall, our size is only measured by proportion. We live elf-close and midget-near the earth, and desperately explore the tropic jungle of the daisy fields while monstrous birds —huge buzzing flies and booming bees and tottering butterflies unfurl the enormous velvet sails of their slashed wings as they soar over us. We think we are as tall, as big, as strong as any men that ever lived, if thinking, seeing, makes it so, and in our three-inch world our corn and wheat is good but is no higher than the grass. We wander through great gloomy forests no taller than scrub pine, there are no Atlantic depths and Himalayan heights, our grandest mountain ranges are just mole-hill high, and if the stars seem far, most far, to us, they are no farther than they seem to other men.

Finally, to be one of those poor giants and midgets of the time in which we live—one of these paltry eight and nine foot Titans, two-foot dwarfs of circuses—that also is a different thing. For now they live the life, and love the lights of carnival, and the world beyond those lights is phantom and obscure. Each day the world throngs in to sit beneath the canvas top and feed its fascinated eye on their deformities, and they display themselves before that world and are not moved by interest, touched by desire, from what they see of it. Instead they live together in the world of freaks, and this world seems to them to have been framed inevitably by nature. They love, hate, plot, contrive, betray, and hope, are happy, sorrowful, and ambitious like all other men. The eight-foot giant and the two-foot dwarf are bosom friends. And three times a day they sit down and eat at table in the interesting and congenial society given charm and romance by The Fat Girl and The Bearded Lady, and piquant zest by the witty repartee of Jo-Jo-What-Is-It, The Living Skeleton, and The Tattooed Man. But that, as well, is not a tall man's world: it is another door he cannot enter.

For he is earthy, of the earth, like every man. Shaped from the same clay, breathing the same air, fearing the same fears, and hoping the same hopes as all men in the world, he walks the thronging streets of life alone—those streets that swarm forever with their tidal floods of five feet eight. He walks those streets forever a stranger, and alone, having no other earth, no other life, no other door than this, and feeding upon it with an eye of fire, a heart of intolerable hunger and desire, yet walled away from all the dimensional security of that great room of life by the length of an arm, the height of a head, the bitter small denial of a foot—seeing, feeling, knowing, and desiring the life that blazes there before his eyes, which is as near as his heart, and as far as heaven, which he could put his hand upon at every moment, and which he can never enter, fit, or make his own again, no more than if he were phantasmal substances of smoke.

It is a strange adventure—the adventure of being very tall—and in its essence it comes to have a singular and instinctive humanity. In an extraordinary way, a tall man comes to know things about the world as other people do not, cannot, know them. And the reason for this lies mainly in the purely fortuitous quality of a tall man's difference from average humanity. In no respect, save in respect to his unusual height, is a tall man different from other men. In no way is he less his brother's brother, or his father's son. In fact—astonishing as that fact may seem—the overwhelming probability is that a tall man never thinks of being tall, never realizes indeed, that he *is* tall until other people remind him of his height.

Thus, when this tall man was alone, he never thought of his great height; it never occurred to him that his dimensions were in any way different from those of most of the people that he saw around him every day upon the streets. In fact, he was the victim of an extraordinary delusion: for some reason which he could not define, he had a secret and unspoken conviction—an image of himself that was certainly not the product of his conscious reasoning, but rather the unconscious painting of his desire—that he was really a person of average height and size—a man of five feet eight or nine, no more. A moment's reflection would, of course, instantly tell him that this picture of himself was wrong, but his natural and instinctive tendency was to think—or rather *feel*—himself in this perspective. It was, therefore, only natural, that when his attention was rudely and forcibly brought to a realization of his unusual height—as it was a hundred times a day now by people on the street—he should receive the news with a sense of shocked surprise, bewilderment, and finally with quick flaring anger and resentment.

He would be going along a street at five o'clock when the city was pouring homeward from its work, and suddenly he would become conscious that people were watching him: would see them stare at him and nudge each other, would see their surprised looks travelling curiously up his frame, would hear them whisper to

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each other in astonished voices, and see them pass him, laughing, and hear their oaths and words of astonished disbelief, hilarious surprise. When this happened, he could have strangled them. As he heard their scoffs and jokes and exclamations—those dreary husks of a stale and lifeless humor which are the same the world over, which never change, and which have worn their weary rut into a tall man's heart and brain until he knows them as no one else can ever know them—he felt almost that he could *choke* them into wisdom, seize them, knock their heads together, snarl at them:

"God-damn you, but I'll show you that I am the same as you if I have to shake you into owning it!"

Thus he was the butt, a hundred times a day, of those clumsy, tiresome but well-intentioned jocularities to which, in course of time, a tall man becomes so patiently accustomed, so wearily resigned. And his own response to them was probably the same as that of every other tall man who ever lived and had to weather the full measure of man's abysmal foolishness. At first, he felt only the fierce and quick resentment of youth, the truculent sensitivity of youth's wounded pride, its fear of ridicule, its swift readiness to take offense, to feel that it was being flouted, mocked, insulted, its desire to fight and to avenge its wounded honor.

And then he felt a kind of terrible shame and self-abasement: a feeling of personal inferiority that made him envy the lot of average man, that made him bitterly regret the accident of birth and nature that had imprisoned a spirit fierce and proud and swift as flight, and burning as a flame in such a grotesque tenement. And this feeling of shame and self-abasement and hatred of his flesh is the worst thing that a tall man knows, the greatest iniquity that his spirit suffers. For it is during this period that he comes to hate the body that has been given him by birth and nature, and by this act of hatred, he degrades himself and dishonors man. For this loathing for his body is like the ignoble hatred that a man may have for a loyal and ugly friend whose destiny is coherent with his own, and who must endure. And endure he does—this loyal ugly friend that is man's grotesque tenement—and goes with him everywhere in all his mad and furious marchings, and serves man faithfully like no other friend on earth, and suffers the insults and injuries that man heaps upon him, the frenzy, passion, and brute exhaustion, the scars, the sickness, and the pain, the surfeits of his master's intolerable hunger, and at the end, all battered, scarred, debased, befouled, and coarsened by his master's excess, is still with him, inseparable as his shadow, loyal to the end—a friend homely, true, devoted, good as no one else can ever be, who sticks with us through every trouble, stays by us through every brawl, bears the brunt of all our drinking, eating, and our brutal battery, reels in and out of every door with us, and falls with us down every flight of stairs, and whom we one day find again before us—as a madman may discover light and sanity again and see the comrade, the protector and the victim of his madness steady there before him, grinning at him wryly through his puffed and battered lips, and saying with a rueful but an all-forgiving humor:

"Well—here we are again."

It is a strange adventure, a hard but precious education, that a tall man knows. For finally he comes to learn, through sweat and toil and little aging, a stern but not a desolate humanity. He gets a kind of lonely wisdom that no one else on earth can get. And by the strange and passionate enigma of his destiny, he is drawn close to man by the very circumstance that shuts him out. He enters life through the very door that once he thought was shut against him, is of the earth, more earthy, by the fact of his exclusion. A tall man could not escape from life, or flee the world, even if he desired it: he is at once life's exile and life's prisoner; wherever he goes life reaches out and pulls him to it, will not let him go. And at the end, he learns the truth of Ernest Renan's bitter observation—that the only thing that can give one a conception of the infinite is the extent of human stupidity. And in the jibes, the jests, the drolleries that are shouted after him a dozen times a day in the streets because of his great height, in the questions that are asked concerning it, and in the innumerable conversations that it provokes, he acquires a huge and damning accumulation of evidence concerning man's fatal unity, the barren paucity of his invention, the desolate consonance of his rut.

It never changed, it was always the same: it went on day by day and month by month in the narrow crowded streets all around him, and it would go on year after year in a hundred cities, a dozen countries, among a thousand scattered places in all quarters of the world, and it would always be the same—a barren formula endlessly renewed with the unwearied pertinacity of an idiot monotony—it would always be the same.

He never found the slightest deviation in that barren formula. No one ever made an interesting or amusing observation about his height—and ten thousand people talked to him about it. No one ever said a funny or a witty thing about his height, and ten thousand people had their fling about it. No one ever showed the slightest understanding of the nature of a tall man's life, or asked a single shrewd and penetrating question about it—and yet the curiosity that his tallness caused was almost incredible, the conversations that he had, the questions that he had to answer were innumerable.

The barren formula was so endlessly repeated that at length it had worn its dull grooves into his brain, and he answered without thinking, replied without listening, giving mechanically the answers that they wished

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to hear, the tried and trusted formula that had served its purpose so many thousand times before, knowing in advance what every one would say.

Was it wit? Then let the diligent historian of the nation's wit give ear and pay attention to these drolleries which were shouted after one man's tall receding figure as he trod the pavements of ten thousand streets:

"Hey-y!"

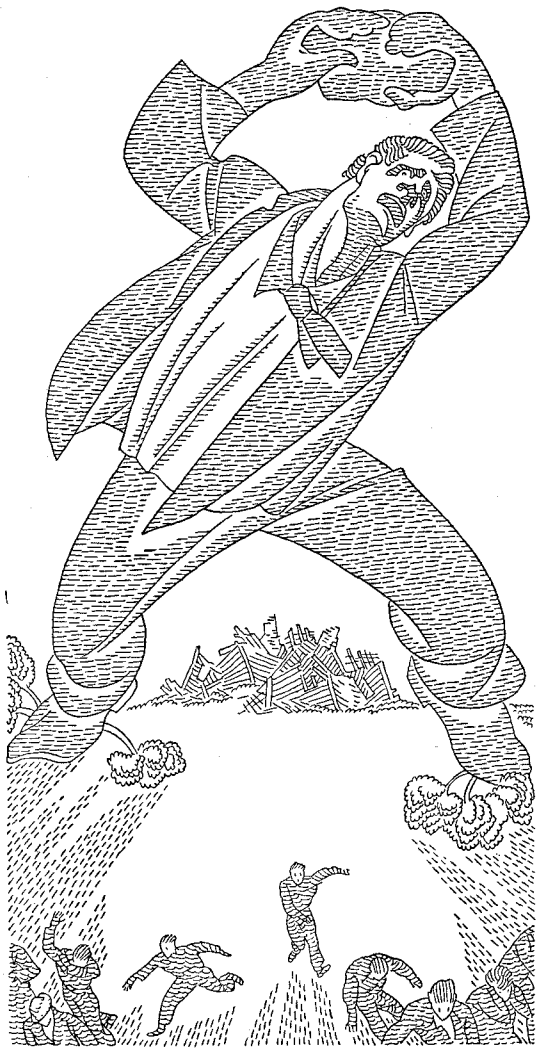
"Hey-y! Youse guy!"

"Hey-y-y! . . . Holy Jeez! . . . Chizzus! . . . Look ut duh guy!"

"Hey-y, Mis-teh! . . . Is it rainin' up deh? . . . Cheezus! . . . Ho-lee Chee! . . . Will yuh lookut duh guy?"

"Hey-y—Mis-teh! . . . How's duh weatheh up deh? . . . Ho-lee Chee! . . . Take a lookut duh size of 'm, will yah?"

Such then were the evidences of the national humor upon this subject—by a high authority it can solemnly be affirmed that these evidences were all there were.



Or was it conversation of a more polite and genteel sort—well-bred consolation, soothing affirmations, suave flatteries meant to hearten and give cheer? The formula in this kind of conversation ran as follows:

"You're ver-ree tall, aren't you?"

"Yes—hah! hah!—yes—hah! hah!—I suppose I am—hah! hah!—I suppose you noticed it!"

"Yes, I did—when you got up, it did seem ra-ther overwhelming the first time—[with hasty correction]—only of course, one doesn't notice it at *all* later . . . *I mean* one forgets all about it . . . I *ree-lee* think you'd be *awf-lee* glad you *are* that way . . . I *mean,* that's the way most people would like to be . . . it does give you such an advantage, doesn't it? . . . *I mean,* after *all,* every one would be that way if they could—no one wants to be *short,* do they? . . . Every one would much rather be *tall* . . . *I mean,* it makes every one look *up* to you, doesn't it, wherever you go. . . . *Reelee,* I shouldn't think you'd *mind* at all . . . I should think you'd be glad you *are* that way . . . *I mean,* after *all,* it does give you a great advantage, *doesn't* it? . . . Do you see what *I mean?*"

"Yes . . . ah-hah-hah! . . . I certainly do! . . . ah-hah-hah! . . . Yes, I certainly do see what you mean . . . ah-hah-hah! . . . You're right about it . . . ah-hah-hah! . . . I certainly do!"

Or was it friendly banter, now, a kindly curiosity of a rougher sort, among a simple yet good-natured kind of men? Suppose a scene, then: such a scene as one has found ten thousand times within the labyrinth of night upon the seaboard of the continent. It is an airless groove in an old wall behind blind windows set in rotting birch: within, a slab of bar, its wet shine puddled here and there with rings of glasses; a battered rail of brass, not polished recently; and a radiance of hard dead light; Leo, the bar-man, with his jowled, squatty face of night, professionally attentive; and at the end, the dead stamped visages of night, the rasping snarl of drunken voices, the elbows of the barflies puddled in beer slop.

The buzzer rings, good Leo peers with hard mistrust through opened slot, the door is opened, and the tall man enters, to whom at once Pat Grogan, wit by nature, Kelt by birth, and now the antic of good Leo's bar—approaches, with the small red eyes of rheum and murder comically astare, ape-shoulders stooped, ape-knees bowed and tucked under, and jowled ape-visage comically turned upwards in a stare of ape-like stupefaction—all most comical to see—while good Leo looks and chuckles heavily and all the barflies grin. So, now, as follows:

Grogan (still crowding): *"Je-sus . . . Christ! . . . Ho-lee Jeez! . . .* What's dat guy *standin'* on, anyway? . . . (Leo and all the grinning barflies chortle with appreciative delight, and thus encouraged, Jolly Grogan carries on) . . . Jee-zus! (with a slow bewildered lifting of his red jowled face, he calculates the visitor from foot to head—a delicate stroke, not lost by any means on grinning Leo and his appreciative clientele) . . . Say-y! . . . When I first saw dat guy I t'ought he was standin' on a box or somep'n . . . (turning to Leo with an air of fine bewilderment). . . . Take a lookut 'im, will yuh? *Ho-lee* Chee! . . . Who *is* dis guy, anyway? . . . (turning to all the grinning others) . . . When I foist sees duh guy, I says t' myself . . . What *is* dis, anyway? . . . Is duh *coicus* in town or somep'n? (Turns again,

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gesturing to tall visitor with air of frank bewilderment) . . . Take a look at 'm, will yah? . . . (Satisfied with his success, he rejoins his grinning and appreciative comrades, and for some time further regales them by taking astounded glances at the tall visitor, shaking his head in a bewildered way, and saying in an unbelieving tone) . . . But *Je-sus!* . . . Take a look at 'm, will yah?" etc.

And now Leo, shaking his head slowly to himself with appreciative admiration of his client's wit, approaches the tall visitor and still chuckling heartily at the recollection, leans over the bar and whispers confidingly:

"Dat's Mistuh Grogan. . . . (A trifle apologetically) He's been drinkin' a little so don't pay no attention to anyt'ing he says. . . . He didn't mean nuttin' by it—(with ponderous assurance) Nah-h! . . . He's one of duh nicest guys yuh eveh saw when he's not drinkin' . . . he's only kiddin' anyway . . . he don't mean nuttin' by it . . . but *Je-sus!* (suddenly laughs heartily at the recollection, a heavy, swarthy, and deliberate hah-hah-hah that sets all of his night-time jowls a-quiver) . . . I had t' laff when he pulled dat one about yuh standin' on a box or somep'n . . . hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! . . . But he don't mean nuttin' by it! . . . Nah-h! . . . One of duh nicest guys yuh eveh saw when he's not drinkin'! . . . When he pulled dat one aboutcha standin' on a box or somep'n, I had t' laff . . . duh way he said it! . . . Standin' on a box or somep'n—dat's a good one! . . . Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!" . . . (and goes heavily away, heaving with slow nocturnal laughter, shaking his head slowly to himself).

Now, as the visitor stands drinking by himself, the barflies cluster at the other end in excited controversy, from which disputatious murmurs may be heard from time to time—such vehement scraps of affirmation or denial as the following:

"Nah-h! . . . Guh-*wan!* . . . Whatcha givin' me? . . . He's more'n dat . . . I'll betcha on it! . . . Nah-h! . . . Guh-*wan!* . . . He's oveh *seven* if he's an inch! . . . Guh-*wan!* . . . I'll betcha on it! . . . *All* right! All right! . . . Guh-wan and *ast* him den! . . . But he's more'n dat! I'll betcha on it!" . . .

One of the debaters now detaches himself from his disputatious group, and beer-glass in hand, approaches the lone visitor. . . . A face not bad, not vicious, not unfriendly: face of a city-man in the late forties—the face of the cartoonist-drawing—lean, furrowed, large-nosed, deeply seamed, a little sunken around the mouth, almost metallically stamped and wisely knowing, cynically assured—the nerve-ends stunned, the language strident, utterly, unmistakably, the city's child.

The City's Child (grinning amiably, a trifle apologetically, lowering his voice, and speaking with a natural tensity of his lips, out of the corners of his mouth): . . . "Podden me, Mac . . . I hope yuh don't mind my astin' yuh a question . . . but my frien's an' me has been havin' a leetle oggument aboutcha . . . an' I gotta little question dat I'd like t' ast yuh. . . . Yuh don't mind, do yuh?"

The Tall Stranger (grinning mechanically and laughing an agreeable and complaisant laugh of utter falseness): "Why, no! . . . ah-hah-hah! . . . Not at all! . . . ah-hah-hah! . . . Go right ahead, it's perfectly all right. . . . Ah-hah-hah."

The City's Child: "Because if yuh do I wantcha t' say so . . . I guess a lotta guys ast yuh duh same question an' I t'ought mebbe yuh might get tired hearin' it—you know what I mean? . . . A lotta guys might get tired of bein' ast duh same question so many times . . . (with an expression of difficulty on his face, shrugs his shoulders expressively and says hopefully) *You* know?"

The Tall Stranger: "Why . . . ah-hah-hah! . . . Yes . . . I think I do. . . . That is to say, go right ahead . . . ah-hah-hah . . . it's quite all right."

The City's Child: "I guess so many guys have ast yuh dis same question dat yuh can guess already what it is—can't yuh?"

The Tall Stranger: "Why, yes—no—ah-hah-hah! . . . That is to say—*Yes!* . . . I think I can!"

The City's Child: "Well, den, Mac . . . if yuh *don't* mind . . . if it's all right . . . I was just goin' t' ast yuh . . . (whispering persuasively) . . . just t' settle a little oggument I been havin' wit' my frien's—*How tall are yuh?* (lustily) . . . Now if yuh don't want t' tell me, it's O.K. . . . Yuh know how it is, *some* guys . . ."

The Tall Stranger: "Not at all—ah-hah-hah—that is to say, *yes*—ah-hah-hah . . . it's quite all right . . . I don't mind at all. . . . I'm between six feet five and six feet six . . . that is, I haven't measured for some time . . . but I was between six feet five and six feet six the last time that I measured. . . . (Apologetically) That's been some time ago . . . several years ago since I last measured . . . but . . . ah-hah-hah . . . it was between six feet five and six feet six and I don't think I've grown much since then . . . ah-hah-hah. . . . Between six feet five and six feet six."

The City's Child (with an astonished but somewhat disappointed air): "Is *dat* a fact? . . . I t'ought you was more'n dat! . . . I t'ought you was aroun' seven foot . . . but anotheh guy oveh heah said you wasn't more'n six foot seven or eight (reflectively). . . . Six foot five or six, eh? . . . Is dat a fact? . . . I t'ought you was more'n dat!"

The Tall Stranger: "No . . . ah-hah-hah . . . a lot of people think so . . . but I guess that's right . . . about six feet five or six."

The City's Child (jocularly): "Say! . . . Yuh know watta guy like *you* oughta do! . . . Yuh know what I'd do if I was big as you——"

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The Tall Stranger: "Why, no . . . ah-hah-hah—What's that?"

The City's Child: "I'd go in duh ring an' fight Dempsey . . . I'd fight *all* dose guys. . . . Dat's what I'd do. . . . A guy as big as you could hit an awful wallop . . . and wit' your reach dey couldn't touch yuh. . . . Dat's what I'd do if I had yoeh size! I'd go in duh ring—yes, sir!—Dat's just duh t'ing I'd do if I was big as *you.*"

The Tall Stranger (rising glibly and mechanically to the occasion): "Well, you'd better be glad you're not. . . . You don't know how lucky you are."

The City's Child (in a slow, interested voice): "Oh yeah?"

The Tall Stranger (getting off his little speech rapidly and glibly): "Sure. A guy like me has nothing but trouble everywhere he turns."

The City's Child (with awakened interest): "Oh yeah?"

The Tall Stranger: "Sure. They don't make anything big enough to fit you."

The City's Child (with an air of slow, surprised revelation): "Say! I guess dat's right, at dat!"

The Tall Stranger: "Sure it is! You can't get a bed long enough to sleep in——"

The City's Child (curiously): "I guess yuh got to sleep all doubled up, heh?"

The Tall Stranger: "Sure I have. Like this, see!" (Here he makes a zigzag movement with his hand and the City's Child laughs hoarsely.)

The City's Child: "Wat d' yuh do about clo'es? I guess yuh gotta have everyt'ing made to ordeh, huh?"

The Tall Stranger: "Sure." (And according to the formula, now tells his fascinated listener that the cot he sleeps on is a foot too short for him, that he cannot stretch out straight in a berth or a steamer bunk, that he cracks his head against the rafters as he descends a steep flight of stairs, that he cannot find room for his knees in theaters or buses—and all the rest of it. When he has finished, the City's Child strokes his head with a movement of slow and almost disbelieving revelation, and then saying slowly, "Well, what d'yuh t'ink of dat?" returns to impart the fascinating information he has gathered to the waiting group of his expectant and interested friends.)

So, in ten thousand streets and towns and places of the earth, ran the undeviating formula:—a formula that never changed, that was the same forever—and that showed the tall and lonely man the barren unity of life, and that finally, curiously, in a poignant and inexplicable fashion, gave him a faith in man, a belief in man's fundamental goodness, kindliness, and humanity, as nothing else on earth could do.

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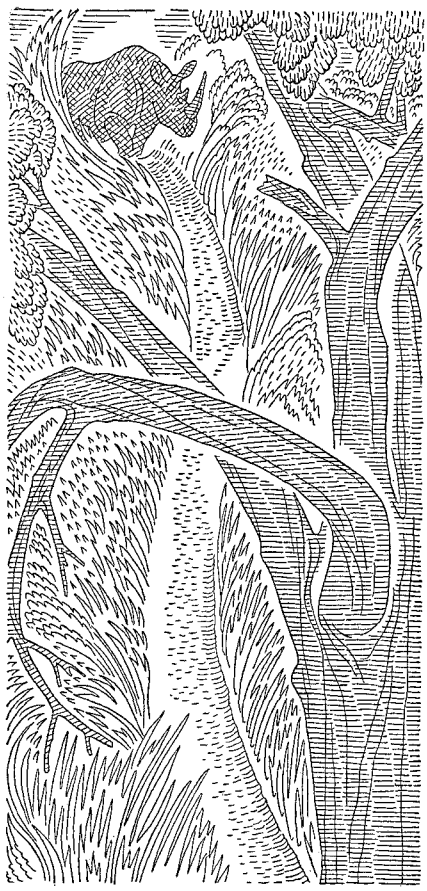
GREEN HILLS

By Ernest

PART II · *First of the Hills*



CHAPTER III

IT dated back to the time of Droopy, after I had come back from being ill in Nairobi and we had gone on a foot safari to hunt rhino in the forest. Droopy was a real savage with lids to his eyes that nearly covered them, handsome, with a great deal of style, a fine hunter and a beautiful tracker. He was about thirty-five, I should think, and wore only a piece of cloth, knotted over one shoulder, and a fez that some hunter had given him. He always carried a spear. M'Cola wore an old U. S. Army khaki tunic, complete with buttons, that had originally been brought out for Droopy who had been away somewhere and had missed getting it. Twice Pop had brought it out for Droopy and finally M'Cola had said, "Give it to me."

Pop had let him have it and M'Cola had worn it ever since. It, a pair of shorts, his fuzzy wool curler's cap, and a knitted army sweater he wore when washing the tunic, were the only garments I ever saw on the old man until he took my bird-shooting coat. For shoes he used sandals cut from old motor car tires. He had slim, handsome legs with well-turned ankles on the style of Babe Ruth's and I remember how surprised I was the first time I saw him with the tunic off and noticed how old his upper body was. It had that aged look you see in photographs of Jeffries and Sharkey posing thirty years after, the ugly, old-man biceps and the fallen pectoral muscles.

"How old is M'Cola?" I asked Pop.

"He must be over fifty," Pop said. "He's got a grown up family in the native reserve."

"How are his kids?"

"No good, worthless. He can't handle them. We tried one as a porter. But he was no good."

M'Cola was not jealous of Droopy. He simply knew that Droop was a better man than he was. More of a hunter, a faster and a cleaner tracker, and a great stylist in everything he did. He admired Droopy in the same way we did and being out with him, it made him realize that he was wearing Droopy's tunic and that he had been a porter before he became a gun bearer and suddenly he ceased being an old timer and we were hunting together; he and I hunting together and Droopy in command of the show.

That had been a fine hunt. The afternoon of the day we came into the country we walked about four miles from camp along a deep rhino trail that graded through the grassy hills with their abandoned orchard-looking trees, as smoothly and evenly as though an engineer had planned it. The trail was a foot deep in the ground and smoothly worn and we left it where it slanted down through a divide in the hills like a dry irrigation ditch and climbed, sweating, the small, steep hill on the right to sit there with our backs against the hill top and glass the country. It was a green, pleasant country, with hills below the forest that grew thick on the side of a mountain, and it was cut by the valleys of several water courses that came down out of the thick timber on the mountain. Fingers of the forest came down onto the heads of some of the slopes and it was there, at the forest edge, that we watched for rhino to come out. If you looked away from the forest and the mountain side you could follow the water courses and the hilly slope of the land down until the land flattened and the grass was brown and burned and, away, across a long sweep of country, was the brown rift valley and the shine of Lake Manyara.

We all lay there on the hillside and watched the country carefully for rhino. Droopy was on the other side of the hill top, squatted on his heels, looking, and M'Cola sat below us. There was a cool breeze from the east and it blew the grass in waves on the hillsides. There were many large white clouds and the tall trees of the forest on the mountain side grew so closely and were so foliaged that it looked as though you could walk on their tops. Behind this mountain there was a gap and then another mountain and the far mountain was dark blue with forest in the distance.

Until five o'clock we did not see anything. Then, without the glasses, I saw something moving over the shoulder of one of the valleys toward a strip of the timber. In the glasses it was a rhino, showing very clear and minute at the

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OF AFRICA

Hemingway

and the Trophy of Jealousy

distance, red-colored in the sun, moving with a quick waterbug-like motion across the hill. Then there were three more of them that came out of the forest, dark in the shadow, and two that fought, tinily, in the glasses, pushing head-on, fighting in front of a clump of bushes while we watched them and the light failed. It was too dark to get down the hill, across the valley and up the narrow slope of mountain side to them in time for a shot. So we went back to the camp, down the hill in the dark, edging down on our shoes and then feeling the trail smooth under foot, walking along that deep trail, that wound through the dark hills, until we saw the firelight in the trees.

We were excited that night because we had seen the three rhino and early the next morning while we were eating breakfast before starting out, Droopy came in to report a herd of buffalo he had found feeding at the edge of the forest not two miles from camp. We went there, still tasting coffee and kippers in the early morning heart-pounding of excitement, and the native Droopy had left watching them pointed where they had crossed a deep gulch and gone into an open patch of forest. He said there were two big bulls in a herd of a dozen or more. We followed them in, moving very quietly on the game trails, pushing the vines aside and seeing the tracks and the quantities of fresh dung, but though we went on into the forest where it was too thick to shoot and made a wide circle, we did not see or hear them. Once we heard the tick birds and saw them flying, but that was all. There were numbers of rhino trails there in the woods and many strawy piles of dung, but we saw nothing but the green wood-pigeons and some monkeys, and when we came out we were wet to our waists from the dew and the sun was quite high. The day was very hot, now before the wind had gotten up, and we knew whatever rhino and buffalo had been out would have gone back deep into the forest to rest out of the heat.

The others started back to camp with Pop and M'Cola. There was no meat in camp and I wanted to hunt back in a circle with Droopy to see if we could kill a piece. I was beginning to feel strong again after the dysentery and it was a pleasure to walk in the easy rolling country, simply to walk, and to be able to hunt, not knowing what we might see and free to shoot for the meat we needed. Then, too, I liked Droopy and liked to watch him walk. He strode very loosely and with a slight lift, and I liked to watch him and to feel the grass under my soft-soled shoes and the pleasant weight of the rifle, held just back of the muzzle, the barrel resting on my shoulder, and the sun hot enough to sweat you well as it burned the dew from the grass; with the breeze starting and the country like an abandoned New England orchard to walk through. I knew that I was shooting well again and I wanted to make a shot to impress Droopy.

From the top of one rise we saw two kongoni showing yellow on a hillside about a mile away and I motioned to Droop that we would go after them. We started down and in a ravine jumped a waterbuck bull and two cows. Waterbuck was the one animal we might get that I knew was worthless as meat and I had shot a better head than this one carried. I had the sights on the buck as he tore away, remembered about the worthless meat, and having the head, and did not shoot.

"No shoot kuro?" Droopy asked in Swahili. *"Doumi sana.* A good bull."

I tried to tell him that I had a better one and that it was no good to eat.

He grinned.

"Piga kongoni m'uzuri."

"Piga" was a fine word. It sounded exactly as the command to fire should sound or the announcement of a hit. "M'uzuri," meaning good, well, better, had sounded too much like the name of a state for a long time and walking I used to make up sentences in Swahili with Arkansas and M'uzuri in them, but now it seemed natural, no longer to be italicized, just as all the words came to seem the proper and natural words and there was nothing odd or unseemly in the stretching of the ears, in the tribal scars, or in a man carrying a spear. The tribal marks and the tattooed places seemed natural and handsome adornments and I regretted not having any of my own. My own scars were all informal, some irregular and sprawling, others simply puffy welts. I had one on my forehead that people still commented on, asking if

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I had bumped my head; but Droop had handsome ones beside his cheekbones and others, symmetrical and decorative on his chest and belly. I was thinking that I had one good one, a sort of embossed Christmas tree, on the bottom of my right foot that only served to wear out socks, when we jumped two reedbuck. They went off through the trees and then stood at sixty yards, the thin, graceful buck looking back, and I shot him high and a touch behind the shoulder. He gave a jump and went off very fast.

"Piga." Droopy smiled. We had both heard the whunk of the bullet.

"Kufa," I told him. "Dead."

But when we came up to him, lying on his side, his heart was still beating strongly, although to all appearances he was dead. Droopy had no skinning knife and I had only a pen knife to stick him with. I felt for the heart behind the foreleg with my fingers and feeling it beating under the hide slipped the knife in but it was short and pushed the heart away. I could feel it, hot and rubbery against my fingers, and feel the knife push it, but I felt around and cut the big artery and the blood came hot against my fingers. Once bled, I started to open him, with the little knife, still showing off to Droopy, and emptying him neatly took out the liver, cut away the gall, and laying the liver on a hummock of grass, put the kidneys beside it.

Droopy asked for the knife. Now he was going to show me something. Skillfully he slit open the stomach and turned it inside, tripe side, out, emptying the grass in it on the ground, shook it, then put the liver and kidneys inside it and with the knife cut a switch from the tree the buck lay under and sewed the stomach together with the withe so that the tripe made a bag to carry the other delicacies in. Then he cut a pole and put the bag on the end of it, running it through the flaps, and put it over his shoulder in the way tramps carried their property in a handkerchief on the end of a stick in Blue Jay corn plaster advertisements when we were children. It was a good trick and I thought how I would show it to John Staib in Wyoming some time and he would smile his deaf man's smile (you had to throw pebbles at him to make him stop when you heard a bull bugle), and I knew what John would say. He would say, "By Godd, Urnust, dot's smardt."

Droop handed me the stick, then took off his single garment, made a sling and got the buck up on his back. I tried to help him and suggested by signs that we cut a pole and sling him, carrying him between us, but he wanted to carry him alone. So we started for camp, me with the tripe bag on the end of a stick over my shoulder, my rifle slung, and Droopy staggering steadily ahead, sweating heavily, under the buck. I tried to get him to hang him in a tree and leave him until we could send out a couple of porters, and to that end we put him in the crotch of a tree. But when Droop saw that I meant to go off and leave him there rather than simply allow him to drain he got him down onto his shoulders again and we went on into camp, the boys, around the cooking fire, all laughing at the tripe bag over my shoulder as we came in.

This was the kind of hunting that I liked. No riding in cars, the country broken up instead of the plains, and I was completely happy. I had been quite ill and had that pleasant feeling of getting stronger each day. I was underweight, had a great appetite for meat, and could eat all I wanted without feeling stuffy. Each day I sweated out whatever we drank sitting at the fire at night, and in the heat of the day, now, I lay in the shade with a breeze in the trees and read with no obligation and no compulsion to write, happy in knowing that at four o'clock we would be starting out to hunt again. I would not even write a letter. The only person I really cared about, except the children, was with me and I had no wish to share this life with any one who was not there, only to live it, being completely happy and quite tired. I knew that I was shooting well and I had that feeling of well being and confidence that is so much more pleasant to have than to hear about.

As it turned out, we started soon after three to be on the hill by four. But it was nearly five before we saw the first rhino come bustling short-leggedly across the ridge of hill in almost the same place we had seen the rhino the night before. We saw where he went into the edge of the forest near where we had seen the two fighting and then took a course that would lead us down the hill, across the grown-over gully at the bottom, and up the steep slope to where there was a thorn tree with yellow blossoms that marked the place where we had seen the rhino go in.

Coming straight up the slope in sight of the thorn tree, the wind blowing across the hill, I tried to walk as slowly as I could and put a handkerchief inside the sweatband of my hat to keep the perspiration out of my glasses. I expected to shoot at any minute and I wanted to slow up enough so my heart would not be pounding. In shooting large animals there is no reason ever to miss if you have a clear shot and can shoot and know where to shoot, unless you are unsteady from a run or a climb or fog your glasses, break them or run out of cloth or paper to wipe them clean. The glasses were the biggest hazard and I used to carry four handkerchiefs and change them from the left to the right pocket when they were wet.

We came up to the yellow blossomed tree very carefully, like people walking up to a covey of quail the dogs have pointed, and the rhino was not in sight. We went all through the edge of the forest and it was full of tracks and fresh rhino sign, but there was no rhino. The sun was setting and it was getting too dark to shoot, but we followed the forest around the side of the mountain, hoping to see a rhino in the open glades. When it was almost too dark to shoot, I saw Droopy stop and crouch. With his head down he motioned us forward. Crawling up, we saw a large rhino and a small one standing chest deep in brush, facing us across a little valley.

"Cow and calf," Pop said softly. "Can't shoot her. Let me look at her horn." He took the glasses from M'Cola.

"Can she see us?" P. O. M. asked.

"No."

"How far are they?"

"Must be nearly five hundred yards."

"My God, she looks big," I whispered.

"She's a big cow," Pop said. "Wonder what became of the bull?" He was pleased and excited by the sight of game. "Too dark to shoot unless we're right on him."

The rhinos had turned and were feeding. They never seemed to move slowly. They either bustled or stood still.

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"What makes them so red?" P. O. M. asked.

"Rolling in the mud," Pop answered. "We better get along while there's light."

The sun was down when we came out of the forest and looked down the slope and across to the hill where we had watched from with our glasses. We should have backtracked and gone down, crossed the gulch, and climbed back up the trail the way we had come but we decided, like fools, to grade straight across the mountain side below the edge of the forest. So, in the dark, following this ideal line, we descended into steep ravines that showed only as wooded patches until you were in them, slid down, clung to vines, stumbled and climbed and slid again, down and down, then steeply, impossibly, up, hearing the rustle of night things and the cough of a leopard hunting baboons; me scared of snakes and touching each root and branch with snake fear in the dark.

To go down and up two hands-and-knee-climbing ravines and then out into the moonlight and the long, too-steep shoulder of mountain that you climbed one foot up to the other, one foot after the other, one stride at a time, leaning forward against the grade and the altitude, dead tired and gun weary, single file in the moonlight across the slope, on up and to the top where it was easy, the country spread in the moonlight, then up and down and on, through the small hills, tired but now in sight of the fires and on into camp.

So then you sit, bundled against the evening chill, at the fire, with a whiskey and soda, waiting for the announcement that the canvas bath had been a quarter filled with hot water.

"Bathi, B'wana."

"God damn it, I could never hunt sheep again," you say.

"I never could," says P. O. M. "You all made me."

"You climbed a damn sight better than any of us."

"Do you suppose we could hunt sheep again, Pop?"

"I wonder," Pop said. "I suppose it's merely condition."

THE PEOPLE IN THE BOOK

POP — Mr. Jackson Phillips, called Mr. J. or Mr. J. P.— a white hunter or professional guide. Not to be called Pop to his face
KANDISKY — An Austrian
DAN — A second white hunter
KARL — A lucky hunter
MR. HEMINGWAY — A braggart
MRS. HEMINGWAY — Wife of the above known as P. O. M. or poor old mama. Known to the natives as Mama
M'COLA — A gunbearer
CHARO — A gunbearer
KAMAU — A Kikuyu driver
DROOPY — A good native guide
ABDULLAH and GARRICK — Bad native guides
THE OLD MAN, and THE WANDEROBO-MASAI — Mysterious native guides
THE ROMAN, HIS BROTHER, HIS FAMILY — Excellent people
MASAI — Various Masai

There are also famine sufferers, various Hindus, porters, skinners, personal boys, and a very good cook. There are many animals

"It's riding in the damned cars that ruins us."

"If we did that walk every night we could come back in three nights from now and never feel it."

"Yes. But I'd be as scared of snakes if we did it every night for a year."

"You'd get over it."

"No." I said. "They scare me stiff. Do you remember that time we touched hands behind the tree?"

"Rather," said Pop. "You jumped two yards. Are you really afraid of them, or only talking?"

"They scare me sick," I said. "They always have."

"What's the matter with you men?" P. O. M. said. "Why haven't I heard anything about the war tonight?"

"We're too bloody tired. Were you in the war, Pop?"

"Not me," said Pop. "Where is that boy with the whiskey?" Then calling in that feeble, clowning falsetto, "Kayti-Katy-ay!"

"Bathi," said Molo again softly, but insistently.

"Too tired."

"Memsahib *bathi,"* Molo said hopefully.

"I'll go," said P. O. M. "But you two hurry up with your drinking. I'm hungry."

"Bathi," said Kayti severely to Pop.

"Bathi yourself," said Pop. "Don't bully me."

Kayti turned away in firelit slanting smile.

"All right. All right," said Pop. "Going to have one?" he asked.

"We'll have just one," I said, "and then we'll *bathi."*

"Bathi, b'wana M'Kumba," Molo said. P. O. M. came toward the fire wearing her blue dressing gown and mosquito boots.

"Go on," she said. "You can have another when you come out. There's nice, warm, muddy water."

"They bully us," Pop said.

"Do you remember the time we were sheep hunting and your hat blew off and nearly fell onto the ram?" I asked her, the whiskey racing my mind back to Wyoming.

"Go take your bathi," P. O. M. said. "I'm going to have a gimlet."

In the morning we were dressed before daylight, ate breakfast, and were hunting the forest edge and the sunken valleys where Droop had seen the buffalo before the sun was up. But they were not there. It was a long hunt and we came back to camp and decided to send the trucks for porters and move with a foot safari to where there was supposed to be water in a stream that came down out of the mountain beyond where we had seen the rhinos the night before. Being camped there we could hunt a new country along the forest edge and we would be much closer to the mountain.

The trucks were to bring in Karl from his kudu camp where he seemed to be getting disgusted, or discouraged, or both, and he could go down to the rift valley the next day and kill some meat and try for an oryx. If we found good rhino we would send for him. We did not want to fire any shots where we were going except at rhino in order not to scare them, and we needed meat. The rhino seemed very shy and I knew from Wyoming how the shy game will all shift out of a small country, a country being an area, a valley or range of hills, a man can hunt in, after a shot or two. We planned this all out, Pop con-

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sulting with Droopy, and then sent the trucks off with Ben to recruit porters.

Late in the afternoon they were back with Karl, his outfit, and forty M'Bulus, good-looking savages with a pompous headman who wore the only pair of shorts among them. Karl was thin now, his skin sallow, his eyes very tired looking and he seemed a little desperate. He had been eight days in the kudu camp in the hills, hunting hard, with no one with him who spoke any English, and they had only seen two cows and jumped a bull out of range. The guides claimed they had seen another bull but Karl had thought it was a kongoni, or that they said it was a kongoni, and had not shot. He was bitter about this and it was not a happy outfit.

"I never saw his horns. I don't believe it was a bull," he said. Kudu hunting was a touchy subject with him now and we let it alone.

"He'll get an oryx down there and he'll feel better," Pop said. "It's gotten on his nerves a little."

Karl agreed to the plan for us to move ahead into the new country and for him to go down for meat.

"Whatever you say," he said. "Absolutely whatever you say."

"It will give him some shooting," Pop said. "Then he'll feel better."

"We'll get one. Then you get one. Whoever gets his first can go on down after oryx. You'll probably get an oryx tomorrow anyway when you're hunting meat."

"Whatever you say," Karl said. His mind was bitterly revolving eight blank days of hill climbing in the heat, out before daylight, back at dark, hunting an animal whose Swahili name he could not then remember, with trackers in whom he had no confidence, coming back to eat alone, no one to whom he could talk, his wife nine thousand miles and three months away, and how was his dog and how was his job, and goddamn it where were they and what if he missed one when he got a shot, he wouldn't, you never missed when it was really important, he was sure of that, that was one of the tenets of his faith, but what if he got excited and missed, and why didn't he get any letters, what did the guide say kongoni for that time, they did, he knew they did, but he said nothing of all that, only, "Whatever you say," a little desperately.

"Come on, cheer up, you bastard," I said.

"I'm cheerful. What's the matter with you?"

"Have a drink."

"I don't want a drink. I want a goddamned kudu."

Later Pop said, "I thought he'd do well off by himself with no one to hurry him or rattle him. He'll be all right. He's a good lad."

"He wants some one to tell him exactly what to do and still leave him alone and not rattle him," I said. "It's hell for him to shoot in front of everybody. He's not a damned show-off like me."

"He made a damned fine shot at that leopard," Pop said.

"Two of them," I said. "The second was as good as the first. Hell, he can shoot. On the range he'll shoot the pants off of any of us. But he worries about it and I rattle him trying to get him to speed up."

"You're a little hard on him sometimes," Pop said.

"Hell, he knows me. He knows what I think of him. He doesn't mind."

"I still think he'll find himself off by himself," Pop said. "It's just a question of confidence. He's really a good shot."

"Hell, he's got the best buff, the best waterbuck, and the best lion, now," I said. "He's got nothing to worry about."

"The Memsahib has the best lion, brother. Don't make any mistake about that."

"I'm glad of that. But he's got a damned fine lion and a big leopard. Everything he has is good. We've got plenty of time. He's got nothing to worry about. What the hell is he so gloomy about?"

"We'll get an early start in the morning so we can finish it off before it gets too hot for the little Memsahib."

"She's in the best shape of any one."

"She's marvellous. She's like a little terrier."

We went out that afternoon and glassed the country from the hills and never saw a thing. That night after supper we were in the tent. P. O. M. disliked intensely being compared to a little terrier. If she must be like any dog, and she did not wish to be, she would prefer a wolfhound, something lean, racy, long-legged and ornamental. Her courage was so automatic and so much a simple state of being that she never thought of danger; then, too, danger was in the hands of Pop and for Pop she had a complete, clear-seeing, absolutely trusting adoration. Pop was her ideal of how a man should be, brave, gentle, comic, never losing his temper, never bragging, never complaining except in a joke, tolerant, understanding, intelligent, drinking a little too much as a good man should, and, to her eyes, very handsome.

"Don't you think Pop's handsome?"

"No," I said. "Droopy's handsome."

"Droopy's *beautiful*. But don't you *really* think Pop's handsome?"

"Hell, no. I like him as well as any man I've ever known, but I'm damned if he's handsome."

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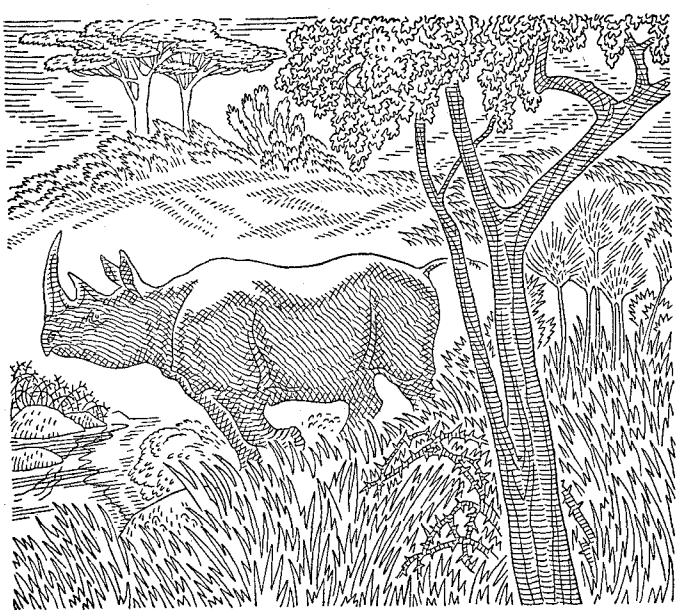

"I think he's lovely looking. But you understand about how I feel about him, don't you?"

"Sure. I'm as fond of the bastard myself."

"But *don't* you think he's handsome, really?"

"Nope."

Then, a little later:

"Well, who's handsome to you?"

"Belmonte and Pop. And you."

"Don't be patriotic," I said. "Who's a beautiful woman?"

"Garbo."

"Not any more. Josie is. Margot is."

"Yes, they are. I know I'm not."

"You're lovely."

"Let's talk about Mr. J. P. I don't like you to call him Pop. It's not dignified."

"He and I aren't dignified together."

"Yes, but I'm dignified with him. Don't you think he's wonderful?"

"Yes," I said. "Really. I believe he's the best I've ever known."

"You're wonderful too. But why do you always feel so pleased when you're brave?"

"Pop's pleased when he's brave, too. Only he doesn't tell you."

"But there's nothing extraordinary about being brave. You're both brave."

"Of course we are. But it's always a pleasure."

"But there's nothing extraordinary about it?"

"Nothing. Only you've never known any yellow bastards."

"What are they like?"

"You're never comfortable with them."

"Who is yellow?"

I told her two who were.

"Are they, really?"

"Of course," I said, and told her about two different times for each. "That's why you're always uncomfortable with them. Because they are uncomfortable with themselves."

"But Karl is brave."

"As brave as anybody ever could be."

"He's like Hamlet."

"Yes, he really is."

"Mr. J. P. is really awfully brave, you know he really is. He's *so* lovely."

"Yes, and he doesn't have to read books written by some bitch he's tried to help get published saying how he's yellow."

"She's just malicious. She knew that would make you angry."

"It did all right. She's skillful when she's malicious, with all that talent gone to malice and nonsense and self praise. Well, she's cashing in now. Anybody can whenever he wants. How would you like a little cash, Baby?"

"I don't want any cash. There aren't any shops. We have fun though, don't we?"

"God damn it if we don't. I've had a better time every year since I can remember."

"But isn't Mr. J. P. wonderful? Really?"

"Yes. He's wonderful."

"Oh, you're nice to say it. Poor Karl."

"Why?"

"Without his wife."

"Yes," I said. "Poor Karl."

CHAPTER IV

So in the morning, again, we started ahead of the porters and went down and across the hills and through a deeply forested valley and then up and across a long rise of country with high grass that made the walking difficult and on and up and across, resting sometimes in the shade of a tree, and then on and up and down and across, all in high grass, now, that you had to break a trail in, and the sun was very hot. The five of us in single file, Droop and M'Cola with a big gun apiece, hung with musettes and water bottles and the cameras, we all sweating in the sun, Pop and I with guns and the Memsahib trying to walk like Droopy, her Stetson tilted on one side, happy to be on a trip, pleased about how comfortable her boots were, we came finally to a thicket of thorn trees over a ravine that ran down from the side of a ridge to the water and we leaned the guns against the trees and went in under the close shade and lay on the ground. P. O. M. got the books out of one of the musettes and she and Pop read while I followed the ravine down to the little stream that came out of the mountain side, and found a fresh lion track and many rhino tunnels in the tall grass that came higher than your head. It was very hot climbing back up the sandy ravine and I was glad to lean my back against the tree trunk and read in Tolstoi's *Sevastopol*. It was a very young book and had one fine description of fighting in it, where the French take the redoubt and I thought about Tolstoi and about what a great advantage an experience of war was to a writer. It was one of the major subjects and certainly one of the hardest to write truly of and those writers who had not seen it were always very jealous and tried to make it seem unimportant, or abnormal, or a disease as a subject, while, really, it was just something quite irreplaceable that they had missed. Then Sevastopol made me think of the Boulevard Sevastopol in Paris, about riding a bicycle down it in the rain on the way home from Strassburg and the slipperiness of the rails of the tram cars and the feeling of riding on greasy, slippery asphalt and cobble stones in traffic in the rain, and how we had nearly lived on the Boulevard du Temple that time and I remembered the

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look of that apartment, how it was arranged, and the wall paper, and instead we had taken the upstairs of the pavilion in Notre Dame des Champs in the courtyard with the sawmill (*and the sudden whine of the saw, the smell of sawdust and the chestnut tree over the roof with a mad woman downstairs*) and the year worrying about money (*all of the stories back in the mail that came in through a slit in the saw-mill door, with notes of rejection that would never call them stories, but always anecdotes, sketches, contes, etc. They did not want them, and we lived on poireaux and drank cahors and water*) and how fine the fountains were at the Place de L'Observatoire (*water sheen rippling on the bronze of horses' manes, bronze breasts and shoulders, green under thin-flowing water*) and when they put up the bust of Flaubert in the Luxembourg on the short cut through the gardens on the way to the rue Soufflot (*one that we believed in, loved without criticism, heavy now in stone as an idol should be*). He had not seen war but he had seen a revolution and the Commune and a revolution is much the best if you do not become bigoted because every one speaks the same language. Just as civil war is the best war for a writer, the most complete. Stendhal had seen a war and Napoleon taught him to write. He was teaching everybody then; but no one else learned. Dostoevsky was made by being sent to Siberia. Writers are forged in injustice as a sword is forged. I wondered if it would make a writer of him, give him the necessary shock to cut the over-flow of words and give him a sense of proportion, if they sent Tom Wolfe to Siberia or to the Dry Tortugas. Maybe it would and maybe it wouldn't. He seemed sad, really, like Carnera. Tolstoi was a small man. Joyce was of medium height and he wore his eyes out. And that last night, drunk, with Joyce and the thing he kept quoting from Edgar Quinet, "Fraîche et rose comme au jour de la bataille." I didn't have it right I knew. And when you saw him he would take up a conversation interrupted three years before. It was nice to see a great writer in our time.

What I had to do was work. I did not care, particularly, how it all came out. I did not take my own life seriously any more, any one else's life, yes, but not mine. They all wanted something that I did not want and I would get it without wanting it, if I worked. To work was the only thing, it was the one thing that always made you feel good, and in the meantime it was my own damned life and I would lead it where and how I pleased. And where I had led it now pleased me very much. This was a better sky than Italy. The hell it was. The best sky was in Italy and Spain and Northern Michigan in the fall and in the fall in the Gulf off Cuba. You could beat this sky; but not the country.

All I wanted to do now was get back to Africa. We had not left it, yet, but when I would wake in the night I would lie, listening, homesick for it already.

Now, looking out the tunnel of trees over the ravine at the sky with white clouds moving across in the wind, I loved the country so that I was happy as you are after you have been with a woman that you really love, when, empty, you feel it welling up again and there it is and you can never have it all and yet what there is, now, you can have, and you want more and more, to have, and be, and live in, to possess now again for always, for that long, sudden-ended always; making time stand still, sometimes so very still that afterwards you wait to hear it move, and it is slow in starting. But you are not alone, because if you have ever really loved her happy and untragic, she loves you always; no matter who she loves nor where she goes she loves you more. So if you have loved some woman and some country you are very fortunate and, if you die afterwards it makes no difference. Now, being in Africa, I was hungry for more of it, the changes of the seasons, the rains with no need to travel, the discomforts that you paid to make it real, the names of the trees, of the small animals, and all the birds, to know the language and have time to be in it and to move slowly. I had loved country all my life; the country was always better than the people. I could only care about people a very few at a time.

P. O. M. was sleeping. She was always lovely to look at asleep, sleeping quietly, close curled like an animal, with nothing of the being dead look that Karl had asleep. Pop slept quietly too, you could see his soul was close in his body. His body no longer housed him fittingly. It had gone on and changed, thickening here, losing its lines, bloating a little there, but inside he was young and lean and tall and hard as when he galloped lion on the plain below Wami, and the pouches under his eyes were all outside, so that now I saw him asleep the way P. O. M. saw him always. M'Cola was an old man asleep, without history and without mystery. Droopy did not sleep. He sat on his heels and watched for the safari.

We saw them coming a long way off. At first the boxes just showed above the high grass, then a line of heads, then they were in a hollow, and there was only the point of a spear in the sun, then they came up a rise of ground and I could see the strung out line coming toward us. They had gone a little too far to the left and Droopy waved to signal them toward us. They made camp, Pop warning them to be quiet, and we sat under the dining tent and were comfortable in the chairs and talked. That night we hunted and saw nothing. The next morning we hunted and saw nothing and the next evening the same. It was very interesting but there were no results. The wind blew hard from the east and the ground was broken in short ridges of hills coming down close from the forest so you could not get above it without sending your scent on ahead of you on the wind to warn everything. You could not see into the sun in the evening, nor on the heavy shadowed hillsides to the west, beyond which the sun was setting at the time the rhino would be coming out of the forest; so all the country to the westward was a loss in the evening and in the country we could hunt we found nothing. Meat came in from Karl's camp by some porters we sent back. They came in carrying quarters of tommy, grant, and wildebeeste, dusty, the meat seared dry by the sun, and the porters were happy, crouched around their fires roasting the meat on sticks. Pop was puzzled why the rhino were all gone. Each day we had seen less and we discussed whether it could be the full moon, that they fed out at night and were back in the forest in the morning before it was light, or that they winded us, or heard the men, and were simply shy and kept in the forest, or what was it? Me putting out the theories, Pop pricking them with his wit, sometimes considering them from

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politeness, sometimes with interest, like the one about the moon.

We went to bed early and in the night it rained a little, not a real rain but a shower from the mountains, and in the morning we were up before daylight and had climbed up to the top of the steep grassy ridge that looked down onto the camp, onto the ravine of the river bed, and across to the steep opposite bank of the stream, and from where we could see all the hilly slopes and the edge of the forest. It was not yet light when some geese flew overhead and the light was still too gray to be able to see the edge of the forest clearly in the glasses. We had scouts out on three different hill tops and we were waiting for it to be light enough for us to see them if they signalled.

Then Pop said, "Look at that son of a bitch," and shouted at M'Cola to bring the rifles. M'Cola went jumping down the hill, and across the stream, directly opposite us, a rhino was running with a quick trot along the top of the bank. As we watched he speeded up and came, fast trotting, angling down across the face of the bank. He was a muddy red, his horn showed clearly, and there was nothing ponderous in his quick, purposeful movement. I was very excited at seeing him.

"He'll cross the stream," Pop said. "He's shootable."

M'Cola put the Springfield in my hand and I opened it to make sure I had solids. The rhino was out of sight now but I could see the shaking of the high grass.

"How far would you call it?"

"All of three hundred."

"I'll bust the son of a bitch."

I was watching, freezing myself deliberately inside, stopping the excitement as you close a valve, going into that impersonal state you shoot from.

He showed, trotting into the shallow, boulder-filled stream. Thinking of one thing, that the shot was perfectly possible, but that I must lead him enough, must get ahead, I got on him, then well ahead of him, and squeezed off. I heard the *whonk* of the bullet and, from his trot, he seemed to explode forward. With a whooshing snort he smashed ahead, splashing water and snorting. I shot again and raised a little column of water behind him, and shot again as he went into the grass; behind him again.

"Piga," M'Cola said. "Piga!"

Droopy agreed.

"Did you hit him?" Pop said.

"Absolutely," I said. "I think I've got him."

Droopy was running and I re-loaded and ran off after him. Half the camp was strung out across the hills waving and yelling. The rhino had come in right below where they were and gone on up the valley toward where the forest came close down into the head of the valley.

Pop and P. O. M. came up. Pop with his big gun and M'Cola carrying mine.

"Droopy will get the tracks," Pop said. "M'Cola swears you hit him."

"Piga!" M'Cola said.

"He snorted like a steam engine," P. O. M. said. "Didn't he look wonderful going along there?"

"He was late getting home with the milk," Pop said. "Are you *sure* you hit him? It was a godawful long shot."

"I *know* I hit him. I'm *pretty* sure I've killed him."

"Don't tell any one if you did," Pop said. "They'll never believe you. Look! Droopy's got blood."

Below, in the high grass, Droop was holding up a grass blade toward us. Then, stooped, he went on trailing fast by the blood spoor.

"Piga," M'Cola said. "M'uzuri!"

"We'll keep up above where we can see if he makes a break," Pop said. "Look at Droopy."

Droop had removed his fez and held it in his hand.

"That's all the precautions he needs," Pop said. "We bring up a couple of heavy guns and Droopy goes in after him with one article less of clothing."

Below us Droopy and his partner who was trailing with him had stopped. Droopy held up his hand.

"They hear him," Pop said. "Come on."

We started toward them. Droopy came toward us and spoke to Pop.

"He's in there," Pop whispered. "They can hear the tick birds. One of the boys says he heard the faro, too. We'll go in against the wind. You go ahead with Droopy. Let the Memsahib stay behind me. Take the big gun. All right."

The rhino was in high grass, somewhere in there behind some bushes. As we went forward we heard a deep, moaning sort of groan. Droopy looked around at me and grinned. The noise came again, ending this time like a blood-choked sigh. Droopy was laughing. "Faro," he whispered and put his hand palm open on the side of his head in the gesture that means to go to sleep. Then in a jerky-flighted, sharp-beaked little flock we saw the tick birds rise and fly away. We knew where he was and, as we went slowly forward, parting the high grass, we saw him. He was on his side, dead.

"Better shoot him once to make sure," Pop said. M'Cola handed me the Springfield he had been carrying. I noticed it was cocked, looked at M'Cola, furious with him, kneeled down and shot the rhino in the sticking place. He never moved. Droopy shook my hand and so did M'Cola.

"He had that damned Springfield cocked," I said to Pop. The cocked gun, behind my back, made me black angry.

That meant nothing to M'Cola. He was very happy, stroking the rhino's horn, measuring it with his fingers spread, looking for the bullet hole.

"It's on the side he's lying on," I said.

"You should have seen him when he was protecting Mama," Pop said. "That's why he had the gun cocked."

"Can he shoot?"

"No," Pop said. "But he would."

"Shoot me in the pants," I said. "Romantic bastard."

When the whole outfit came up, we rolled the rhino into a sort of kneeling position and cut away the grass to take some pictures. The bullet hole was fairly high in the back, a little behind the lungs.

"That was a hell of a shot," Pop said. "A hell of a shot. Don't ever tell any one you made that one."

"You'll have to give me a certificate."

"That would just make us both liars. They're a strange beast, aren't they?"

There he was, long-bulked, heavy-sided, prehistoric looking, the hide like vulcanized rubber and faintly transparent looking, scarred with a badly healed horn wound that the birds had pecked at, his tail thick, round, and pointed, flat many-legged ticks crawling on him, his ears fringed with hair, tiny pig eyes, moss growing on the base of his horn that grew out forward from his nose. M'Cola looked at him and shook his head. I agreed with him. This was the hell of an animal.

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"How is his horn?"

"It isn't bad," Pop said. "It's nothing extra. That was a hell of a shot you made on him though, brother."

"M'Cola's pleased with it," I said.

"You're pretty pleased with it yourself," P. O. M. said.

"I'm crazy about it," I said. "But don't let me start on it. Don't worry about how I feel about it. I can wake up and think about that any night."

"And you're a good tracker, and a hell of a fine bird shot, too," Pop said. "Tell us the rest of that."

"Lay off me. I only said that once when I was drunk."

"Once," said P. O. M. "Doesn't he tell us that every night?"

"By God, I *am* a good bird shot."

"Amazing," said Pop. "I never would have thought it. What else is it you do?"

"Oh, go to hell."

"Mustn't ever let him realize what a shot that was or he'll get unbearable," Pop said to P. O. M.

"M'Cola and I know," I said.

M'Cola came up. "M'uzuri, Bwana," he said. "M'uzuri sana."

"He thinks you did it on purpose," Pop said.

"Don't you ever tell him different."

"Piga m'uzuri," M'Cola said. "M'uzuri."

"I believe he feels just the way you do about it," Pop said.

"He's my pal."

"I believe he is, you know," Pop said.

On our way back across country to our main camp I made a fancy shot on a reedbuck at about two hundred yards, offhand, breaking his neck at the base of the skull. M'Cola was very pleased and Droopy was delighted.

"We've got to put a stop to him," Pop said to P. O. M. "Where did you shoot for, really?"

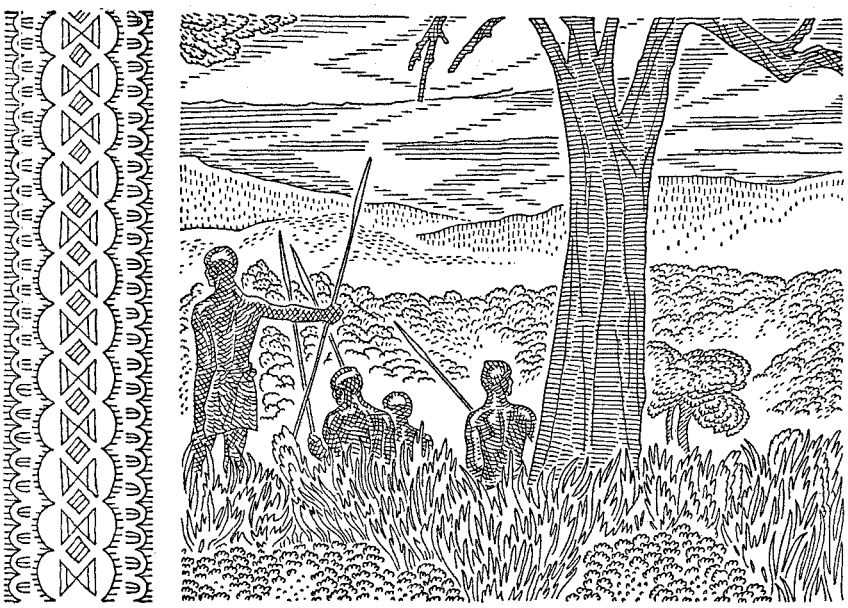
"In the neck," I lied. I had held full on the center of the shoulder.

"It was awfully pretty," P. O. M. said. The bullet had made a crack when it hit like a baseball bat swung against a fast ball and the buck had collapsed without a move.

"I think he's a damned liar," Pop said.

"None of us great shots is appreciated. Wait till we're gone."

"His idea of being appreciated is for us to carry him on our shoulders," Pop



said. "That rhino shot has ruined him."

"All right. You watch from now on. Hell, I've shot well the whole time."

"I seem to remember a grant of some sort," Pop was teasing. So did I remember him. I'd followed a fine one out of the country missing shot after shot all morning after a series of stalks in the heat, then crawled up to an ant hill to shoot one that was not nearly as good, taken a rest on the ant hill, missed the buck at fifty yards, seen him stand facing me, absolutely still, his nose up, and shot him in the chest. He went over backwards and as I went up to him he jumped up and went off, staggering. I sat down and waited for him to stop and when he did, obviously anchored, I sat there, using the sling, and shot for his neck, slowly and carefully, missing him eight times straight in a mounting, stubborn rage, not making a correction but shooting exactly for the same place in the same way each time, the gun bearers all laughing, the truck that had come up with the outfit holding more amused niggers, P. O. M. and Pop saying nothing, me sitting there cold, crazy-stubborn-furious, determined to break his neck rather than walk up and perhaps start him off over that heat-hazy, baking, noontime plain. Nobody said anything. I reached up my hand to M'Cola for more cartridges, shot again, carefully, and missed, and on the tenth shot broke his damned neck. I turned away without looking toward him.

"Poor Papa," P. O. M. said.

"It's the light and the wind," Pop said. We had not known each other very well then. "They were all hitting the same place. I could see them throw the dust."

"I was a damned bloody stubborn fool," I said.

Anyway, I could shoot now. So far. And aided by flukes. My luck was running now.

We came on into sight of camp and shouted. No one came out. Finally Karl came out of his tent. He went back in as soon as he saw us, then came out again.

"Hey, Karl," I yelled. He waved and went back in the tent again. Then came toward us. He was shaky with excitement and I saw he had been washing blood off his hands.

"What is it?"

"Rhino," he said.

"Did you get in trouble with him?"

"No. We killed him."

"Fine. Where is he?"

"Over there behind that tree."

We went over. There was the newly severed head of a rhino that was a rhino. He was twice the size of the one I had killed. The little eyes were shut and a fresh drop of blood stood in the corner of one like a tear. The head bulked enormous and the horn swept up and back in a fine curve. The hide was an inch thick where it hung in a cape behind the head and was as white where it was cut as freshly sliced coconut.

"What is he? About thirty inches?"

"Hell, no," said Pop. "No thirty inches."

"But he iss a very fine one, Mr. Jackson," Dan said.

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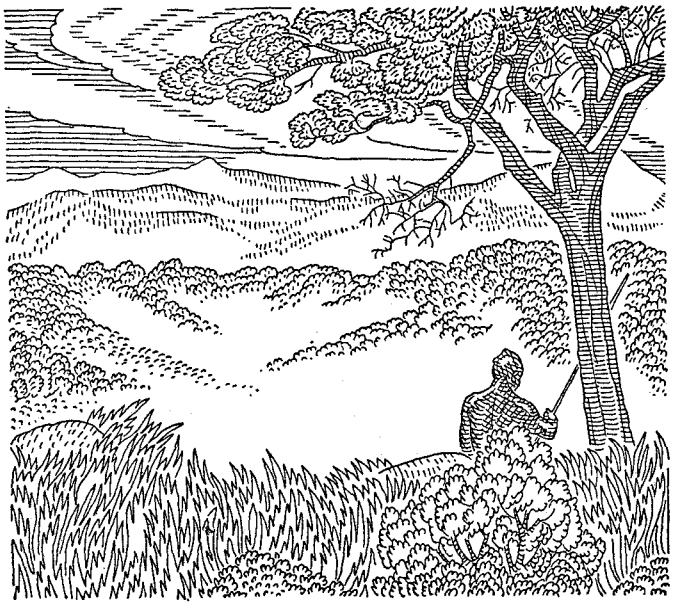

"Yes. He's a fine one," Pop said.

"Where did you get him?"

"Just outside of camp."

"He wass standing in some bush. We heard him grunt."

"We thought he was a buffalo," Karl said.

"He iss a very fine one," Dan repeated.

"I'm damned glad you got him," I said.

There we were, the three of us, wanting to congratulate, wanting to be good sports about this rhino whose smaller horn was longer than our big one, this huge, tear-eyed marvel of a rhino, this dead, head-severed dream rhino, and instead we all spoke like people who were about to become seasick on a boat, or people who had suffered some heavy financial loss. We were ashamed and could do nothing about it. I wanted to say something pleasant and hearty, instead, "How many times did you shoot him?" I asked.

"I don't know. We didn't count. Five or six, I guess."

"Five, I think," said Dan.

Poor Karl, faced by these three sad-faced congratulators, was beginning to feel his pleasure in the rhino drained away from him.

"We got one too," said P. O. M.

"That's fine," said Karl. "Is he bigger than this one?"

"Hell, no. He's a lousy runt."

"I'm sorry," Karl said. He meant it, simply and truly.

"What the hell have you got to be sorry about with a rhino like that? Goddamn it, he's a beauty. Let me get the camera and take some pictures of him."

I went after the camera. P. O. M. took me by the arm and walked close beside me.

"Papa, please try to act like a human being," she said. "Poor Karl. You're making him feel dreadfully."

"I know it," I said. "I'm trying not to act that way."

There was Pop. He shook his head. "I never felt more of a four-letter man." he said. "But it was like a kick in the stomach. I'm really delighted, of course."

"Me too," I said. "I'd rather have him beat me. You know that. Truly. But why couldn't he just get a good one, two or three inches longer? Why did he have to get one that makes mine ridiculous? It just makes ours silly."

"You can always remember that shot."

"The hell with that shot. That bloody fluke. God, what a beautiful rhino."

"Come on, let's pull ourselves together and try to act like white people with him."

"We were *awful,*" P. O. M. said.

"I know it," I said, "And all the time I was trying to be jolly. You *know* I'm delighted he has it."

"You were certainly jolly. Both of you," P. O. M. said.

"But did you see M'Cola?" Pop asked. M'Cola had looked at the rhino dismally, shaken his head and walked away.

"He's a wonderful rhino," P. O. M. said. "We must act decently and make Karl feel good."

But it was too late. We could not make Karl feel good and for a long time we could not feel good ourselves. The porters came into camp with the loads and we could see them all, and all of our outfit, go over to where the rhino head lay in the shade. They were all very quiet. Only the skinner was delighted to see such a rhino head in camp.

"M'uzuri sana," he said to me. And measured the horn with shiftings of his wide-spread hand. "Kuba sana!"

"N'Dio. M'uzuri sana," I agreed.

"Bwana Kabor shoot him?"

"Yes."

"M'uzuri sana."

"Yes," I agreed. "M'uzuri sana."

The skinner was the only gent in the outfit. We had tried, in all the shoot, never to be competitive. Karl and I had each tried to give the other the better chance on everything that came up. I was, truly, very fond of him and he was entirely unselfish and altogether self-sacrificing. I knew I could outshoot him and I could always outwalk him and, steadily, he got trophies that made mine dwarfs in comparison. He had done some of the worst shooting at game I had ever seen and I had shot badly twice on the trip, at that grant, and at a bustard once on the plain, still he beat me on all the tangible things we had to show. For a while we had joked about it and I knew everything would even up. But it didn't even up. Now, on this rhino hunt, I had taken the first crack at the country. We had sent him after meat while we had gone into a new country. We had not treated him badly, but we had not treated him too well, and still he had beaten me. Not only beaten, beaten was all right. He had made my rhino look so small that I could never keep him in the same small town where we lived. He had wiped him out. I had the shot I had made on him to remember and nothing could take that away except that it was so bloody marvellous I knew I would wonder, sooner or later, if it was not really a fluke in spite of my unholy self-confidence. Old Karl had put it on us all right with that rhino. He was in his tent now, writing a letter.

Under the dining tent fly Pop and I

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talked over what we had better do.

"He's got his rhino anyway," Pop said. "That saves us time. Now you can't stand on that one."

"No."

"But this country is washed out. Something wrong with it. Droopy claims to know a good country about three hours from here in the trucks and another hour or so in with the porters. We can head for there this afternoon with a light outfit, send the trucks back, and Karl and Dan can move on down to M'utu Umbu and he can get his oryx."

"Fine."

"He has a chance to get a leopard on that rhino carcass this evening, too, or in the morning. Dan said they heard one. We'll try to get a rhino out of this country of Droopy's and then you join up with them and go on for kudu. We want to leave plenty of time for them."

"Fine."

"Even if you don't get an oryx. You'll pick one up somewhere."

"Even if I don't get one at all, it's all right. We'll get one another time. I want a kudu, though."

"You'll get one. You're sure to."

"I'd rather get one, a good one, than all the rest. I don't give a damn about these rhino outside of the fun of hunting them. But I'd like to get one that wouldn't look silly beside that dream rhino of his."

"Absolutely."

So we told Karl and he said, "Whatever you say. Sure. I hope you get one twice as big." He really meant it. He was feeling better now and so were we all.

CHAPTER V

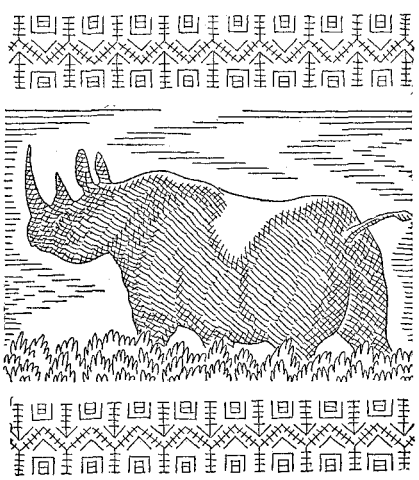
Droopy's country, when we reached it that evening, after a hot ride through red-soiled, bush-scrubby hills, looked awful. It was at the edge of a belt where all the trees had been girdled to kill the tse-tse flies. And across from camp was a dusty, dirty native village. The soil was red and eroded and seemed to be blowing away and camp was pitched in a high wind under the sketchy shade of some dead trees on a hillside overlooking a little stream and the mud village beyond. Before dark we followed Droopy and two local guides up past the village and in a long climb to the top of a rock-strewn ridge that overlooked a deep valley that was almost a canyon. Across, on the other side, were broken valleys that sloped steeply down into the canyon. There were heavy growths of trees in the valleys and grassy slopes on the ridges between and above, there was the thick bamboo forest of the mountain. The canyon ran down to the rift valley, seeming to narrow at the far end where it cut through the wall of the rift. Beyond, above the grassy ridges and slopes, were heavily forested hills. It looked a hell of a country to hunt.

"If you see one across there you have to go straight down to the bottom of the canyon. Then up one of those timber patches and across those damned gullies. You can't keep him in sight and you'll kill yourself climbing. It's too bloody steep. Those are the kind of innocent-looking gullies we got into that night coming home."

"It looks very bad," Pop agreed.

"I've hunted a country just like this for deer. The south slope of Timber Creek in Wyoming. The slopes are all too steep. It's hell. It's too broken. We'll take some punishment tomorrow."

P. O. M. said nothing. Pop had brought us here and Pop would bring us out. All she had to do was see her shoes did not hurt her feet. They hurt just a little now, and that was her worry.



I went on to dilate on the difficulties the country showed and we went home to camp in the dark all very gloomy and full of prejudice against Droopy. The fire flamed brightly in the wind and we sat and watched the moon rise and listened to the hyenas. After we had a few drinks we did not feel so badly about the country.

"Droopy swears it's good," Pop said. "This isn't where he wanted to go though, he says. It was another place further on. But he swears this is good."

"I love Droopy," P. O. M. said. "I have perfect confidence in Droopy."

Droopy came up to the fire with two spear-carrying natives.

"What does he hear?" I asked.

There was some talk by the natives, then Pop said, "One of these sportsmen claims he was chased by a huge rhino today. Of course nearly any rhino would look huge when he was chasing him."

"Ask him how long the horn was."

The native showed that the horn was as long as his arm. Droopy grinned.

"Tell him to go," said Pop.

"Where did all this happen?"

"Oh, over there somewhere," Pop said. "You know. Over there. Way over there. Where these things always happen."

"That's marvellous. Just where we want to go."

"The good aspect is that Droopy's not at all depressed," Pop said. "He seems very confident. After all, it's his show."

"Yes, but we have to do the climbing."

"Cheer him up, will you?" Pop said to P. O. M. "He's getting me very depressed."

"Should we talk about how well he shoots?"

"Too bloody early in the evening. I'm not gloomy. I've just seen that kind of country before. It will be good for us all right. Take some of your belly off, Governor."

The next day I found that I was all wrong about that country.

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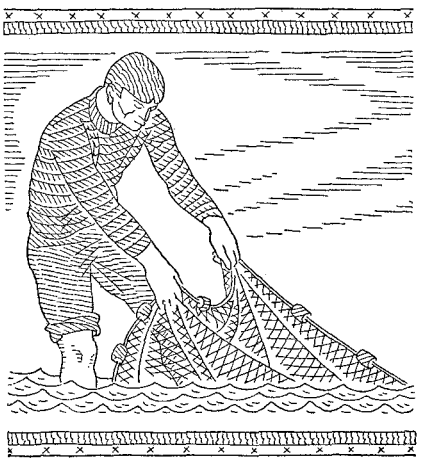
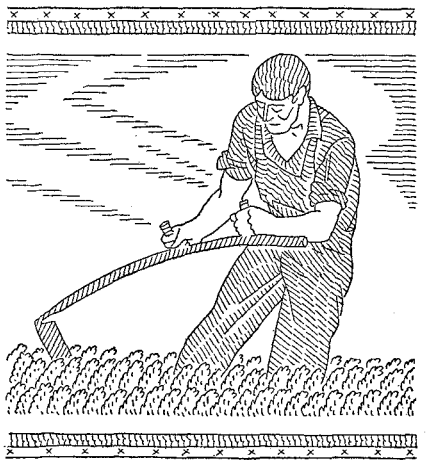
Free Initiative and Free Prices

By David Cushman Coyle



Free initiative and monopoly cannot exist side by side. If we really want freedom, we can find it—but not according to any set formula. "Planned society" has a way of congealing. Mr. Coyle suggests another way—one more within the possibilities of the human mind.



Most Americans are really in favor of liberty, even though the word may be the last refuge of the Liberty League. After all, must we abandon all hope of personal freedom just because our less estimable fellow-citizens talk about it? A more sensible way would be to sniff around the conservative woodpile and see whether the disappearance of some of our liberties can be explained. Perhaps something can be done.

One of the most disconcerting developments of our capitalist system has been the tendency toward monopoly. There are industries in this country where the price of the product seldom changes—apparently somebody decides what the price is to be. The public can buy at the fixed price or go without. One of our most distinguished lawyers told us a year ago: "You can't get around the law of supply and demand." His own clients, however, can and do.

The rest of us, mostly, are still obliged to sell our goods and services at the market price. The Maine fisherman catches his fish and comes chugging in to market, not knowing what the price of steak-cod will be when he gets there. The corner grocer sets a price on potatoes, and if they fail to move he lowers his price until they do. The producer guesses at what the price will be, and produces as much as he believes he can sell at a profit; then he sells it for what he can get and wins or loses accordingly. That is the law of supply and demand. If the law of supply and demand were in force throughout the market, production would increase with increasing efficiency. Dollar prices might rise or fall, but regardless of the value of the dollar the fisherman could sell more fish in return for more bread and clothes.

But one-half of the industrial system has freed itself from the law of supply and demand. In some of the big industries the managers know the price in advance because the market is under control. The market does not create the price to fit the supply, the market determines the supply to fit the price. This reversed law of demand and supply prevents the increase of output corresponding to an increase of efficiency. Our financial experts who make our definitions call this "stabilizing the market" or "preventing unfair competition."

From the conservative point of view, price and production control have certain advantages. In the first place, the individual industry can make more money in a falling market by slowing down before prices fall instead of afterward, provided everybody stays in line and refrains from chiseling the price. Technology being still in its infancy, most of the industries still have rather large labor items in their cost of production. The overhead losses on idle plant are often not so large as the savings that can be made by firing men, provided the price of the product can be held up. In many industries the management can still hope to save the profits by throwing the losses on the workmen. With the spread of automatic machinery, however, with its high overhead and low labor factor, the possibilities of production control at the expense of the laborers will become less attractive.

In the second place, the effect of a double system, half in a free market and half in a controlled market, is to add to the violence of business fluctuations, by which our financial leaders make their living. In hard times the prices can be kept from falling by discharging men and beating down wages. The workmen stop buying milk from the farmer, and the farmers have to ac-

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cept a drastic fall in prices. The farmers stop buying machinery, and the prices of farm machinery refuse to come down. Instead the output is further reduced and more workmen go on the streets.

The effect of each side of the system on the other is destructive. So the depressions are more severe and the chances for our financial leaders to buy up the rest of us at the bottom are excellent. The interest of large financial organizations in promoting price control is only natural, considering the fact that their income is so largely derived from speculating on the fluctuations of business. Price control is disastrous to business in general, but not to those who make their living from the troubles of business. This point is obscured in the popular mind because some of our big business men are really finance men in business men's clothing. The irreconcilable conflict of interest between business and finance is there all the time, even though some of the most subtle enemies of business may sit on the Board and call themselves business men.

Price and production control is a degenerative disease of the profit system. In the early stages no great harm is apparent, merely that some people get a chance to fatten at the expense of the health of business as a whole. But with the later development of high finance and the spread of banker control, the time is bound to arrive when the instability of business becomes intolerable. That time came in 1932, and the people overthrew the Government in this country and set up another that promised a new deal. Unfortunately the interests of business were imperfectly understood, largely, perhaps, because of the presence in high business positions of too many representatives of the common enemy. So the NRA was set up in such a way as rather to accentuate the tendency to price control, with the unpleasant results which are now common knowledge. In the later stages of the New Deal one of the most important developments will need to be the abolition of the NRA or its revision so as to prevent price fixing. The mere abolition of the NRA, however, will not be enough to restore business to a workable condition. More serious treatment will be necessary.

The radicals have a simple and logical remedy for the diseases of the profit system; they propose to chloroform it entirely and bury the remains. Why not produce for use instead of for profit? If the nation would run all productive industries and distribute the output to everybody, the "ideology" would be quite simple, whatever troubles there might be in the engineering department. But that begs the question before the country. The American people do not want to know where to bury their economic system but how to cure it. Mr. Marx's followers say it can't be cured, but that is exactly what remains to be seen.

One thing seems to be certain, that the profit system is inexorably bound up with the law of supply and demand. The producer gambles on the price; if he wins he makes a profit; if he loses he takes a loss. But if he is able to fix the price, he gambles on a sure thing, and the rest of us gamble in a skin game with the cards stacked against us. After a while the big boys have all the money and trade has to stop. Quite aside from morals, the fact is that unless profits generally represent the reward of a good guess at an unknown future price, the profit system is not workable. If the American people want to keep the profit system, we shall have to see to it that those who do not take risks shall not make profits. The price of free initiative is free prices.

There are, however, industries that have to be heavily centralized. Power, for instance. In the future, as our electric system develops, there will come to be a national network into which hydroelectric and steam plants will pour their current, while the maximum load moves with the sun from east to west, the excess current running always toward the center of the load. Technological considerations call for centralized control of power. There is no visible possibility of avoiding price fixing in the electric industry. The same is true of railroads, and probably of oil and coal. The borderline is vague, but in general the industries that have to be centralized are concerned with basic resources and high technology, and they tend to be those industries that serve other industries rather than the ultimate consumer.

But if the great basic industries are allowed to be centralized by our financial powers, for profit-making purposes, the results are fatal to the profit system. Not merely the unfortunate effect of holding-company financing. The skinning of investors and the milking of captive companies is just a little playful side-line. The real trouble is that centralization and price fixing with the motive of profits lead to production control, and production control leads to the death of the whole profit system. The dilemma is strict. Either there must be no centralization or there must be no profits.

In fact the electric companies are drifting by natural process out of the profit system. For the present the progress is backward while we destroy the control of the great financial holding companies and return the small power plants to freedom. But still the rates must be publicly regulated, and in the long run, as the network is built up under public auspices, the system will drift into public ownership. The drift of the railroads toward public ownership is apparent, as it becomes more and more evident that a "fair return on the capital" is undefinable in theory and impractical in practice. The conclusion seems to be clear that if an industry has to be centralized, the public has to fix the prices and the production schedule, and in the long run the authority that fixes prices and production will have to own the stock.

This outcome, of course, is socialism, the same way the parcel post is socialism —production for use and not for profit. True, the Post Office may attempt to make a profit by cutting wages and reducing services, just like any orthodox trust, and in its own little way the Post Office may help to prolong and deepen the depression. But the profit motive is not an essential part of a public service as it is of a trust controlled in Wall Street. Public ownership can be so managed as to eliminate the deadly effects of price control in private hands.

There are certain disadvantages in public ownership of big business, aside from the danger that it may sometimes be ignorantly managed in a "business-like" way to the detriment of the public interest. The dangers of bureaucracy and graft are always present. But all big business is loaded with bureaucracy, and most big business is infested with graft. In fact there may be considerable doubt whether Washington, even under a Republican administration, has ever contained as many smooth gentlemen

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as New York. Bureaucracy and graft are attributes of bigness as such, and are the price we pay for centralization. When the centralization is technologically inevitable, the price must be paid.

The most serious trouble with public ownership, however, goes deeper than the mere weaknesses of fallible human nature. The trouble lies in the fact that there is no natural criterion of prices and wages. There is no just way to decide how much to charge for first-class postage nor how much to pay a letter carrier. Some people have an illusion that the budget of the Post Office Department ought to balance, but that begs the whole question. If the fatal consequences of price-fixing are to be removed from the profit system, then the price-fixing industries must be run by the Government with no concern for profit or loss. The wages and the prices have no relation to each other; each has to be separately determined on grounds of public policy, whatever that may mean. And nobody knows what it means, so the wages and prices are determined by the Congress, with a vague hope that the public will approve and will re-elect the congressmen for this action among a thousand others. There is no way to decide these questions except through political pull. That is the real price of bigness, and it also must be paid, here or in Russia.

The fact is that centralized industry and planned production are subject to the weaknesses of human nature and also to a fundamental absence of reason that does not afflict the profit system itself. In a capitalist system the big industries cannot be allowed to operate under private control because they finally wreck the whole system. If they are brought under Government, on the other hand, they have to be operated without valid criteria of judgment, on a basis of political pressures. Yet the necessities of technology demand that some businesses be concentrated. It is sad. We shall have to take them over, but there will be little pleasure in the taking. Where we can, and where technology will let us, we had better break up the big business that we have now and not make any more.

The presumption is against bigness, and if we ever get a sensibly planned economic system, the engineers will have to show a peremptory necessity before any industry will be allowed to indulge in mergers or trade associations or cartels, crawling out on the greased slide that leads to public ownership. And the engineers will be slow to urge any such necessity, because they know, much better than do the bankers, that the usual size of maximum physical efficiency is small. One factory with the best automatic machinery will give the cheapest cost of production; double the size and the cost of production is no better, while the sales costs rise and the management fills up with sons-in-law. The most efficient size is apt to be smaller than most people think. A sensibly planned economy will plan for all the decentralization of industry it can get.

The technique for causing decentralization is still in its early stages of development. Some people think of decentralization mainly in geographic terms, regardless of who owns the plant. There are undoubted advantages in placing branch plants in small rural towns, where they will supplement the income of the farm population and add to the basic stability of the country. Rural employees are less insecure than city employees because they have two sources of livelihood, and a country with little factories scattered among the farmers would be less subject to violent disturbances of its economic life. But the vital problem is not geographic decentralization, valuable as that is. The essential necessity is decentralization of ownership and control.

There are plans afoot for helping individual concerns that would like to move into the country. One such plan proposes a Federal fund to finance the moving of factories out of the cities, "but without doing anything to hurt real estate values." One finds it hard to see how any widespread change in the situation can be brought about by dealing with individual cases. A plan for widespread decentralization will need to employ more general methods.

The most important means of decentralization will be the graduated income tax. Everything points to the fact that the continuance of the profit system will depend upon adequate income taxation. Not only is it essential that the distribution of income be forced by taxation in order to give business a continuing market, it is also necessary to destroy the unbalanced power of high finance by removing from the financial group the sinews of war. In the effort to decentralize industry, the effects of income taxation will be equally salutary. The larger the income, the heavier the tax. The man who owns a little plant that gives him a profit of ten thousand a year will have an advantage over the man who would like to force him into a merger and milk the combine for a million a year. With that advantage, the little business may often be able to hold its own.

If we should become more intelligent in regard to the taxation of business, we could do much to favor decentralization by suitable changes in the tax laws. Profit taxes ought to be abolished, because they tend to lead the more profitable concerns to spend money on new expansion regardless of need, just to keep the money from going to the Government. The tax should be laid on undivided surplus so as to prevent reinvestment and to force profits into dividends and wages. Graduated taxation on a basis of size alone is important, but it is still in difficulties with the Constitution. In some States there is a chance to tax land on a site-value basis in such a way as to make it somewhat more profitable to locate a factory in the country rather than in the city. The wage rate should be lower in small places, because of the greater degree of economic security enjoyed by country laborers as compared with city folks. The Government should therefore use its influence to discourage industry-wide wage agreements, that tend to give city factories an advantage by destroying the normal differential. Finally, of course, the movements for low electric rates and good roads are of value to small local industry.

The radicals are opposed to decentralization, this being one of the many points on which they agree with the reactionaries. The conservatives have worked toward centralization of industry because they did not know that it was the road to communism, and the radicals are in favor of centralization because they do know. So it is the radicals who point out the terrible wastes of unplanned production and unrestricted competition. People will always be producing the wrong things or the wrong quantities of things, and cutting each other's throats trying to sell their stuff. If public ownership is burdened with a tendency to bureaucracy, the profit system on the other

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hand is burdened with planless waste.

The fact is that the wastes of competition in a protected decentralized profit system are easily exaggerated. The system as we now see it, with business men beset by financiers to right of them and racketeers to left of them, with a poor distribution of buying power and chronic overcapacity, is no picture of what to expect. The present system is sick; if it goes on like this it will die; if it lives it will not be like this. A system decentralized by the effect of income taxation and similar measures, and protected against high finance, will not be quite the same as the one we have now. There will be mistakes in it, and the losers will go bankrupt. But at least it will contain a rational mechanism for determining prices, wages, and output, for balancing the interests of employers, employees, and consumers. We can afford a little waste, to get some of our problems into a condition where they will settle themselves.

Because of the fact that a free-market profit system has a balance of its own, it has an intrinsic stability so long as New York bankers are kept away from it. The country needs a stable area that will stay right side up when man-made plans go wrong. As our technology develops, the course of business becomes more and more unpredictable. Some inventor gets a bright idea and an industry collapses almost overnight. Being a planner in such a world is no bed of roses. The first thing to plan is a cushion to land on, and a large area of decentralized industry is a good cushion.

For still another reason we need a free area. There is a curse on centralized planning. For planners must have facts, and facts involve statistics, and statistics deaden the higher brain-cells. All central planning boards, after the first few years, succumb to statistical narcosis. Unless there is some source of fresh air, they drop asleep at the wheel, and the ship goes bumbling along whatever course they happened to be on before they fell asleep. In the tortuous channel of economic development in a highly technological system, sailing in a straight line is inadvisable. From somewhere there must come new men, wild men, who have no respect for "ideologies," who will smash the windows and yell raucously at the comfortable drowsy planners. It will annoy the planners, but there is no other way.

And whence shall come the wild men, the prophets, the wakeful men? Same place they have always come from, from the free hills where a man can live and make a place for himself without asking anybody, without yessing any master mind, without conforming to any plans but his own. Though reactionaries shout for liberty and suppress free speech, and though radicals curse the reactionaries and plan to do the same, the fact remains that there is no way known for getting good sense into human affairs except to have somewhere a reservoir of free men. We Americans have a sentimental longing for freedom, and that is well, because in the fast-moving current of modern life in a world of high technology, there is no substitute for free thought and free discussion—and even then we may be saved only by the grace of God.

We have allowed our financial leaders to draw power into their hands to fix prices and control production. The result is that when a chill wind blows, the little fellows have a collapse of prices and the big fellows throw their men out of work. Both ends of the system swallow each other like the two snakes that vanished in one final gulp. The profit system refuses to work. And yet we need a free system if we are to preserve our much desired liberties. There are some industries that have to be centralized, and since they can no longer be tolerated in the profit system they will have to be regulated until they drop into the Government's hands. But public ownership has inescapable disadvantages, and we shall need to decentralize as much of industry as we can, by means of heavy income taxes and similar measures. In a protected area of small-scale decentralized industry we may find the chance for freedom of initiative, a cushion to take the shocks of technologic change and of mistaken planning, and a source of new brains to keep our social order awake in the fast-moving traffic of modern life.

Freedom we want for its own sake, and freedom we have to have to restrict our responsibilities in proportion to our brains and to develop brains in proportion to our responsibilities. But freedom has its price. The price of freedom is eternal vigilance against financiers, racketeers, and all those who would destroy the free market. The price of free initiative is free prices. Nothing else will serve.

MOUNTAIN

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

Give me rock that leans against the sky
  Trees that climb upward, sparsely, short of breath,
Height that attunes the wind to a thin cry,
    A colder death.

Shape my horizon by this high edge,
  That lifts the moon on a rocky shoulder.
What if the dark is cut by a darker wedge,
    Stronger, bolder?

Height is a need. Man shall yearn to rise,
  To see farther, to find the air clearer.
For him the mountain shall bring down the skies,
    Bring stars nearer.

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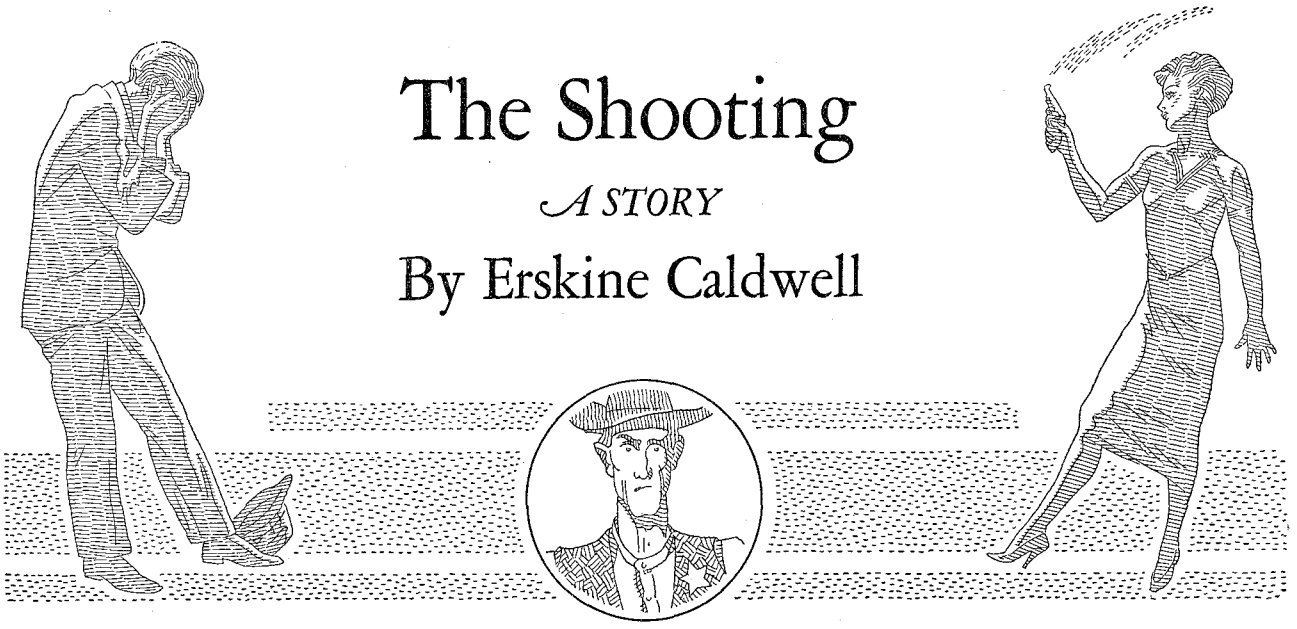

The Shooting

A STORY

By Erskine Caldwell

SOMEBODY fired a pistol two or three times, and the reports shook dust loose from the canned goods on the grocery shelves and woke up some of the flies in the display windows.

There had not been so much excitement in town since the morning the bloodhounds tracked the post-office robbers to the vestry of the Methodist church.

The sound of the pistol shots was still ringing in people's ears when two or three dozen men and boys burst out of the stores and made a bee-line for the center of the square, where they could see what was going on. When they got there, most of them were in such a hurry to see something happen that they began running around in circles trying to find it.

"I'd swear that was a .45 that went off," somebody said. "But I don't know a soul in town who owns anything better than a .38."

Just then a man ran out of the building between the bank and the barber shop, and some of the boys followed him through the square until he stopped, with his back against the wall, in front of the drug store. The building he had run out of was a walk-up hotel with a lot of dead flies in the window.

Either somebody had telephoned him, or else he had heard the shooting all the way at home, because it was not more than three or four minutes before Toy Shaw, the marshal, came running around the corner with his suspenders still down.

"It's still pretty early in the day for anybody to be practising with a gun, or even playing with it," somebody said. "I know I never got up after breakfast to do anything like that."

By that time the housewives who had been downtown doing early shopping were slipping out the back doors of the grocery stores and trying to get home before any more shooting took place. A lot of them always wore boudoir caps when they came down to the stores around nine and ten o'clock, and it was a peculiar sight to see them tip-toeing through the back alleyways with a bag of groceries in one arm and their skirts held high.

Toy ran up to the crowd in the square with his revolver in one hand and his marshal's badge in the other.

"What's all this shooting about?" Toy said, puffing and blowing.

Somebody pointed at the man across the square against the drug-store wall. Nobody remembered seeing him before, but he looked a lot like most of the fruit-tree salesmen who came through the country.

"I don't know who did the shooting," the fellow said, "but that's the one who did the running."

"Has he got a gun on him?" Toy asked.

Nobody knew about that. They kept on shaking their heads.

"Well, then," Toy said, putting his gun away and sticking the badge into his shirt. "There's nothing to be scared about."

Just then, when the crowd started to follow Toy over to the drug store, a woman ran down the stairs of the walk-up hotel and dashed into the street.

People everywhere scurried into buildings. When the barber shop got full, they crowded into the bank and poolroom.

The woman, who really did not look to be more than an eighteen-year-old girl, had a long-barrel, blue-steel pistol.

Somebody nudged Toy Shaw, and Toy stuck his head out the barber-shop door and ordered her to disarm herself.

"Pitch that gun on the ground, lady," he said, ducking back inside.

The girl levelled the pistol at the wall of the barber shop and fired it stiff-armed. It recoiled so strongly that she almost toppled over backward. After a while she took her finger out of her ear and looked all around to see if she had hit anybody or anything.

"What's the matter, Toy?" somebody asked him. "You ain't scared to disarm a woman, are you?"

Toy pulled up his suspenders and looped them over his shoulders.

"That's one of these gun-women," he said, keeping back out of sight.

"Shucks, Toy," somebody said, "she's just a girl. She couldn't hit the side of a barn."

Toy stuck his head through the door once more, and drew back after he had taken a quick look outside.

"It's funny the way a woman thinks about a gun before she does anything else when she gets a little peeved about something," he said. "It looks like men would've learned by this time that it

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don't pay to leave firearms laying around where their women folks can lay hold of them."

The man across the square had not moved an inch the whole time. He was as motionless as a telephone pole against the drug-store wall.

"What kind of a marshal are you, anyway, Toy," a fellow said, "if you're afraid to disarm a woman?"

"I don't remember that being in the bargain," Toy said. "When I took the oath, it only mentioned armed housebreakers and robbers and other men. It didn't say a word about gun-women."

The girl backed across the street, still searching the doorways and windows for the man who had run out of the walk-up hotel. When she got to the center of the square, she turned around for the first time, and saw the man backed up against the drug-store wall. He looked too scared even to turn and run inside out of sight.

"Now's your chance, Toy," somebody said, shoving him to the door. "Go on out there and slip up on her behind, and she'll never know what grabbed her."

Toy tried to stay where he was for the present, but the crowd kept on shoving and pushing, and he found himself outside in the street. Somebody slammed the door shut, and unless he turned tail and ran, there was nothing he could do but go in the direction of the girl.

Toy tiptoed across the street behind her, trying not to make a sound. With every step he took, she took one in the same direction. For a while he did not gain an inch on her. When she stopped a moment to straighten her stocking, Toy went a little faster.

Just when he was within twenty feet of her, one of the fox dogs that had been asleep under the water-oak tree woke up, scared to death by all the silence around town, and howled.

The girl was as scared as the hound or any one else. She turned around to see what had happened.

"Don't shoot, lady," Toy begged. "Don't shoot, whatever you do!"

The girl stuck her finger in her ear and fired in Toy's direction. The bullet zipped through the leaves and branches of the tree over his head.

"I never shot at a lady in all my life," Toy said, his voice shaking and thin. "I sure don't want to have to do it now."

He pointed at his marshal's badge without taking his eyes from her.

"Lady," he said, "whatever you do, don't shoot that gun again. It's against the ordinance to fire a gun inside the town limits."

The girl flared up.

"Shut your mouth!" she cried. "Don't you try to tell me what to do!"

Toy glanced around behind him to see if any of the crowd was close enough to have heard what she said to him.

"Lady," he said, "I'm just telling you that you're going to have that thing all shot out in another minute or two, and then what are you going to do?"

The girl turned her back on Toy and ran towards the man in front of the drug store. Toy went after her, hoping to be able to stop a murder, if he could get there in plenty of time.

The man was too scared to move an inch, even to save his life. He looked as if he would have given anything he had to be able to run, but it was easy to see that he could not move his feet an inch in any direction.

The girl levelled the gun at the trembling man's chest.

"Don't shoot him!" Toy yelled at her. "Shoot up in the air!"

The girl pointed the gun into the sky and fired the remaining bullets. When the hammer clicked on the empty chambers, she dropped the revolver at her feet.

Toy dashed up and grabbed her around the waist. It looked from the other side of the square as if she sort of swooned in Toy's arms. He had to hold her up when she gave way.

The man sank to the pavement, beads of perspiration jumping like popcorn on his forehead.

By that time the crowd began pouring out of the stores and running across the square.

Toy dragged the girl to the wall beside the white-faced man, and set her down gently. She fainted away with her head on his shoulder.

Somebody ran up and slapped Toy on the back. He jumped a foot.

"I guess we've got a pretty brave marshal, after all," he said. "There's not many men who would walk right out in broad daylight and disarm a woman."

"It wasn't anything at all," Toy said, standing back and looking the crowd over. "It was just as simple as falling off a log."

The girl began to regain consciousness. She opened her eyes, and shrank in fright when she saw the crowd of strange men all around her. She clutched at the fellow beside her, throwing her arms around his neck. The fellow swallowed hard.

"Are you hurt, honey?" she asked, turning his head with her hands.

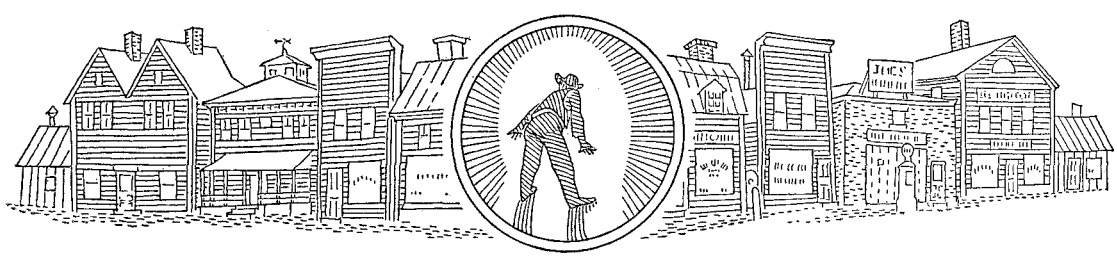
He swallowed hard again.

Toy pushed his way through the crowd. The men and boys fell back to let him pass through. When he got past them, he ran his thumbs under his suspender straps and threw them off his shoulders as though they were belts on a saw-mill engine.

He knew what was coming, and he knew there was nothing he could do to stop it. Somebody followed him a few steps to the corner.

"You'd better go home and rest up a while, Toy," the man said. "I know you must be all wore out after taking a gun away from that thin little girl."

The crowd broke out in loud laughter. The men were soon so noisy he could not hear anything more that was said. He hurried around the corner as fast as he could.



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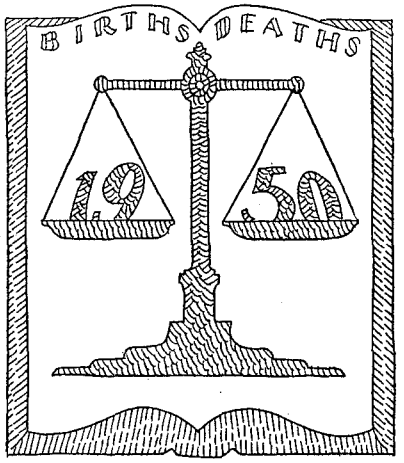
Social Morality in a Diminishing Population

By Frederick Osborn

In twenty years we shall have a stable or diminishing population. It will necessitate and force a change of thinking in this country. What will be the character of this population? Is birth control shifting the balance? Is there any value in background, tradition, and biological inheritance? These are a few of the questions of great importance to our national and personal future which must be answered



In all historical civilizations the rate of increase of population has, with few exceptions until recent times, been limited by the death rate. Throughout the nineteenth century, western European civilization, by the control of plagues and epidemics, by medicine, by sanitation, and by improved living, enormously reduced infant mortality and extended the span of life, so that the death rate of younger ages was brought under substantial control. At the same time a great liberation of mechanical energy made possible the distribution of the universally increased food supplies provided by the improvement in agriculture. The way was paved for an enormous expansion of European peoples. From 1800 to the outbreak of the World War, Europeans and their descendants increased from about 200,000,000 to about 600,000,000 persons. During the same period the proportion of European stocks in the total population of the world nearly doubled, from about one-sixth to about one-third. This great expansion of the white race took place as an accompaniment of the industrial revolution and has continued as an essential aspect of the whole era in which we have been living. Undoubtedly the economic methods of modern capitalism, the social attitudes of our people, and many other factors which give direction to modern life, have been in part conditioned by this factor of a growing population.

In the middle of the last century a decrease in the birth rate of European stocks first became noticeable. At first not very large, it would have begun to have a marked effect in the United States after 1900 if it had not been accompanied by a large immigration and a rapidly falling death rate. These factors resulted in a gross increase in population in the United States from 1920 to 1930 of 17,000,000, the largest ten-year increase in our history. Yet in the same period the decrease in births was accelerated with cumulative effect, so that in 1930 there were actually fewer children under five years of age in this country than there had been in 1920. We had reached the point at which increase in gross numbers was due entirely to an increase in the number of people in the older-age groups. Since 1930 the trend has continued with increasing rapidity. And it is not confined to the United States. In England, in Germany, in France and Sweden, and probably in other countries which have attained the most widespread education, the lowest death rates, and the greatest reduction in poverty and destitution, the social pattern of family limitation, with its accompaniment of birth control, has become so widely spread that the total number of children in these countries has begun to diminish. In a few more years, when more of the population have passed beyond the reproductive years and reached those age groups in which science has as yet found no means of checking mortality, we may expect a continuing decrease in gross population, unless there should be a large immigration or an important change in human values and ways of living.

The fact that Western civilization finds itself approaching a reduction in its population is something new to be taken into account by those concerned with the development of society. It is in many ways the beginning of a new era. Various aspects of our life must be changed to conform with it. The national aspirations of the countries concerned will receive a new orientation, directing them perhaps in more valuable channels than those they may have frequently followed in the past. The change will have a profound effect upon our economic life and planning, and will undoubtedly affect many social attitudes of our people.

It is quite possible that the United States would actually benefit by a slight decline in population spread over a number of generations. But the present type of decline is exceedingly unsatisfactory, because the decline is greatest among that half of the population which has the better family tradition and social heritage, and, probably on the whole, the better biological heritage as well. A decline which is taking

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place chiefly in that portion of our people best equipped to rear children in decent surroundings is a dangerous threat to the continuance of our boasted American standard of living and of education.

The major part of this great change is due to the spread of the idea that limitation of size of family is proper, even sometimes a duty, and to the accompanying introduction of methods of birth control. Whether we like it or not, these new factors have become a part of our civilization. We might, however, point out that the surface of the earth is limited in size and that civilized people have in the past sometimes multiplied at a rate sufficient to double the population in each generation. A balance has to be struck sometime, and it would seem better to strike the balance by a limitation of births than by a return to the old rates of infant mortality or of death by famine, plague, and war. No one knows what is the optimum number of people for any country, and it will be as well to pass over philosophical discussions and to consider what practical steps we should take to adjust ourselves to this new condition of a declining population. We will not consider here the matter of economic adjustments, which may be very difficult, nor the political and international adjustments, which may result in much greater political stability than at present, and perhaps ultimately in international peace. We will only consider the adjustments which are necessary in the social morality of today.

We presume that the field of social morality is very wide, covering many traditions, attitudes, conventions, deriving from religious sanction from the remote past, or, more recently, from scientific or pseudo-scientific beliefs, from individual or group jealousies or ambitions, as well as from the liberalism of science and of informed public opinion. We presume also that the final test of social morality is its ultimate effect, in the largest sense, upon the human race. Only a fanatic would maintain that society should sanction any custom which was demonstrated by experience to be injurious in its effect upon the higher values of human life, or which tends to prevent man from exercising a wise direction over his own destinies, or tends to reduce him to the planless level of animals. The social morality with which we are concerned is that which has to do with the birth rate, and the measure of this aspect of morality is whether the birth rate is such as best to serve the interests of humanity at large. Among the higher urban classes, from skilled labor up, and including all professional groups, the birth rate is so low that improved conditions among them will be handed on to a continually decreasing number of people, while at the same time the unskilled and dependent groups, with the poorer social inheritance, are increasing. These contrasting rates of reproduction are chiefly the result of social, rather than physical, factors. Our social morality, as it affects the rate of reproduction of different groups of our people, is undoubtedly a wrong morality. The ultimate success of American civilization requires that it be changed.

The problem thus created is a new problem. It has not been considered in the past and therefore no fixed traditional attitudes stand in the way of its intelligent consideration. The facts bearing upon it are relatively simple to ascertain by modern methods of scientific inquiry, and we are seeking solutions which must contribute to a definite result upon which it should be possible to secure substantial agreement, namely, the continuing reproduction of men in sufficient quantity, and of sufficient quality, to maintain and improve civilization. The conditions are therefore particularly favorable to a rational scientific consideration, and to setting up a number of principles which may be quite generally accepted. And there is a further strong reason for hoping that in this country at least these questions may be handled in a rational way. Due solely to increase in the older-age groups, our own population will continue to grow until sometime between 1940 and 1960, when a substantial decrease will set in. We are fortunately secure from threat of military invasion. Until the decrease actually commences, public opinion will not be much aroused, and there will be no immediate demand for corrective measures hastily conceived, and probably ill considered. These intervening years can be devoted to a careful and scientific consideration of all ascertainable facts which bear on this question. Thus, an intelligent and informed public opinion may be prepared in advance of any real demand for action, an advantage seldom granted to the consideration of any important social problem.

Before considering what sort of changes may be necessary in our social morality, it will be well to consider how much we know at present about the causes of population change. A very substantial body of facts bearing on population has been developed in the past few years. The generalizations which follow are drawn from American material, although it is probable that many of them apply to European countries as well. They are presented here for the light they throw on the nature and cause of the problems with which we will shortly be faced, rather than in any present attempt at the solution of these problems. Sound solutions must be developed from a much larger body of knowledge than that which is now available.

The first important generalization that is drawn on the basis of present knowledge is that the causes of the decline in births are predominantly of a social, or of a social-economic, nature. The evidence on this point appears to be overwhelming. It can be found in all the recent literature and need not be repeated here. Compared to the enormous influence exerted by social factors, the decline effected by physiological or physical causes, such as a change in the constitutional qualities of civilized man, or the nervous pressure of civilized life, is relatively slight. This unprecedented shift in the factors which determine what families will survive is the accompaniment of a new influence, the conscious control of births. The idea, the "culture pattern," of family limitation, has spread, gradually at first, and recently with greatly accelerated speed, to all but the more isolated or ignorant groups comprised in our Western civilization. The method employed to carry this idea into effect appears usually to be that of birth control, or of abortion, or of more frequent periods of continence. Wherever the idea of family limitation has spread, it has in some way been made effective. And where the family limitation has been made effective, it has usually reduced the rate of reproduction below that required for replacement, notwithstanding that the proportion of people married has increased in recent years.

This change in the rate of reproduc-

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tion has occurred with great rapidity, and with the minimum of apparent change in habits and attitudes, for a reason which has only recently been recognized. And this brings us to our second generalization. The practice of any form of birth control has its maximum effect upon the proportion of families of more than four children. There is a light increase in no-child and one-child families; the proportion of families with two or three children is greatly increased; four-child families remain the same. The entire loss results from the decrease in the proportion of families of five, six, and more children. There are many recent studies which show this to be the case.* Perhaps the simplest illustration may be found in a comparison between North Carolina, a state to a large part of which the pattern of family limitation has not yet spread, and which is reproducing at a high rate, Indiana, where fertility has already declined, and California, where the pattern of family limitation is probably more widely spread than in any other state, and where reproduction is at a rate way below that required for replacement.

The figures are in the accompanying Table 1.

It will be noted that the proportion of three- and four-child families is about the same in all three states, and that no-child, one-child, and two-child families vary only moderately from state to state, but that there were six times as many families of six or more in North Carolina as there were in California. In any population there are always a number of women who will bear no children; others will bear only one. Social and economic considerations which will always affect fertility, including necessary considerations of health, may increase this number among educated people, and will continue to limit other families to two or three. Thus, in every population, in addition to those persons (from 10 to 20 per cent of the total) who will not marry, there is a substantial proportion of married people, somewhere between 30 and 40 per cent, who cannot or should not make more than a very small contribution to the number of children born. The replacement of the population must come from the remaining 50 or 60 per cent, and it is simple arithmetic that a quite large proportion of fertile married people must have families of six or more, if reproduction is to be sufficient for constant population replacement.

This line of reasoning is borne out by a number of recent studies. It is clearly illustrated in Table 2 by a comparison of the actual rate of reproduction for the states we have been considering, shown as a per cent of the rate required for actual replacement.

1. PROPORTION OF COMPLETED FAMILIES OF DIFFERENT SIZES AMONG MARRIED NATIVE WHITE WOMEN, ESTIMATED FROM BIRTH STATISTICS AND CENSUS DATA FOR 1930

	0 Child %	1 Child %	2 Children %	3 Children %	4 Children %	5 Children %	6 or more Children %
North Carolina	14.2	18.3	15.5	11.2	8.2	6.4	26.2
Indiana	20.0	18.7	19.5	12.9	8.2	6.9	13.8
California	23.1	28.8	24.2	11.6	5.2	2.9	4.2

Note. The distribution of completed fraternities is estimated by applying Burks's formula with adjustments for variations in age distribution of women in these populations. The percentage of no-child families is estimated by applying Ogburn's estimate for childless families in east north-central states. It is assumed that this percentage stands in constant relation to the percentage of families with native white heads under 65 reported without children under 10 at the time of the 1930 census. The author is indebted for these computations to Doctor Frank Lorimer.

We have shown, in the column on the extreme right, a rate of reproduction for each of these groups of women. Among native whites in North Carolina, average number of children in completed families is 41 per cent above the number required to replace the population of the state in each generation. In California the corresponding figure is 32 per cent below the number required, or 68 per cent of replacement, less than half of the rate in North Carolina. If all families of six or more in California and North Carolina were reduced to three children, and the others left unchanged, then the North Carolina wives would have averaged 2.26 children each instead of 3.69, and the California wives would have averaged 1.6 children instead of 1.79. As the number of children necessary for replacement is over 2.5 per ever-married woman, both states would have been below the replacement figure.

There are important implications in the facts which we have been considering. If the decline in the birth rate is chiefly due to social factors, and if it is caused chiefly by a decline in the proportion of families of six children or more, then a number of widely held preconceptions must be given up. One of the most important of these has to do with the nationalist point of view now so strong in all western countries.

To whatever extent growth may have been a sign of national virility in the past, whatever were the national and ethical values formerly attaching to rapid increase in population, they have ceased to exist in the past twenty-five years in those western European countries that recently have had to rely for their growth upon a continued high fertility among the most isolated, or the most backward, or the most economically depressed. The pattern of family limitation which has spread through Western civilization assisted by the

2.

	Proportion of families of six children or more	Average number of children per wife	Rate of reproduction: Average number of children as per cent of number required for replacement*
	Per cent		Per cent
North Carolina	26.2	3.69	141
Indiana	13.8	2.74	105
California	4.2	1.79	68

* Replacement quota from Dublin and Lotka, 2.62 children per married woman.

* See *Dynamics of Population*, Lorimer and Osborn. Macmillan, 1934.

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technique of birth control, has in almost all cases spread to the more urban, more educated, more economically independent classes first. These are also the classes which strive most intensely to control their own destinies, and to provide proper futures for their children; ideas less prevalent among dependent or isolated groups. Thus, extent of fertility above replacement is to a great degree today a measure of the proportion of rural isolation, ignorance, and poverty existing in each country. It is a force directly opposed to all attempts toward social progress. Evidently we cannot have national pride in something which indicates a high proportion of depressed communities and a lowering of our most precious assets, the social and biological heritage of our people. That such a pride still exists is due to a natural lag in apprehending the new factors which have, willy-nilly, affected the fertility of Western peoples, and which are not physical, but social, factors.

Undoubtedly, there are childless marriages not caused by sterility, and many cases of limitation to one child because of a highly distorted sense of values. But careful consideration of the figures indicates that it is not chiefly the increase in childless or one-child families which has caused the decline in births, but the decreased number of families with five or more children. It is easy to criticize the couples who have intentionally had no children, or only one, and the criticism may be justifiable if one is sure that there have been no compelling reasons. But in the case of couples who have limited their families to two, three, four, or five children, criticism may be quite unfair. That a couple should have more children than their resources of health and money enable them properly to care for is a course few moralists would urge. In fact, public opinion today gives signs of going even further, for there is evidence that responsible and respectable couples are expected not to have more children than the number they can maintain in their own standard of living. Studies by governmental and private agencies in the cost of maintaining a workman's family are usually based on costs for a family of two or three children, and not more. It appears that the limitation of families to a size compatible with their proper care has quite general approval, although the present tendency of society to reproduce below the number required for replacement is generally deplored. The fact is that in an urban society with high standards of living a substantial proportion of married couples, probably about 20 per cent, must rear an average of six children if the population is to be replaced, while at the same time it is undoubtedly true that outside of the farm populations of this country there are no large groups in which so large a proportion of all the married couples are economically able to raise six children in accordance with their own standard of living. Relatively few of the married couples in our urban civilization consider that the added values given to life by having five or more children offset the general lowering of standards which the burden of so large a family will necessitate. Thus, under present economic conditions and with the human values inculcated by modern society and methods of education, behavior which in each individual case is considered moral is, in the aggregate, a failure in social morality.

Will it be possible to change our social values and our socio-economic conditions in such a way that individual morality and social morality are brought into harmony? The task is not an impossible one. It is neither necessary nor desirable that we should go back to conditions of eighty years ago in England, when 50 per cent of all married women bore on the average eight or nine children apiece. That aspect of Victorian times was accompanied by extremely high rates of infant mortality, and by a rapid increase in population. There is no need today for an increase in population, and we may hope that present low rates of infant mortality will continue. Under these conditions it will be sufficient, in order to secure the replacement of any group, for some 20 per cent of the married couples to have an average of six children—assuming normal interest in marriage and child nurture in the rest of the population. This is not an impossible burden. There are plenty of vigorous and normal couples who would desire families of this size if the present economic handicap attaching to so many children were removed.

The changes which would make it easier for a fair proportion of competent people to have large families are mainly economic. We are already working towards some of them, as in the case of exemptions in Federal income tax for each dependent child, and facilities for a more attractive suburban life, with better transportation to the city. Many other proposals will develop with further study. Salaries paid to professional workers may be scaled to size of family, paying less to bachelors than to fathers occupying similar positions. Perhaps we should adopt the old European system of dowries, but applied to the man as well as to the woman.

At the same time, steps should be taken to reduce the proportion of large families among dependent groups and people living on marginal land, so that they may diminish in numbers, instead of increasing as at present both in numbers and in burden to society. Paradoxically, this would mean the improvement of their condition, for there is much evidence to show that a disproportionate number of large families among the poor spring from utter hopelessness and carelessness for the future. Better housing and the elimination of slums would undoubtedly diminish their birth rate. We have never sufficiently recognized that sound and eugenic population policies are inextricably bound up with improvement of society in other ways, with the spread of the proper type of education, with better economic conditions, and with the strengthening of many of the old moralities. Changes in size of family will not be hastened by people being told what they should do. Personal considerations and individual family needs will continue to take precedence over the needs of society as a whole. This being the case, the social environment must be changed to conform with the needs of larger families. The conditions of modern life, and especially of modern urban life, must be modified, at the demand of an aroused and an informed social morality. For such a change, we must look to those who are at present responsible for the direction of society. The immediate problem is one of educating—not the public, but the leaders of the public, who are our statesmen, economists, educators, clergy, and publicists.

The statesmen of our country, finding themselves suddenly in positions of responsibility, are faced with exceed-

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ingly complex problems of national planning. Probably very few of them are aware of the extent and importance of the enormous shifts in population which are taking place every year as the result of differential increase or decrease of large population groups. In the farm communities of this nation there are born each year some 200,000 children in excess of the needs of these districts for the replacement of their population. The proportion of children per adult in the southern and mountain states is twice as great as it is in the industrial states of the eastern seaboard, or in California. But so long as education is a function of the states alone, the economic resources available for the education and rearing of this large surplus of child life in rural communities are far less than in the industrial states. Reproduction takes place in our cities at a rate far below the number needed for replacement, and city growth would cease or rapidly decline without a continued immigration from the farm. Are the newcomers from the country districts largely fitted by training to raise the standard of city life? If they stay on the farm, will there be any but marginal land for them to occupy, and will there be a sufficient increase in the markets for the products which they raise to give them an adequate standard of living? In our cities and elsewhere, the public official is concerned with the social morality which requires that we properly care for the dependent and incompetent. Will he learn to heed the social morality that refuses to sanction their disproportionate multiplication?

The educators of our country were slow in making the transition from the classics to the modern studies of physics, chemistry, and genetics, which have metamorphosed industry and agriculture at a pace too rapid for society to keep up with. Educators are moving forward slowly now into the sciences which study man. Will they soon recognize the fundamental importance of population studies, so that we may know about the fertility of various groups, about the qualities of the people which compose them, and about the causes and control and the effects of population change?

The problems presented to the psychologist are equally important. Studies on the interrelation of heredity and environment in developing intelligence and in forming traits of personality, must be rapidly advanced, so that we can distinguish between those population trends which affect only our social heritage and those which more fundamentally affect our biological heritage. And, perhaps more important still, the psychologist must delve farther into the springs of human behavior so as to teach us more about the derivation of human values and how they can be moulded by education and public sentiment. They must be held responsible for such injury to the public as has been wrought by the spread of undigested Freudian theories, and must substitute a popular education in sound and well-established psychological principles.

The task of the clergy is a difficult one, and one for which they are perhaps the least prepared. There can be little doubt that the teaching of higher human and family values will be a necessary part of the new morality in raising the birth rate of an urbanized people. The spiritual side of these values particularly cannot be neglected, but unless they are preached with a real understanding of the social conditions with which they react, and with a scientific understanding of the problems, the preaching will fall on deaf ears. To an extent, the preacher must turn student and scientist.

Perhaps the greatest responsibility of all rests with the publicist, whether in politics, in the church, or in the field of science. A field so close to the deepest human emotions, so capable of arousing deep-seated racial, regional, or class animosities, must be handled at all times without demagoguery, and with strict adherence to the facts. Such processes of education are slow, so slow sometimes as to be painful to those who desire to see rapid progress in their lifetime. But in this field at least only slow progress can be sure.

There can be no doubt that from the point of view of its social tradition and its biological inheritance our country is at a critical period. For a time at least, our population will be stationary, or will decline. This in itself should make us hopeful that we may have the patience and the knowledge to work out the problems vital to the ultimate success of civilization. Changes must come in many directions. And, first of all, there must be developed a new and aroused social morality, which will not tolerate the continuance of conditions that handicap large families among those who are most competent and best fitted to nurture children, and encourage large families among the hopeless and unfit. These things must be changed, before individual morality can reach the level at which the finest human values will find fulfillment.

THE WEASEL

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

A COILED steel spring endowed with life,
The perilous luster of a knife,

Quicksilver made of sleeky fur,
Too light to make a grass blade stir,

Beautiful, hateful, lively thing,
Sensitive as a swallow's wing!

Here and gone as soon from sight
As a raindrop falling bright,

The serpent of four-footed kind,
A body that is wholly mind—

All these wonders pass in one
Flash of fur below the sun,

And the hill is richer by
The glitter of the weasel's eye.

It is brighter for a breath
So slender and so full of death.

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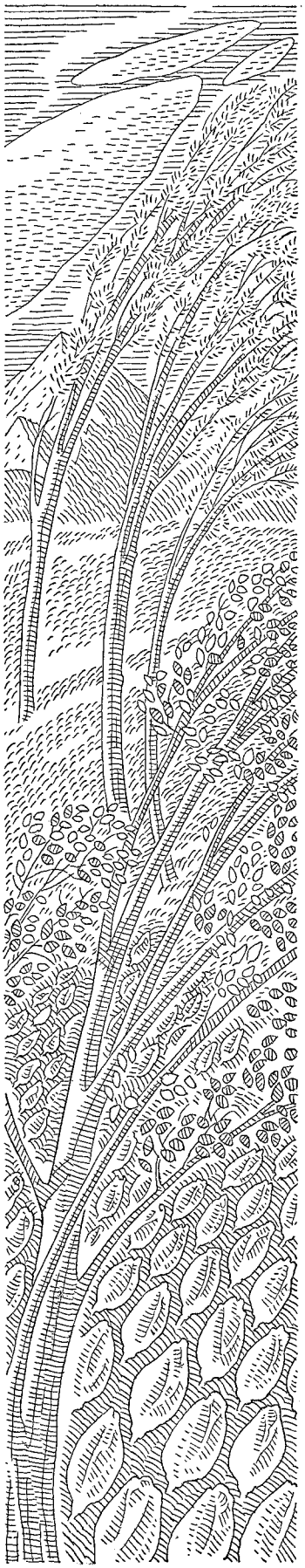

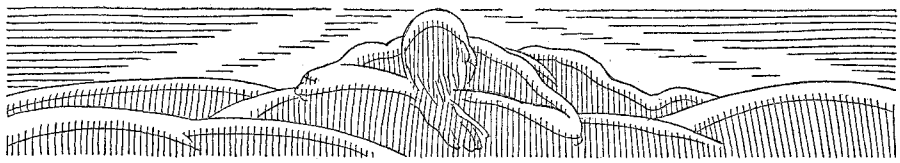

Sonatas of Spring

By Jesse Stuart

O Gods of Storm, beat savage-white and cold!
Crumble the ancient hills with lightning splits!
O Gods of Storm—you mighty Gods of old—
Shiver the spurging rocks to tiny bits!
Clouds kiss the jutted land with watery kiss!
This is the time for storm: make Earth awaken!
There is no better time for Storm than this.
O Gods of Storm, do all you've undertaken.
Awake reptiles cold-blooded in their sleep;
Awake the slimy lizards, water-dogs!
Awake the terrapins from mud knee-deep!
Awake the turtles and white-throated frogs!
Above all, wake the sleeping flower and tree,
Tell them it's Spring and not eternity!

Give trees, you ancient Gods, new blood for veins.
Give flowers, you ancient Gods, new blood for stems.
Give snakes, you ancient Gods, new blood for veins.
Give man, you ancient Gods, new blood for dreams.
Give man a new land with the high clean sky.
Give him a clean air where no factories burn.
Give man to breathe the clean wind blowing by
From lonesome waters and dew-dripping fern.
Give man green-velvet earth and light-green wind.
Give man the world where he can own his heart,
And own his brains and breathe no smoke-dyed wind,
New earth where he can play the different part.
Give man the Spring that heavy thunders wrought:
The wine-green wind for lungs; sweet Earth for thought.

Sing out, you mighty organs of the wind!
Bend down to wind-organs, you living trees!
Sing out, sing out, you organs of the wind,
Sing out in vast eternal harmonies—
The ancient Gods are close to hear your singing.
They love the sweet clean music of the Spring—
Sing out, sing out and keep your Spring Songs ringing—
Sing out, sing out, this dawn of early Spring—
What is this life without music and flower?
What is this world without the harmonies
Of wind and tree and flower and silver hour—

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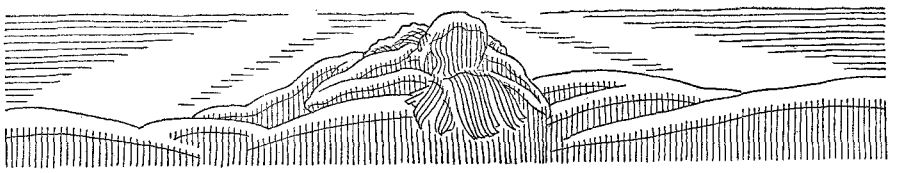

Sing out, wind-organs in green seas of leaves—
Sing out, sing out—this is the time to sing!
Sing out—this is the dawn, this is the Spring!

You mountain rivers running to the sea
Under green-mansions of the wind-stirred leaves,
Sing to the world your mighty symphony,
Sing to the lonesome wind, sing to the leaves.
There may be no one near to hear your singing
Only the ancient Gods in wind and leaves—
These Gods are all you need to hear your singing,
You wind and leaves in mighty harmonies!
You mountain waters jumping rocks and roots,
Sing out—sing out—you lonesome waters—sing!
Sing to the drooping fern, the tendril shoots;
Sing to the bright clean wind for this is Spring.
Sing out, you mountain waters, to the sea—
Sing out your music, sing a symphony!

You golden flitting moth on tender wing,
Tell me: are you a symbol of the Spring?
Tell me who fashioned you of fragile clay
And made the earth for you and put you in it.
Who gave you wings to flit the time away
Among the flowers and waste the golden minute?
You spent the winter hours in your cocoon,
Brown thimble-thing on sagging winter weed;
This Spring you blossom sweeter than percoon,
Unlike percoon from clinging stems you're freed.
Could we but bloom in second Spring like this,
Blossom from graves like you from your cocoon,
We could love less, go lighter on the kiss,
In second Spring beneath the blue-ghost moon.

O, Sun of gold, ride up with golden light
And pour your golden rays on the green Earth
And make new day of all that once was night
After that white-rain baptized for new-birth.
O, mighty Sun, give warmth to man and flower!
Give warmth to weed, to dirt, to terrapin!
This is the new time of the newer hour
This twilight-dawn new Spring has ushered in.
Draw living forms toward you, mighty Sun!
Draw Spring tendrils to you, O mighty Light!
Draw human eyes toward you, mighty Sun,
Let them look heavenward for golden light!
O, Sun, eternity has come undone
In floods, O mighty Sun, of golden light!

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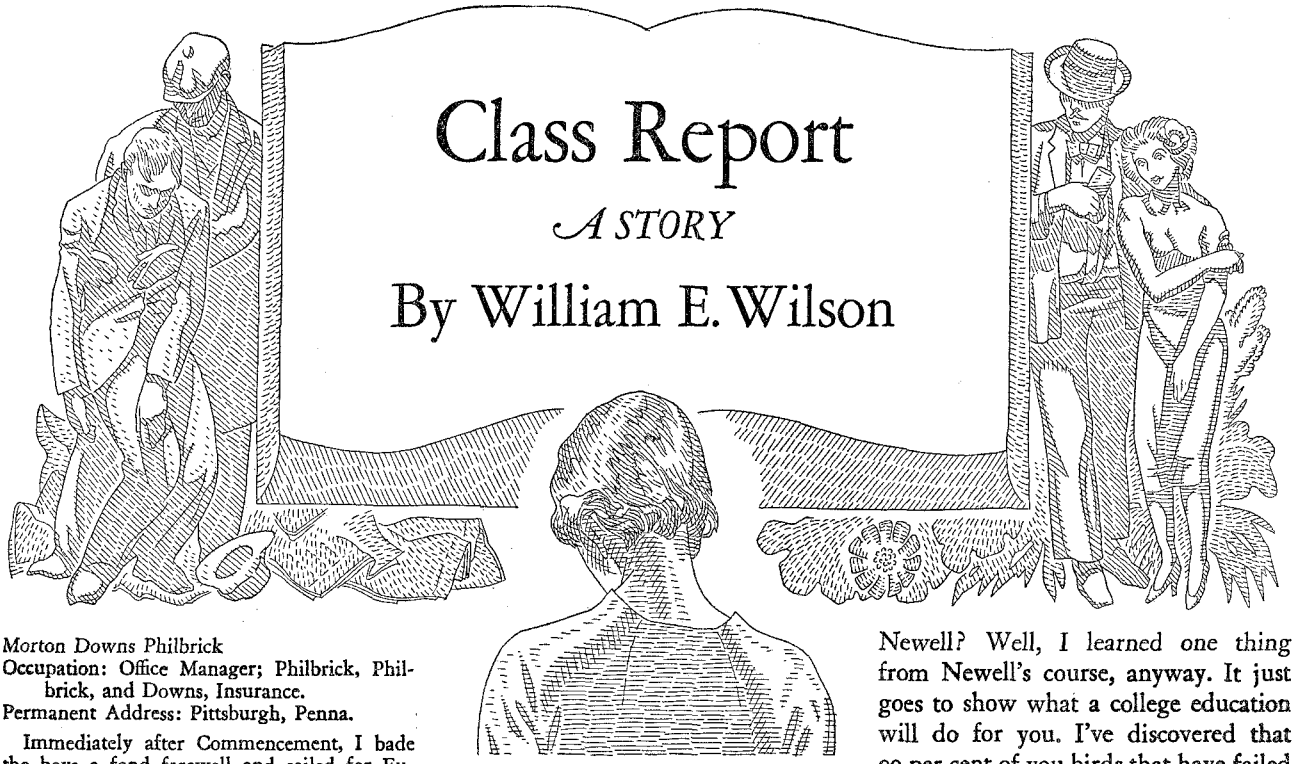

Class Report

A STORY

By William E. Wilson

Morton Downs Philbrick
Occupation: Office Manager; Philbrick, Philbrick, and Downs, Insurance.
Permanent Address: Pittsburgh, Penna.

Immediately after Commencement, I bade the boys a fond farewell and sailed for Europe. I was abroad three months and a half and travelled in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Algeria, and Tunisia. Of all these countries, I preferred Norway. The Northern Lights are well worth seeing. Also, don't fail to go to Frognersetern and see the Ski Museum, the only thing of its kind in the world. Down in Algeria, I ran across a couple of members of our class. I won't say who they were or where I found them, but we had a grand time, didn't we, Bob? Returning to the U. S. A., I went to work with the firm of Philbrick, Philbrick, and Downs, beginning at the bottom and working up to my present position in three years. I have been recently elected colonel of the Pittsburgh Lighthorse, honorary military brigade. My plans are to remain in the insurance business.

THE sixth annual report of Morton Downs Philbrick's college class, containing, with 300 others, this short autobiography, lay open on his desk, thumbed and heavily pencil-marked. It had come in the afternoon mail.

Philbrick pressed a thick, double-jointed thumb on a button by one of his telephones, and a tall red-haired girl appeared at the door.

"Take a letter, Barbara."

With a slow glide, the girl crossed the room, sat down, and looked up at him impudently.

Philbrick got up and began to pace across the thick office carpet. He had the heavy athletic carriage of a man who had played football but had neglected himself in recent years. His blond hair was thin and his face round and florid.

"'Dear men. . . .' No; make it, 'Dear classmate. . . .' No; that won't do. It must be personal. Just make it, 'Dear. . . .' and then fill in the names from the list I'll give you."

He paused at the far end of the room and held his chin in his hand.

"'You are breaking old Mort Philbrick's heart!'" he began.

The stenographer sighed audibly.

Startled from his concentration, Philbrick looked up. The girl, without raising her head, smiled at him under lifted eyebrows. Philbrick grinned.

"That goes for you, too, Miss America!"

Then he fell again into his pose of deep meditation.

"'You are breaking old Mort Philbrick's heart. . . .'

"Exclamation point . . . new paragraph. . . .

"'When I took this job as secretary to our class, I naturally assumed we were all good fellows, that there wasn't a slacker in the bunch. Old F. U. doesn't turn out slackers, you know. It turns out men. . . .'

"Put 'men' in capitals. . . .

"'But here I am writing my third letter to you this spring, asking for contributions to our class fund. . . .'

"New paragraph. . . .

"'I've been doing a little research lately, classmate. Remember the research we had to do for old Professor Newell? Well, I learned one thing from Newell's course, anyway. It just goes to show what a college education will do for you. I've discovered that 90 per cent of you birds that have failed to answer my requests are listed as "lost" in the sixth annual class report, which came to my hand today. That means you haven't been keeping in touch with the old alma mater and no one knows where you are or what you are doing. Now that looks bad, fella. . . .'

"Spell it f-e-l-l-a. . . .

"'Are you going to let your name be checked off the list of good fellows? No, of course you're not. You're coming through with at least a dollar, like the rest of the gang. . . .'

"New paragraph. . . .

"'This is my last appeal. I've got my daily bread to earn. I can't take time out every day to remind you of your debt to dear old F. U. I'm counting on you. . . .'

"Put that last in capitals."

Philbrick came back to his desk.

"There's a list of names checked in this book, Barbara. Be sure to bring the book back when you're through with it."

The girl picked up the annual report of Philbrick's class and left the room. Philbrick watched the motion of her narrow hips until she had closed the door behind her. Then, opening a desk drawer and taking out a bag of salted peanuts, he began to munch the nuts one at a time as he watched the lighted windows of the skyscraper across the street.

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John Albert Jebbs
Occupation: Instructor in English, Marsden University.
Married: Marian Hewlitt Watkins.
Permanent Address: Rigby, Ill.

I went to Harvard the year after my graduation and received my A. M. in English in June. After our marriage, Mrs. Jebbs and I took an extended trip through the Rocky Mountains and to the West Coast. Among our experiences was a 75-mile trek on muleback through the mountains. We then returned to Cambridge and I began to work for my Ph. D. The next year I found it necessary to divide my time between studying and teaching, so I took a position as an instructor in English at Marsden University, where I am now teaching. I have published, since graduation: "The Facts Behind an Elizabethan Broadside," *The Research Quarterly;* "An Anaytical Study of the Character of Mosbie in 'Arden of Feversham' with New Light on Probable Sources," *Research Quarterly;* "Sackville's Share in 'Gorboduck,'" *Research Quarterly;* and two poems and a vignette in *Effort,* the Marsden University undergraduate publication, of which I am the literary adviser. My plans are to complete my studies for a Ph. D., continue teaching, and engage in literary pursuits.

John Albert Jebbs wedged his sharp hips between two large women on the street car seat. The woman at his left tucked in her skirts and Jebbs said, "Pardon," because he knew his trousers were soggy with rain.

The stale air in the car made his little red eyes smart and his head throb. After grading themes all afternoon, he had hurried past his flat, picked up the mail, and run for the car. Marian would be disappointed. There was no letter from her mother—only a few bills and the sixth annual report of his college class. Marian would ask him if he had run his hand up into the mailbox—sometimes letters got stuck there out of sight—and he would have to admit that he hadn't. He had been in such a hurry.

Sniffling, Jebbs thought of his handkerchief in his hip pocket, then surreptitiously wiped his nose with the back of his free hand. The other hand clutched an umbrella and a battered bouquet of jonquils for Marian. He hoped the flowers wouldn't look too bad when he got to the hospital. Maybe the nurse wouldn't let Marian have them in the room. But jonquils had no odor. That was why he had bought them, that and because they were cheap. Marian would scold, and he would have to tell her he had paid only a quarter for them.

Holding the annual report between his knees, Jebbs ran his hand stiffly down along his trouser leg and under the wrapper, tearing the brown paper. The woman at his left shifted her position. She was sitting now on his unbuttoned topcoat, and he could feel her weight pulling at his collar. Leaning forward a little, to relieve the strain, he began to thumb the pages of the report awkwardly with one hand.

F . . . G . . . H . . . I . . . J . . . Jebbs.

He read through his autobiographic sketch. It looked impressive, all those things he had done. He wished he could show it to the woman at his left. She would be more respectful then, knowing all those interesting facts about him.

He read through the sketch again. Calling that trip on muleback a "trek" had been a good touch, a sort of jaunty informal stroke. Marian had liked that sentence. She said it was personal, it sounded like him, his style. They really didn't go quite seventy-five miles on that trip. Only sixty-two, to be exact. But Marian had agreed with him that, for the sake of round figures, the slight exaggeration was excusable.

"John Albert Jebbs, Instructor in English . . ." almost a page of type in his story. None of the others had quite so much. He hadn't realized how much he had accomplished until he began to write the sketch. He wished the head of the English Department at the university could see it. Maybe he could contrive some excuse for showing it to him. The printer had misspelled "Gorboduc." He could point that out to the Chief. He'd tell the Chief some of those stories he knew about typographical errors. That would be a good way with the Chief. Crack a joke with him now and then. Show him he was a well-rounded man of the world. A teacher ought not to be all book-learning. He ought to know something about life. That list of publications certainly ought to strike the Chief's eye.

Too bad the baby wasn't in the report. . . . Joanna Marian Jebbs. . . . That would have looked nice. Some of the other men in the class had already had babies when the report went to press. Marian would be disappointed. She would pout a little when she saw the book. "It doesn't say anything about my baby!" she would say.

Marian was going to be a wonderful mother. If only he could be worthy of her. He failed her so many times that he was ashamed when he thought about it. At that party for the new members of the faculty when they were all called upon to introduce themselves, Marian said he should have made more of a speech about himself. She said nobody ever could have guessed how clever he was from the way he talked that night. And he was so negligent about writing to Marian's mother, too. Marian wrote to his mother twice a week regularly. He really wasn't fair to Marian. Here she was bearing him a child and going through all that horrible suffering because of him. It wasn't fair at all, a woman's having to suffer like that for a man's pleasure. Men were cruel, ravishing, selfish beasts.

Jebbs's little red eyes felt fiercely predatory as he glanced about at the women in the car. They were such helpless yielding creatures under the iron of a man's will. He would protect Marian and their child. It was the instinct of the male in him, the male of the forest defending its mate and its young.

There was a poem in that thought, a sonnet in the Shakespearian manner. No; the Petrarchan would be better. It would set more restraint upon the powerful overflow of his emotions.

Prehensile man, thief in the virgin night. . . .

Ah, that was it! "Prehensile man. . . ." That would set the tone of the whole poem.

"Illinois Lying-In!"

Jebbs got up automatically at the conductor's call, still rejoicing over the first line of his poem.

"Hey, mister, you forgot your book!"

One of the fat women was pointing at his class report on the floor. All the other passengers were staring at him. Goodness, he had almost walked off without it! Marian would never have forgiven him. And he wanted to read about the fellows, too, sometime, learn what they were doing. Good old gang!

"Watch your step!" the conductor said.

Jebbs stepped down into the rain and began to struggle with his folded umbrella. The hospital was just across the street, but Marian would notice if his shoulders were damp.

Walter Crane
Occupation: United States Consular Service.
Permanent Address: Aguas Rojas, Nicaragua.

He lived in Washington, D. C., for two

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years after graduation, employed as secretary to his father, Congressman George P. Crane, at the same time studying for the foreign service at George Washington University. He entered the service and for the past two years has been the only representative of the United States at Aguas Rojas, a sea-coast town in Nicaragua.

Jesus María Bartolomeo González y Flor sat in the red dust of the road examining the leathery ball of his big toe. He had heard the summons, "Muchacho," from the house behind the bougainvillea, but experience had taught him that Señor Crane was never angry until he had called three times. With his subconscious mind, which for his master's affairs was the only mind he used, Jesus María Bartolomeo González y Flor reckoned the chances of removing the splinter favorable and continued to probe his big flat toe unperturbed.

"Muchacho!"

This time rapid explosions of profanity propelled the word to Jesus María's eardrums. Getting up reluctantly, he collected the handful of mail which he had dropped in the road and went into the house.

Jesus María was not skillful at deductive reasoning. The mailboat from the United States had steamed into the harbor that morning. Señor Crane kept a photograph of an American señorita on his dresser. For his stupidity Jesus María received a cuff on the head.

Crane, thin and brown, with deep burning eyes, ran through the mail eagerly. There was nothing but a bulletin from the State Department, two advertisements from New York haberdashers, and the sixth annual report of his college class.

Tossing everything but the class report on his desk, he dropped into a chair and ran his finger indifferently under the brown wrapper.

It was six weeks now since he had heard from Mary. The mailboat had docked twice in that time.

"I don't understand, Walter. You say you love me. Why can't I come down there, or, if not that, why can't you get transferred? Last night at the Roosevelt I was dancing with George Crosby. He said he was pretty sure you could get transferred if you tried. Maybe you are trying to break our engagement and I don't understand. I have been rather foolish about you. I wish you would speak out plainly. . . ."

That was the argument of her last letter.

Crane turned to the C's in the report. George Crosby had gone to Europe, got a job on a newspaper in Paris, and was now in Washington in publicity work. That probably meant lobbying.

Transferred. . . . Of course he wanted to be transferred out of this dump. He was sick of that fathead of an Englishman with his braying voice and stupid talk about "keeping one's end up, my dear fellow." He was fed up with El Club de la Independencia, where you played endless card games with the natives. And there was no one else to talk to but the girls in the cantinas with their fancy notions about the refinements of prostitution. If Mary thought he was contented, she was crazy.

Of course he hadn't gone into such detail with her. He could only write vaguely about the heat and the living conditions. He had even lied a little about the importance of his job. But she ought to understand. If only she would wait another year, he'd get a place where she could join him.

His eye fell upon the name of John Albert Jebbs. The little runt was married . . . and teaching in a college.

But college towns were pleasant places. He remembered his own college town, and then he thought of Washington. It was spring now in the States, and in Washington the cherry trees were in bloom. He saw George Crosby strolling with Mary along the Basin's edge, just as he himself had walked with her two years ago. Mary had been enthusiastic then about his going to Nicaragua. Now he almost wished he had brought her down with him.

He tried to picture her in his house, chasing lizards out of the tin bathtub, eating the heavy fried foods that Luisa slung together, sitting indoors all day because there was no other woman of her kind to visit and because the sunlight outside glared as if the air were afire. Mary was delicate and white, and she was timid with animals. What would she do when a stray goat got into the house, or when there were bats on the canopy above the bed in the morning?

But if she were here, there'd be no George Crosby to worry about. Or if he were in the States again. . . .

He began to study the occupations of his friends as they were listed in the report. He couldn't teach school, like Jebbs, or run an office like Mort Philbrick. That would be hell, sitting in an office all day, telling a lot of gum-chewing stenographers what to do. But there was Curt Prentiss. Curt's old man had apparently done well by him. Maybe Curt could scrape up something. By God, he'd write to him sometime.

There was a sharp knock at the front door. Looking up, Crane saw a man in white behind the screen.

"Muchacho!" he called. "La puerta!"

Jesus María appeared from the back of the house and went to the door, letting in a short thin man whose black hair stood high on the back of his head. The man smiled obsequiously, rolling the brim of his panama between his dark fingers. Crane did not get up.

"Hello, José," he said. "Que pasa?"

José Cristóbal was the owner of the most flourishing cantina in Aguas Rojas. He spoke English with a strange mixture of Bostonian and Spanish accent. He professed to have spent a year in a New England preparatory school in his youth.

"I have a gift for you, señor."

Crane knew what the gift was, and he was in a mood to accept.

"The new girl from Panamá. . . ." José was saying. "Muy hermosa, no? Una fenómena!"

"You mean the blonde who did the Chinese dance?"

"Sí, la misma," José nodded, grinning.

"She'll do. . . . Here, have a drink, José."

Crane got up and went to a cabinet where he poured a glass of rum for the cabaret owner and one for himself.

"But you tell this puta," Crane said, as José tilted his glass to his lips, "that if she's looking for something permanent, she'd better pick on the Englishman, because I'm leaving this dump very soon. Sabe?"

José lowered his glass and grinned. His laughter was a soft gurgle in the back of his throat.

"Sure," he said.

Curtis Ausland Prentiss
Occupation: President, Prentiss Airways.
Married: Constance Van Cortlandt Clarke.
Permanent Address: New York City.

Went abroad after graduation. Returned to New York. Has since been living here. Licensed pilot.

A young woman stood at one end of the long library. Her beauty, in the

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somber atmosphere of leatherbound books and heavy furniture, was fragile. Her figure, while it was full and splendidly erect, seemed delicate, brittle. She stood, with confusion in her deep sad eyes, looking down at three stacks of letters and papers assorted on the broad flat top of a desk. In her mind the three stacks were labelled, "To Be Burned," "To Be Saved," "To Be Given To The Executors." They were masculine papers; long white envelopes and large sheets of stiff stationery. At the other end of the room, hardly audible, a fire crackled. The whole house was emptily still. Outside the long curtained windows, there was a continuous faint rumble of traffic.

Picking up a pamphlet in a brown wrapper from one of the piles, the young woman started to put it down on another beside a silver model of an airplane. But noticing the words "Class Report" on the paper, she stopped and ran her finger under the wrapper, ripping it in a jagged line and letting it fall to the floor. Then she opened the report and began to glance over its pages. At first her eyes moved rapidly, but finally they tarried. She read one entire page before she flicked through a dozen more. After a time, without looking up, she began to move toward a deep armchair. The dead whiteness of her face was gone. Her blue eyes were coming to life.

A half hour later, when a servant came to announce dinner, he could see no one in the room; but from behind the high back of the armchair came the faint sound of sobbing.

George Crosby
Occupation: Publicity.
Permanent Address: Washington, D. C.

After a year as a reporter on a small paper in Ohio, I went to Europe and got a job with the Paris edition of *The Tribune*. Since returning to the United States, I have been employed in publicity work in Washington.

". . . And were you plastered!"

George Crosby's head was dry and hot. It seemed to him, as he opened his eyes, that he heard his eyelids creak on their hinges. At the foot of the bed, Hector Newman's round grinning face was swimming toward him like a moon breaking through racing clouds. Hector had a right to be there. He shared the apartment. He slept in the other bed. But Crosby resented his presence. He hated him.

"What do you mean—plastered?"

He tried to sit up suddenly, but fell back on the bed, drenched in cold sweat. It was as if a heavy beam had struck him across the forehead.

"I mean cockeyed!" Hector said. "Soused! And you still are!"

"Don't!" Crosby groaned from his pillow.

"Oh, it's all right," Hector persisted. "You've got friends everywhere to look after you . . . classmates . . . little school chums to pick you up out of the gutter."

Crosby saw the man again, standing at the curb in the sickly light of the streetlamp which was still burning in the dawn. He saw his thin sharp face and shabby clothes and remembered his own drunken surprise when the man stepped up to him and said, "Hello, Crosby; let me take you home." He, too, had been standing on the curb just before that, but with his hands before him ready for a dive, half convinced that the wide wet street was a river.

"Who was he, Hector?" he asked, without opening his eyes.

Hector's laugh rasped across his nerves.

"An old pal, name of Hardy, said he was a classmate of yours, said he'd been out of work for two years and it was awfully nice to see some one he used to know, glad to help you out."

Hector laughed again, and Crosby dug his head into the pillow, wishing he would go away; but he became suddenly alert when Hector continued.

"That wasn't who you thought it was, though, boy! You kept calling him Crane. 'Good old Crane, I'm so sorry!' you'd say. I thought you were going to kiss him. . . . And did you bare your love-life! Say, if this guy really had been Crane and everything you told him about yourself and his girl friend was true . . . !"

Crosby opened his eyes and looked at Hector Newman, who grinned back at him lewdly. He felt sick and weak. Why did he have to go out and get drunk after he left Mary? Conscience, probably. If he had known how much she cared for Walter Crane, he wouldn't have. . . . But that was a lie! He had known all along, and he'd been working up to this for six months. She'd get over it, but it was a hell of a note to talk about her last night when he got home.

"What did I say?" he asked.

Hector held his hands before his face.

"Am I blushing?" he said.

"Come on, Hector! Drop the humor!"

Hector took his hands down, folded them in front of him, and began to twist back and forth like a small girl reciting.

"Mary had a little . . ."

"Oh, go to hell!"

Crosby turned over on his face and folded the pillow about his ears. He wished he could go to sleep. He wished he had a drink. He wanted to forget the look in Mary Atwill's eyes when he left her. He wanted to wake up with the whole night wiped out of his memory. But now he could never forget it, because he'd gone and blabbed it all to Hector, and to that bum he'd picked up on the street.

Hardy. . . . He'd never known any one in college by that name, and he must have known almost everybody. But the fellow had called him "Crosby." Still, a lot of people in Washington knew his name. What if the fellow were a blackmailer? By God, that was his racket, of course!

Seized with panic, he sat up in bed, forgetting his headache.

"Hector!" he called to his roommate, who had left the bedroom. "Hector, throw me that class report that came in yesterday's mail. It has a green cover."

Hector Newman appeared in the doorway with the booklet in his hand and tossed it on the bed.

"Still sentimental about your old buddies?" he said.

Reaching eagerly for the class report, Crosby ignored him. With shaky fingers, he turned to the H's.

Hackett . . . Haines . . . Halpert. . . .

Alan Hardy
"Lost."

Crosby dropped the report on the bedcovers and sank back on the pillow. His head throbbed from the effort of sitting up, but his panic had left him. He felt a definite security in knowing the man really was a classmate. A classmate could be trusted not to betray him. There was something soothingly reassuring, too, in the word "lost." Now, if only he didn't come around asking for a job. . . .

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Off the Record

What Business Wants in the College Man

By William L. Fletcher

Fletcher of Boston is an expert on jobs. Big corporations retain him to help them fill positions. He knows thoroughly the employer's point of view. Hundreds of college men, too, come to him for jobs and he understands the difficulties facing those who are leaving the academic halls this month. In this article he interprets employer to job-seeker and helps the employer to crystallize his own policy

WHAT does business want from the college man? This month one hundred thousand graduates from five hundred colleges are seeking the answer. Very few of them have it already; in fact, many college men of ten or fifteen years ago have not yet been able to solve the problem to their own satisfaction.

For sixteen years I have been cooperating with some of the largest corporations in the United States, and hundreds of smaller ones, finding for them the men needed to fill various positions. During this period hundreds of young graduates have come before my desk. I see the problem from the viewpoint of the employers, as their representative; but I see it also as it looks to the young graduate. Between the campus and economic security I have discovered that there lies a no-man's-land over which the collegian must pass, alone.

This is not a subject peculiar to depression years. Economic conditions have intensified the search and introduced new factors; but the problem of the young graduate getting into business has always been with us. Why can't he find out what business wants from him by asking? Well, there are several reasons: One—the employer is often none too sure himself what he wants. Two—personnel men who analyze and hire new talent are simply scouts. They do not have the time or the inclination to explain to thousands of individuals just what they need. Three—some executives cannot express what they want, although they are able to recognize the presence or lack of desirable characteristics in applicants.

There is still another important reason, which is seldom mentioned lest it be misunderstood. Many concerns, even if they wanted to put all their cards on the table, *cannot*. At times there seems to be a conspiracy of industry to keep its specifications for man-power secret. To interpret fairly the viewpoint of executives in this regard, I am going to talk "off the record." Naturally in years of co-operation corporation executives have told me many things about their requirements in confidence. To respect this trust I must quote anonymously.

What does commerce want from the college man? It's almost easier to tell what it doesn't want. Definitely some things are no longer desired. Executives at present, if indeed they ever did, do *not* want the star athlete, the captain of the football team, the social light or the most popular man in his class, as such. Even the college man *per se* doesn't mean a whole lot. This may seem contrary to the general public's idea, but it is the inside fact.

I find that employers, today, look at college in three ways. Some privately or openly condemn higher educational systems for failure in preparing students for work. Others in examining and comparing college production, concede that some institutions are more likely to turn out commercially successful graduates than others. While a third group says, "What of it?" Colleges in their opinion are not supposed to function primarily as training schools for business, but for the business of life. Let me be definite. There are employers who feel it is unnecessary for a college man to come to his job with any particular business knowledge or experience. Department heads do not want their new help to have to "unlearn" a mass of preconceived notions. They prefer to teach the beginner their own methods as developed by practical experience.

Perhaps some of this discounting of the value of the classroom in the office, may be traced to the fact that there are two lines of books on business. Publishers frankly admit that they must produce one type, written as textbooks and collateral reading in colleges, and another series designed to sell to business men on approval through the mail. With students absorbing theories from one class of books, and commercial management making practical applications in agreement with another, is it any wonder that graduates misunderstand signals and sometimes even run the wrong way of the field?

Many employers believe that every man should have some technical training as preparation for his work. One personnel man writes me that every one who is not studying for the professions should have stenography, typewriting, and bookkeeping, "somehow working these subjects into their high-school course with the regular work. If necessary they should spend an extra half-year to finish." This executive further explained: "A young man so equipped will have the broad general

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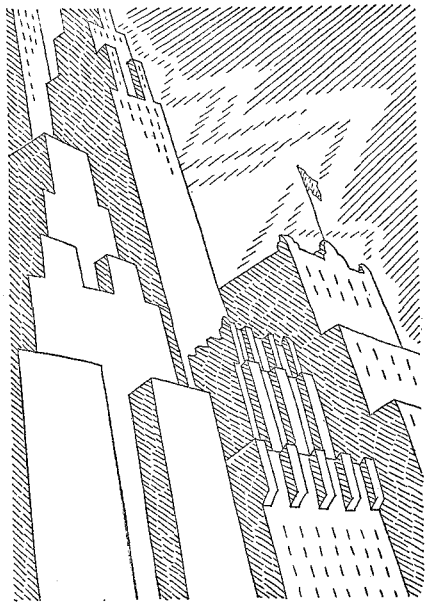

education essential for later advancement. Stenography may place him as secretary. I have hired many boys who began in just that way, and who are now officials of large corporations." Although these three subjects normally belong with high-school work, it is not too late for the college man to include them in his extra-curricular activities or even take them as post-graduate studies.

As an example of the way a company treats the college man and what it expects the recruit to do in his probationary training, let me quote an important client, an executive of a large concern: "Young men, especially abler college men, are often not patient. Patience is sometimes a virtue—sometimes a mistake. I like the fellow who insists on maintaining his self-respect. I don't mean a 'touchy' attitude. Hypersensitiveness is a nuisance and a liability to any organization. First we find out if a likely youngster 'can take it.' We give him a job where he gets his hands dirty, where the work is physically laborious. We let him alone, but watch him. If he sulks or tells us how to run the company, we fire him. If he does the work satisfactorily, gets along with his immediate superior and associates; does not become easily discouraged, we transfer him to something more pleasant. During this trial period he may lose several pounds in weight. Yet every one in our organization started at the bottom and worked up. We have never hired an outsider for an important position. While some people think we treat our men too roughly, the youngster who tries knows that if he makes good we will take care of him."

Naturally this concern does not broadcast its spartan training. Too general knowledge would defeat its purpose; but the man who "can take it" also takes his place in the business world.

It will be good for all concerned when that old bromide of the square peg and the round hole is discarded. Human beings are too complex to be classified so easily into regular forms. There is nothing in life so simple as that. I know a personnel director who has worked in many kinds of companies, large and small, progressive and conservative, profitable and otherwise. He likens all sound commercial organizations to big or little picture puzzles made of irregular pieces. While all the pieces are superficially dissimilar in general contour, and each bears only part of the picture, yet all the pieces have certain very necessary characteristics in common. They all belong to the same general composition, and no matter how irregular their individual contours they all fit together to complete the picture. This analogy is especially striking when it is applied to the subject of what a college man must possess if he is to fill in adequately a missing space in the jigsaw business puzzle.

Although outwardly unlike, successful executives have several qualities in common. What are these qualities? Let me list the consensus of opinion of many representative leaders:

Good Health. By unanimous agreement, there is no substitute for hard work. Good health is therefore essential. Energy and persistence are as important today as they ever were. If a man is determined to advance to a responsible position, he must be willing to pay the price in sustained, intensive effort.

Reliability. It is a big word and a big thing. Harrington Emerson has said it is composed of ten subtraits: punctuality, accuracy, truthfulness, honesty, thoroughness, prudence, temperance, systematizing ability, frugality, and faithfulness. In spite of the universal acceptance of these obviously important traits, they cannot be repeated too often, since most failures can be attributed to the lack of one or more of them.

If the aspirant with brutal and impersonal frankness will check himself against this list, and set about rectifying any deficiencies, his chance for success will be enhanced. The relative importance of the items in this list varies with the field of endeavor; but no official can afford to tolerate dishonesty. Some firms overlook a little looseness in expense accounts; but the man who handles cash must be above suspicion. Liars do not last long. The boss thinks more of a man if he frankly admits a mistake. "To work with a liar," said an executive, "is like trying to rivet a lead pipe." This does not mean that dishonesty and lying have been eliminated from commerce. They have not!

Prudence is valued more than most youths believe. The employee who habitually leaps before he looks will land *out*side of the job. Frugality is generally accepted as necessary, although it is not always called by its right name. Efficient officials abhor wastefulness of money, material, or time. The man who spends money too freely outside of the office may think that that is his own personal affair; but his employers reason that one who cannot look after his own finances intelligently is even more liable to mismanage the business of others.

Business is a fight. Behind the president is a board of directors; behind them are the stockholders. It is the job of directors and officers to make money. All big executives take this responsibility seriously, and fight hard for profits. Since every one is doing this, some one is constantly being beaten.

Shocks on the commercial battlefield are many. A good executive must be able to withstand those impacts. The only way to find out whether a young man can do this is to give him a practical test.

Dignity and poise are seldom discussed in college courses, yet most successful executives have these qualities highly developed; and the men they hire to be trained for responsible positions are expected to cultivate these attributes. Every leader watches and advances those subordinates who command his admiration and respect.

Of the young men discharged by American corporations, over 60 per cent owe their dismissals to their inability or unwillingness to make social adjustments to their work. For instance: Religious prejudices cause trou-

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ble. Not to respect confidential matters is a frequent and serious fault. Mixing politics, women, or liquor with jobs is still ruining promising careers.

There are some common mistakes that occur even as early as the interview for the first job. For example, an error that is especially irritating to an executive is the confusion of matters of opinion with facts. An employer is not likely to excuse such loose thinking by a college man. He considers that college at least should teach men *how* to think if not *what* to think. This natural tendency of youth to become dogmatic over questions of opinion leads them with fresh enthusiasm to tell their employers during the first week on the job how to run the business. Every intelligent proprietor concedes that there is room for improvement in his organization; but the rule in most firms is: "Learn *my* way first; then improve upon it, if you can." No young man should try to change a policy or suggest a short-cut method until he thoroughly understands the reason why the current practice was developed.

When one seeks to learn what business wants from the college man, he should be careful to discriminate as to the source of his information. Many men are not qualified to speak with authority in their own field, much less for business in general. Commercial progress is so rapid that its demands are forever changing. Many new tools are now available to the manager. The majority of all business men in this country have been unable to keep pace with changing conditions.

If proof of this is needed it lies in the fact that even in good business years, preceding the depression, 80 per cent of all profits were made by 20 per cent of the employers; 30 per cent of the employers produced the other 20 per cent of the profits; and the balance of 50 per cent of the employers either barely broke even or lost money. Obviously these managers who are losing the fight cannot tell the graduates what to do because they themselves do not know what to do. It is a case of the blind leading the blind.

Then again if one attempts to seek guidance from the really able executive, he is apt to run up against the policy of "expediency." As I mentioned before, leaders know many things that they feel cannot be communicated to less able executives, to college professors, or even to their own subordinates.

When quoted, business men often find their remarks garbled and used against them. Sometimes innocent expressions are misinterpreted and react unfavorably against their companies. Certain policies which are justifiable, nevertheless would cause ill-will and expense if they were known by the public. This is not the fault of business. Owners and operators cannot control people's prejudices.

Young men however need this inside information—yet are unable to get it. As an example of this off-the-record stuff, several years ago a personnel director mentioned to a friend of mine that he was hiring very few men *direct* from college. He explained: "I or my assistants go around to the colleges each year and interview promising men. I file *most* of those records for two or three years, then look up and hire the ones I want." But you will say this is a hard-boiled attitude. What is the college graduate to do during those two or three years? My answer is that of course it is tough, but business is hard-boiled. It may be regrettable, but we must face the facts and adapt ourselves as best we can to actual conditions.

Recently this personnel man, who has attained an outstanding place in the commercial world, was told of the preparation of this article. He was asked if he would answer questions on the reason for this policy, and how it had worked out, for publication. By return mail his secretary advised me that he was out of town and was not expected back for some time. This was a polite way of saying that he did not want to be quoted. He wished the information given a friend to be "off the record."

This is sound judgment on his part. To one behind the scenes the reasoning is clear: he is not now a member of the corporation in which he initiated that cold-storage hiring policy, consequently he has no right to speak for his old company. Moreover, if he were quoted many people would ask further questions and write him for detailed information. To answer these would take time—time is money. Finally if he were to make a statement which was picked up, twisted, and repeated, it might involve his company in serious controversy. There have been instances where seemingly harmless remarks have been given a sensational slant that caused the organizations concerned thousands of dollars in expense. I cannot blame him for refusing to be quoted. Yet the policy he inaugurated of hiring very few men direct from college is important to graduates. Of even greater concern is the fact that this policy is spreading.

Several companies which employ college men are trying to establish the relationship, if any, between grades and aptitude in business. Should they hire men with the best scholastic records? Is there a correlation of grades as an indication of scholastic success, with salaries as a measure of business fitness? Some personnel men are concluding as a result of their studies to hire the honor men. Others cannot see that college standing has much to do with ability in their business.

Although investigations of colleges by business have not as yet created any uniform hiring policy, there are several significant attendant discoveries. It is being established that there is a great deal of difference among colleges. Some institutions really educate, others do not. A poor student in one college could have been outstanding in another. Business is keenly interested in such a condition and its possibilities.

One personnel director, when questioned, said: "Our studies are not complete. I am hoping that in your article the variations in the progress of graduates from different institutions will not be stressed. Reference to the caliber of colleges as a factor of success is necessary to give a true picture of the situation; but quoting our studies will lead to many inquiries about definite institutions, whose graduates have made good or poor records. We are not in a position to give out such information."

Here again knowledge exists which is "off the record." The public cannot get it. Yet the fact that in some colleges a man may deteriorate during a four-year course is of great concern to business, to parents, and most of all to himself. What does business expect from him, the college man? "From what college do you come?"

I recently asked an employer, who has studied and picked his men primarily from colleges, a few off-the-record questions. His answers should be of special interest to the class of '35:

"What trouble do I find with men who have just graduated? Well, a fair

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criticism may be that they think themselves capable of more rapid progress in business than is actually possible. Many are not as yet sure what they really want to do, and we cannot afford to serve as an experimental testing ground." He then explained his practice of college interviewing as an easy way to talk to large groups of potentially high-grade men in a day's time at little expense. Out of each group addressed he expected only one or two to qualify immediately and start work upon graduation. Such men usually had already some business experience, realized what it was to work, and had demonstrated qualities of leadership in undergraduate activities, as well as during vacations. In short they were men who were already dependable. Over a period of time the other likely prospects will have had their noses bumped a bit, and will have become more mature and better business risks. In effect, his method is a form of that delayed hiring policy with time out for seasoning between college and business.

I next asked him what colleges could do, if anything, to make it unnecessary for graduates to take this two or three years' beating before they become organized for work.

To this he suggested that colleges should install in their placement bureaus men who have had some actual business experience. They would then be qualified to give undergraduates a picture of the business world as it really is today. He complained that many college personnel men never read the literature sent them by employers, and that their background is one of professional existence with a limited commercial knowledge.

Finally I asked him for a list of those qualities for which he looks in examining candidates. Here is what his "mental alertness test" is used to indicate: power of observation, ability to read and execute instructions, accuracy in handling figures, and a reasonable degree of general information. Fundamentally, he looks for character, stability, good health, education, practical experience, and a pleasant personality. These would seem to be rather complete and exacting specifications; but if the candidate is intended for eventual advancement to a managerial position, he is expected to have two more essential qualifications. One—the capacity to master details of merchandising knowledge; two—the ability to pick, train, and get the most from people working for him. To do this he must have an even disposition, be fair in handling subordinates, and conduct himself so as to merit the respect of superiors, associates, and business competitors.

What does business want from college men? "Why, it wants intelligence, energy, vision, enthusiasm to assume responsibility, recognition that small tasks are preparation for larger ones, the ability to live within one's means, and the ability to work out the intricacies of his marriage and his life. Good leadership is needed more every day and it should come from the *College Man.*"

The foregoing is the working code of a man whose ideas have been approved by the leaders of the country. Other organizations are adopting those same ideas. Executives of many corporations have strong prejudices against the fellow who has *just* graduated. One employer puts it this way: "There is little nonsense in industry today. Beating sense into youngsters' heads takes time and costs money, therefore let some one else have them for a while until they are *ready* to *work.*"

The operating head of a concern doing a business of fifty million dollars a year has studied what kind of men he needs in his departments. His organization is regimented like an army. He groups his men into three classes—A few Grade A men; more Grade B men; but the work is done by the Grade C men.

"How do I grade men? Take a C man. If I am writing a letter of recommendation about him I say Mr. X is a good fellow. I have known his parents for a long time and they are fine people. Mr. X is well educated, never stole any money, and is loyal. I do not mention imagination or 'drive,' since he does not have these qualities in a high degree."

He classes Grade B as good workers: "Given definite tasks they will do them well, but when they are finished they will wait for some one to tell them what to do next. They lack initiative or imagination." The credit man of his company he describes as one who sees a doughnut as *nothing* with a strip of dough around it. This is a type of man who keeps the rest of the organization from becoming conceited. He is a "first-class Grade B man."

Finally the Grade A man is called the "profit-maker." He has a first-class mind, grasps ideas quickly, can see the other fellow's viewpoint, and is able to sell that other fellow through his self-interest. He has imagination and tact, ability to keep out of trouble; does disagreeable tasks as well as those that he enjoys. He takes his job as he finds it.

"You ask, 'What do we want in the young men we hire from college?' Frankly, we don't hire many. Each year we get hold of a few, who will forge ahead in our kind of work. We also need a few Grade B men—fellows who can advance to a point where they earn three to six thousand dollars a year and are satisfied to stay there. Our executives differ widely in their opinion of college men. Usually a man with four years of such training is not as good in a minor position as a non-college man. He has been educated above our work, which is laborious. It's hard for a man to keep his hands clean. Generally graduates do not feel they belong here. Their dissatisfaction breeds unrest in the organization."

If some of this off-the-record advice seems contradictory, you must remember that no two companies have quite the same problems nor do they need exactly the same type of men. That is why there is no *one* spot in the world where you can go to find out your right place in business.

To sum up briefly those qualities which are common to most successful men, I should list: good health, as the foundation for *hard work;* reliability with all that it implies; prudence; initiative; and finally serious *respect* for business as one's life work. But with these qualifications how can you, as a college man, find your place? What further steps can be taken? Study yourself as an individual—make as complete a picture as possible of yourself, including heredity and environment, *on paper*. Then present this picture to the intelligent proprietor of a small enterprise, or the personnel director of a large company. He will be able to tell you whether you belong in his field and in his company. This is a good way for a college man to get a job. Repeated often enough it will result in employment.

Admittedly it is a process of trial and error; but *it will work.*

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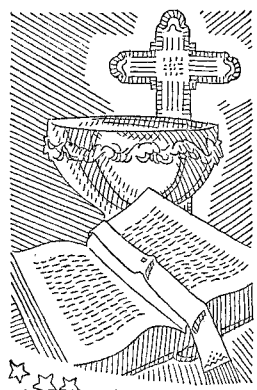
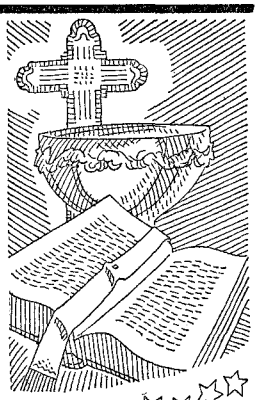
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY





How Can You Believe?

By Katharine Shepard Hayden

A brief for faith—even in this scientific twentieth century when religion is under such heavy fire

BEING religious is not fashionable in the twentieth century, with its science, its control and use of natural forces, its material comfort, its lifting of the ancient bans in the realms of ethics, morals, and knowledge. An astonishing number of our educated people are frankly neglectful, sceptical, or antagonistic toward religion itself, and its expression in the Christian church. Some of them, the products of a kind of religious terrorization imposed upon them as children by their elders, have now turned away from their early and primitive conceptions of God with unspeakable relief; others are the sort who have never "believed" anything—who have an overwhelming way of disposing of the religious individual as a "Puritan," and a consummate nobody who should keep himself to his own weedy backwaters; there are also a number of thoughtfully puzzled scientists and philosophers; and then there are those who go "with the crowd"—who pick up the catchwords and arguments of the pace-setters.

More times than I can count I have had said to me, "How can any one of your intelligence believe in such things?" The announcement on the part of some one in a group of the "intelligentsia"—thinkers, writers, artists, scientists, the "enlightened" in general—that he believes men (even he himself, and his friends!) need religion, has been met with remarks which imply, at times with all the grace in the world, that the believer must be either unintelligent, unsophisticated, or uninformed; a "wishful thinker," or a sentimentalist.

In the arguments that are bound to follow, nothing, of course, is really settled. The Christian is usually outnumbered and outshouted. The chances of his being able to vindicate his stand to his own satisfaction during the actual course of the impromptu debate, are slight. But the believer *has* his reasons, and very good ones, for his beliefs; and though many of them are so subtle that it would take an à Kempis, a Pascal, or a Newman to expound them, yet there are a few large and basic ones that can be outlined.

As to the first tenet of Christianity—that there is a God—here arises always the discussion as to whether men need a God, and what we mean by gods anyhow. Conclusions something like this are usually drawn: that by gods we mean beings, or One Being, like ourselves in a way—creative beings with whom it is possible for us to have some sort of spiritual intercourse; beings or One Being, who created the universe and ourselves. (For if we are in our right minds, we know that we created neither ourselves nor the world!) The emancipated say that it was Law that did it—impersonal, accidental Law, wherefrom it is to be concluded that we are all the fruits of an unseeing, spiritually impotent Force that neither knows nor cares that we are here. Or if it is conceded that the Force might have personality, nevertheless it is the sort of personality that creates us, permits us to suffer meaninglessly, and to be destroyed—characteristics which, by the way, in our human codes, belong only to the most loathsome people we can conceive of. So that the only ultimate deductions from these two popular postulates are that we are produced either by a Force that is fundamentally inferior to ourselves, or by a personality whose characteristics are so base, according to our human scale of values, that we can consider them only with indignation, horror, and loathing. The people who do believe in a God think that a personal God—a Being who has some of the attributes

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of personality, whatever other attributes He may have as well—is a more rational and self-existent explanation for ourselves than the mere Force one; and that once one grants that a God may have some human qualities, it is only sensible to conclude that He is capable of the highest summits of character that human nature can arrive at, and is not bound inexorably to the lowest scales we know anything about.

It would not hurt us to remember that the greatest races in their greatest periods—in our western world at least—have had a very vital belief in deity, and deity of a personal and uplifting sort. The Hebrews, the Greeks, the Italians (and most of the greatest men among them) have been profoundly religious peoples, and their greatest achievements for the race of man have been made under the personal sway of gods, or their One God. The great creators were the products of a rich and exceedingly influential religious atmosphere—though each atmosphere was amazingly different from the other in detail. And if one has any use for arts and peoples on an inspiring scale, he should think twice before he tosses religion out as something the race has no need of. One of the most incredible aspects of these discussions, to the religious-minded, is the debonair way in which the "liberated" ex-Christian, and the congenital unbeliever can "scrap," without sensing the implications, the most precious elements upon which for countless centuries peoples have builded their lives, arts, hopes, and profoundest roots of being. To the unbelievers, so far as man is concerned, there is but one destiny for him, and that is the worm; and any belief to the contrary is illusion: all faith of the sort upon which most of our nation has been bred, from the Hebrew prophets and psalmists down to the fathers of the church and our own day, all faith everywhere, in the orient and occident, has been pure delusion. All Christian music, from the Gregorian chants, through the Bach masses and cantatas, the Messiah, the Missa Solemnis, down to the negro spirituals, is built up out of bubbles that Time will spitefully prick, and men are fools to have anything to do with them except for æsthetic reasons. (They could never have been conceived without the faith of which they are the flower!) All Christian art—painting, architecture, poetry, and music—is dedicated to powers and creatures and ideas that have never existed beyond man's imagination. The Lord's Prayer—the most inclusive and understanding prayer ever breathed upon human lips—was uttered by the most deluded of men. The apostates and atheists stand smiling amid the ruins, without seeming at all to sense just what is the end-product of their assumptions. It is as if the universe itself were fashioning about us, always, a colossal and unpardonable lie, like an Iago, and we were the Othellos and Desdemonas agonizing in the net of false circumstance!

As to whether Christianity itself is all a fiction—or nearly so—one is giving the lie to history if one thinks that so indestructible and yeasty a force was all "made up" by a few ignorant fishermen and a Jewish tentmaker who were, by implication, either myth-makers on purpose, or liars to the core. And though the four gospels may not hang together, and may bear the ear-marks of the prejudices and viewpoints of their four authors, the church itself was a certain fact within a few weeks after the crucifixion, with its basic beliefs amazingly well established—and the letters of the apostles, and the gospels, along with the book of Acts, make a picture of the movement and the teachings that is, as a whole, overwhelmingly convincing to any one who really goes at the study with an unbiased mind. But this generation does not read the Bible or church history, as a rule; yet if it dared to speak authoritatively on Dante unread, with the same assuredness that it displays in its discussions of Christianity, its opinions would be ignored by the wise.

Moreover, in spite of its checkered course, the Christian believes in the church as an institution. Though the terrible blots on its history can usually be traced to certain of its tenets, yet the teaching at its heart—the Ten Commandments, and the central doctrines and personal history of Christ would, if they were followed, make the cruel deductions from its lesser dogmas, impossibilities. And though so much of the history of the church has been stained by bigotry, bloodshed, intolerance, and stupidity, the standard by which we judge and condemn such things lies right at the center of the church itself. The liturgies themselves pray for deliverance from all of the race's besetting sins; it is the race, and not the church, which is to blame. And as long as we keep in mind the central teachings of the early historic church we have a guide, whether we follow it or not. Needless to say, we have almost never followed it; it is still immeasurably ahead of us.

Furthermore, the believer stands by the church as an institution because he believes that religion is a social as well as personal affair, and that the church is a means of educating the individual religiously. We know all too well that fanatics and crooks have been bred within it; but we also know that saints have been bred there too—the great saints and the lesser ones. Saints have seldom been made in an irreligious chaos, or solitary confinement. They have been developed within the course of a church's year and a church's disciplines, and the Christian religion seems to have within it a latent, self-perpetuating, constantly germinating power for good and for change; there is no foretelling when a renaissance of spiritual, moral, and social vitality will burgeon out, but the possibility is always there even when only "two or three are gathered together" in the name and memory of Christ.

There is another point that the religious man has to make when he is the target in a modern discussion. His antagonists cry, "I cannot believe in any God! I see no real evidence of Him anywhere in this chaotic world. Neither have I any personal intimations of Him."

But what have been the conditions necessary for a vision of God since human history began? One of the beatitudes puts it in a nutshell: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." But who really cares about being "pure in heart"—and who would be willing to pay the price even if, vaguely, he would like to be pure in heart for a while, just to see what it felt like? People who are frankly self-indulgent, sensual, material, and temporal-minded, say they cannot see God, and that therefore He does not exist. The older, less learnèd, less complacent and conceited races knew that visions of God came usually with fasting, penance, the working of a sudden divine grace, self-sacrifice, forty days

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in the wilderness, with "Get thee behind me, Satan!" as an answer to the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil—whereas we ourselves actually woo the world, the flesh, and the devil, and often laugh at those who do not. But we show a profound ignorance of human history, and a lack of native religious insight when we think that we, like Hamlet's father when he was slain, "with all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May," take it upon ourselves to describe the possible and impossible in the realm of the spirit.

In all this, it is well to remember the psychiatrist (who often is among the unbelievers himself) when he deals with problem children. It is an acknowledged fact that the root source of the problem in many problem children, is the sense of insecurity. Children whose parents are unhappy together, who have been, or are about to be, divorced, or are not able to make suitable homes for their children, head the lists. Children apparently need the love of parents, an honest and reliable social order, response to their needs, a surety that home, love, and protection will not suddenly slip out from under them. Not only common sense, but that one sure god of the twentieth century, Science, has proved this.

And yet we adults are doing to the spiritual world exactly what divorce, unhappiness, and poverty are doing to the child's world. We are removing all security from it. Men, to really fulfill themselves need to believe in an understanding, reliable, and holy God quite as much as a child needs to believe in its parents. If we take all spiritual security and dependability out of our universe, we are just as sure to become problem humans as our children are to become problem children under the same circumstances. We have no right to be surprised (if we are rational beings with an eye for cause and effect) that when we so remove these essential elements from our lives, we become as ineffectual, as tangled up, as incapable of great moral and artistic achievement as the maladjusted child always is—and always will be until his world and his spirit become adjusted to each other so that they can move along together in some sort of rational relationship, and with a fundamental harmony that makes for a sense of security and the benison of inner peace.

Postage Stamp Psychosis

By Thomas H. Uzzell

"Canadian green cock-eyed king" was the phrase which started Mr. Uzzell investigating one of the dizziest and most popular of American pastimes

THE real trouble with this country is its stamp collectors. We suffer not from the hobby of slapping stamps into albums, which is innocent enough, but from the hobby grown into a game so fantastic as to be all but incredible. Picture three million (some say there are nine million) adult males who, in the present state of the world, spend their evenings huddled over the dining-room table, reading glass in hand, counting the hairs in the side whiskers of Daniel Webster on a stamp issued sixty-five years ago. There, in essence, is the "variety" stamp collector.

The revelations in these footnotes to American morale were first shadowed forth to me not long since in a chance call for a friend at a large stamp store, of which he is proprietor. He was at the moment selling goods to a well-dressed, substantial citizen of about fifty, who might from his manner be a small-town physician or school superintendent or even a minister. I heard him ask for the "Canadian green cock-eyed king variety." No one can be indifferent to a line like that; I listened and watched. Several strips of green stamps were lifted with a small pair of metal tongs and laid before the customer, who took them up with his own tongs, and closely studied them through a reading glass.

Laying aside one strip finally, he next asked for the "Coolidge two-cent brown error, die two, plate six." The proprietor handed over a large sheet of stamps with a mounted microscope. "It's the forty-third," said the customer, bending his eye to the instrument. After a searching examination he looked up and said: "It'll do; it's pretty small, but it's there. I hope you aren't going to charge me much," he sighed. "I'm buying more than I should." Thirty-five dollars was named for the Coolidge stamp and one hundred sixteen dollars for the total purchase.

When the customer had left I had my questions ready. "What kind of business is this? And who is the cock-eyed king? And why does an apparently sane man pay thirty-five dollars for three or four dollars' worth of stamps?"

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Behind closed doors I heard the story. Briefly I submit the facts as given me for inclusion in the chapter that will some day be written on the goofiness of the American male.

A sweet racket this stamp collecting has been worked into, for various governments and dealers. Stamp collectors themselves are divided into two classes. In the first of these belong the common, garden collectors who fill albums with stamps from different countries, trying to see how many from each country they can assemble. This is the layman's idea of a stamp collector, and to this class belongs President Roosevelt, whose collection his secretary, Stephen Early, informs me is "though large not unusually valuable." King George collects only normal stamps as do also, I understand, Mussolini and Fuad of Egypt. This hobby, said to be the most popular of all indoor sports, seems rather juvenile, and as if it would take a lot of valuable time, but we ourselves once tried to collect seashells—or dishes or old smoking pipes, or theatrical handbills or first editions or something—and we can comprehend. The other class of stamp nuts is not so easily understood; in fact, if you are a layman you probably never even heard of them; these boys are not mere nuts, they are downright balmy—and since many of them admit it, there's no need for pulling punches.

These specialists look down upon the ordinary collector because, they say, his hobby is too easy, and there is comparatively little money in it. Variety specialists are boys with great big endowments of pride (tortured egos is a more scientific phrase for it) and they are gamblers; they must have something no one else has and they must live constantly in breathless suspense of being about to stumble upon a fortune. Even if they don't stumble upon the fortune, merely to hear that other specialists find valuable stamps and make big sales is enough; they may do the same some day.

The specialist cannot hope to possess unique stamps by collecting ordinary issues because he cannot afford to buy stamps already historically rare (the price now on the world's most rare stamp is fifty thousand dollars) and all governments supply new stamps in any quantity to collectors, so that new rarities *in an ordinary* postage stamp are practically impossible. There is nothing for it; the specialists must *create* their own rarities. They do this by examining every common postage stamp they can get their hands on and by rummaging through letters in wastebaskets, and ash cans, and on dump heaps, magnifying glass in hand, until they find some kind of error. Once a specialist finds such an error, he hopes that no one else has found another like it. He hurries down to the stamp club and shows off his treasure to the boys and the sicker they are with envy, the happier he is; and thus, at no cash cost at all, he has made himself a little king among collectors. The government agency that sells stamps to collectors may, however, have discovered the same error in manufacture and, if so, it will announce for sale the sheets containing this error. Our new little king is downcast, of course, when he discovers this; but his case is not hopeless. These sheets will soon be exhausted, the defective die is corrected, and so the supply of stamps with the error is automatically limited. The law of supply and demand sets in and soon a price appears in stamp catalogs for stamps with this error, and our lucky specialist may find he can sell his treasure for anything from fifty cents to a hundred dollars or more. (One such error stamp is listed in the standard American stamp catalog at eleven thousand dollars.)

A government might deliberately create stamp varieties and thus financial assets for those first to receive them (at face value, since the government cannot speculate in its own stamp). The dizzy possibility occurs to one at once. It has occurred to our present Postmaster General. Complaints of favoritism in giving sheets of commemorative stamps to certain persons have brought to light startling figures. Mr. Farley, it seems, knowing the value to collectors of the unperforated and ungummed variety stamp had his presses run off four sheets of two hundred such stamps each of the Mother's Day issue. One sheet he kept, one he gave to President Roosevelt, one to Louis McHenry Howe, and the last to "a friend of a friend"—in Westbrook Pegler's phrase. The face value of each of these sheets is six dollars. One of them was offered to a large stamp dealer for thirty thousand dollars; the sale was not made, but the dealer states that the figure asked is not at all extravagant. The possessors of these gift sets of imperforate, ungummed sheets of each of seventeen recent issues, have each about $340,000 worth of stamps, or over a million dollars' worth among them. Congressional investigation of these beneficences has been proposed by Representative Millard of New York.

The Daniel Webster and Coolidge stamps mentioned are hypothetical but typical of the stamps I saw purchased. The Canadian stamp is real. A Coolidge two-cent stamp which sold for thirty-five dollars might easily become a museum piece because of a minute fleck of ink on the determined chin of that New England statesman. If the government price per sheet to the dealer were four dollars, the profit on that one transaction would be thirty-one dollars. Because of "catalog prices," which on the admission of the makers of the catalog are often merely guesses, profits as neat as this are not always made, but the ordinary customer is in the stamp dealer's hands and loud and raucous complaints are rising over dealer-made prices. Gibbons, the largest stamp store in England, is capitalized at three millions.

Meanwhile our government post office in 1934 received close to a million dollars from collectors and dealers buying through the Washington philatelic agency alone; this sum is augmented by sales at all the post offices in the country. This money, too, is all velvet for the government because the stamps bought are not used to carry mail.

Most governments today, ours included, print what are known as "commemorative issues," which is the to-be-expected disguise for stamps produced for the collector's money. One country, San Marino, the world's smallest republic, to the north of Italy, lists postage stamps for collectors as its only export besides a little stone and some "strong wine." Governments even lose their dignity when faced with the prospect of these extra earnings. Take the "cock-eyed king" above mentioned. This stamp, a Canadian King George, is known as a coil stamp; on the sixty-sixth stamp on the sheet, because of a microscopic variation in the engraving plate, the left eye of the king is opened wider than on the others. I myself could see no difference, but the boys say the king on this stamp is "cock-eyed," and

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so cock-eyed for the stamp world he is. On the lists of stamps for sale by the philatelic agency of the Canadian government you will find this legend: "Stamp to left of every other guide line shows the peculiarity known as 'cock-eyed king.'" And the current price for this stamp is two cents at the Canadian post office, four dollars anywhere else.

Our census gives no figures on stamp collectors, and stamp experts only guess at the number. The highest authority I could find on such matters stated that his organization used the formula of 2 per cent of the population, or some three million. He admitted, however, that there must be about twenty million kids in the nation and that it is difficult to find a kid who has not at some time collected stamps. My impression is that two or three million adults must be seriously interested in collecting and all of these, finding an error stamp, know its value and treat it with respect. Women are vastly in the minority as collectors.

Let me tell you what the variety specialists collect. I have been studying their albums.

Paper: The paper collectors recognize nine varieties of paper used in manufacturing stamps and a tenth variety is under debate. There is a "thin soft-ribbed" and a "thick soft-ribbed" paper, but is there a "hard-ribbed" paper? Some say yes, some say no. There is a ribbed paper which *is* harder but should it be classed separately? The issue will probably never be decided. If you are a paper boy, you try to see how many of the nine classical varieties of paper you can find. You never get them all, and that gives your life meaning.

Printing errors: The plate specialists go for these. A slight blur, a hair-line mistake, a dot of ink, a smudge, a faint doubling, irregular shading, a break or flaw of any kind, these are the delight of thousands of collectors. These "plate varieties" must be due to imperfections in the copper plates from which the stamps are made or they are no good. The collector tries to see how many kinds of engravers' mistakes he can find.

The perforation game: The fun here consists in playing with the cute little holes around the edge of the stamp. Sometimes a few of these holes are missing, sometimes they appear on only the top and bottom of the stamp, sometimes they are round or oval or long or short —could anything be more fascinating than to study these matters and rise to eminence by means of them? The government caters to these experts by printing a certain number of sheets without perforations, called imperforates. A stamp without perforations is worth very much more than one with them.

The watermark hobby: Hold a stamp, gum side up, in the light, against a black surface. The watermark—if any —will show. The watermark collectors try to find specimens in which the entire watermark is revealed, well centered.

The music in gum: One day a stamp collector went home disconsolate from the stamp club to tell his stamp-widow wife (who had wanted to go to a movie) how the mean boys had grabbed all the hair lines and little holes and fly specks, creases and shadings, leaving him out in the cold. "Why not spend a year studying the glue on the back of the stamp?" muttered his wife. "Ha, ha, ha," mocked the sad husband, but a half hour later he looked up from his boxful of miscellaneous, worthless stamps. "You've hit it," he told her in tones of awe. "I've found three kinds of gum. I'll collect gum." "You would," said his wife. Thus was born the gum game.

The advanced gum experts now measure gum for its thickness. They cut stamps in two to see if it is the gum or the paper which creates the thickness. Some of the gum is ridged and some flat, and they have discovered that these important variations result from the varying effects of rotary and flat printing; this makes them experts in printing. The main anxiety of the gum boys is that age may not dull their brightest darlings, that cold may not crack them, that heat may not either blister their pets or remove the gum altogether. In the extreme heat of summer a few minutes per day in the refrigerator have been found to work wonders.

The color rhapsodists: Here we enter the stamp stratosphere. One specialist will collect stamps of only one color. More advanced experts assemble the different shades of the same color—shades not intended by the printer and due to the faintly varying supply of ink on the print roller! The real melodist in color will shade these variations off from light to dark on the same page, in various patterns—stars or circles, perhaps—claiming that he can sharply identify each shade. Since nobody else can, or cares to try, he stands supreme before all who know him, except possibly his wife.

Members of another color cult change the official colors of stamps by treating them with chemicals. Spirits of salts will dissolve yellow, leaving the blue in green; other chemicals will dissolve the blue, leaving yellow. Pages in the albums of some of these artists have been arranged to be looked at only in artificial light, others in daylight. The daylight collectors explain that some of the blues have a tendency to look green in artificial light and that in daylight a greater variety of shades may be noticed than under the artificial light.

Cancellations: These are familiar, through the publicity given to the mail carried on certain famous flights. Hundreds of collectors have been waiting two years to receive envelopes sent Byrd in the Antarctic. And there are the famous Tin Can cancellation covers. On the island of Niafou in the New Hebrides lives a solitary man who is his own postmaster. Since no ocean steamer can land on account of dangerous reefs which surround the island, the mail is deposited in a tin can buoyed out beyond the reefs, through which the exile, coming for his mail, can pass in his small boat. Since steamers very seldom call at the island and since the tin can is too small to contain many envelopes, the number of stamps cancelled by the islander is exceedingly small. Thus his cancellations are very valuable.

No complete catalog of the artificial values given stamps by specialists in freaks, errors, and oddities has ever been attempted or ever will be.

Real flights of imagination possibly lie just ahead. Super-varieties may in time appear, perhaps albums of used stamps together with photographs of the persons who licked them, albums of stamps from letters husbands have forgotten to mail, mounted with excerpts from their alibis, and stamps from love-letters graded according to the strength of perfume used or the voltage of passion conveyed. I, if I had time, should like to bid for fame in a stamp club by pasting up postage-due stamps I have paid for on letters from my debtors. The possibilities have not been exhausted.

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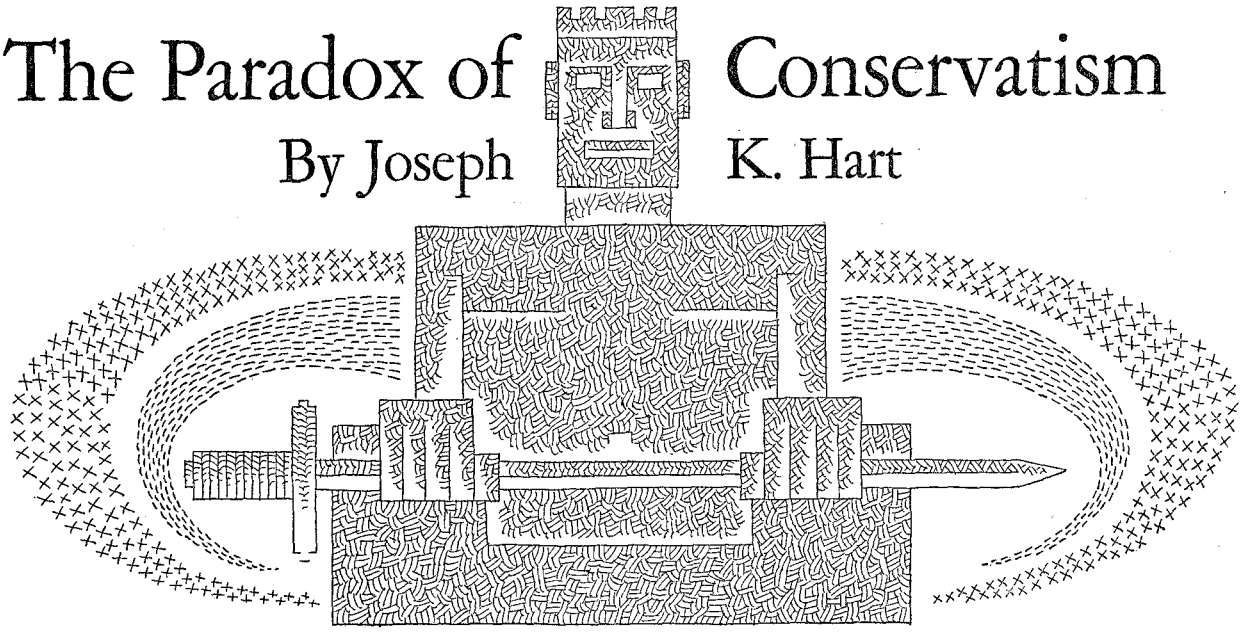
The Paradox of Conservatism

By Joseph K. Hart



Conservatism hasn't a leg to stand on—but then it isn't going anywhere, declares the author. And somehow it has always managed to survive

THE moral and intellectual bankruptcy of liberalism has been demonstrated many times in recent decades, to the joy of conservatives and radicals, alike. However, some liberals seem not to have heard of this fact. They go their ways as if their faith were still a force in the world. Were those decrees in bankruptcy invalid or were they temporary orders, not to be taken seriously until passed upon by the final tribunal, Time?

Are not all such judgments *wishes* rather than demonstrations? Each party admits the bankruptcy of all others. For example, the shallowness of conservatism has been argued by liberals and radicals for a century. Yet the conservative continues to expound, and practise, the doctrines of the Founding Fathers. The fact is that, of all parties, conservatism has the greatest expectancy of life. If history teaches anything credible it is that conservatism will persist after our wishful liberalisms and radicalisms have all been haled into the court of last resort and adjudged not merely bankrupt but dead beyond recovery. How does it happen that this shallow conservatism can laugh at liberal criticism and lightly shrug its shoulders at the insults of radicals? This is a question worth more than a passing glance.

Critics know that conservatism has no logical consistency. Its substance is a hodge-podge of customs, doctrines, and rationalizations, shot through with contradictions. Even a sophomore can tear it to shreds—on paper. Why has this wind-riven structure not toppled in ruins, long since?

Some may object that, since there are many types of conservatism, any discussion of "conservatism" as such, implies over-simplification. It is true that there is no single pattern. There is the "bourbon" who never learns anything and never forgets; the reactionary who holds that nothing ever happened the first time; the "stand-patter" who would rather lose on a bluff than admit his hand was not complete from the first. There was the old lady who got religious exaltation out of the way her pastor said "Mesopotamia"; and the old man who, when asked where he was going, replied: "I ain't gwine nowheres; I'se been whar I'se gwine." There are fundamentalists, academicians, absolutists, and "practical" men, world without end.

Nevertheless, all these have one thing in common, namely, *a belief in, a reliance upon, patterns,* and a concomitant fear of all innovations. Whatever follows a pattern is right: all else is suspect. The world itself was created according to pattern, and patterns were provided for all things to the end of time. All true knowledge is knowledge of patterns. The unpatterned is unthinkable.

So, even though conservatism is not a single system of consistent doctrines, it has a strength no radical will ever understand. It is an ancient thing, with roots in the earth. Because it is of the earth, and very earthy, it can bide its time. When the storm has passed, the continent remains.

II

Criticism can easily show that conservatism hasn't a leg to stand on. There is a wide gulf between social conditions, today, and the doctrinal picture held by the conservative. Illustrations are all about us. Here is one from England.

Recently, while in London, I went to Toynbee Hall to meet a friend. Having some time to spare, I wandered about in the by-ways of the Whitechapel district for a half hour. I came to a market in a dirty square, and made my way slowly between baskets and boxes filled with fruits, vegetables, and meats, in all stages of decay. Here I saw human life reduced to lowest terms—a ravenous hunt for food. Half-starved men, women, and children fought for bits thrown aside by the venders. I have never seen beasts fighting over a carcass in the jungle, but I am sure that could not be half so obscene as was this wallowing in the filth of a city street for possession of a crust of moldy bread. *What could a conservative say about this sort of thing?*

A few hours later on Fleet Street I

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dropped into a book stall and bought a copy of a well-known review. Leafing the pages idly as I walked toward my hotel, my eyes were caught by these words—I quote verbatim:

"Our very food supplies depend upon it. Let the reader take a drive through the East End of London, where countless thousands live. Let him envisage the hundreds of streets and ponder over the fact that food must reach these areas, that there is sufficient food for the people, and that it is all provided by the capitalist system."

I had had a look at some of the facts. Here was the theory, or at least *a* theory. "Has this staid old review turned humorist?" I wondered. Then I noticed certain phrases in the paragraph I had been reading: "Let the reader take a drive—and let him envisage the streets." The explanation must lie in the writer's remoteness from the facts, I argued: one who "takes a drive" through London's East End will keep to the main thoroughfares; he will miss the squalid facts, and he can "envisage" the things he does not actually see. By keeping away from the filthy realities, a conservative "observer" can "envisage" the East End as a sort of urban Garden of Eden, where there must be plenty for all—since they still survive—and "all provided by the capitalist system"!

Then I wondered who the author of this article could be. A bit of searching revealed that he was a well-known Conservative M.P., a representative leader of his party. His background was well known. His childhood and youth had been spent in the regular way. His mind had been set in the verbalisms that pass for ultimate truth among the members of the British ruling class. He was honest enough. Entirely uninhibited by inconvenient facts, he was able, in this article, to repeat the regular catch-words: The Empire needs the "wisdom of the conservative" in order to meet the problems of these disorderly times. That party is characterized by "sane judgment and ripe experience," and its leaders are dealing with the "great problems of national existence and welfare" in the spirit of "the long tradition of national character and national aspiration."

He seemed to be saying, all along, that a nation that has "character" and "traditions" need not be worried by a few sordid facts. Perhaps he was right. Does not Eddington argue that no "fact" is of any importance until it has been accepted by a plausible theory? The conservative has practised this doctrine for ages. He has never been turned from the straight path of national "character," "traditions," and "destiny" by a "fact," even if he ever came upon one. The author knew his "traditions": why should he bother himself about the facts that bothered me?

But can social orders endure with such gulfs between facts and theories, such obscene slashes between the belly and the head? They have endured. They do endure. They can endure. They will endure—at least until reconstructive criticism goes to their roots in the ancient earth.

III

What is the structure of mind that can so easily ignore facts and make reality out of catch-words? The answer to this question takes us back a million years, to the beginnings of human life on the earth. The first man was a conservative, and all his descendants, with a few exceptions, have been conservatives. They have spent a million years—except a few of them in the last few centuries—reaching down deeper into the earth, and learning how to be more conservative. Conservatism is a phase of nature, like the Grampian Hills. This is the basic fact of history, psychology, social drift, and party mind. The student of society must be a social geologist, for he must dig down through innumerable strata before he can find the azoic earth.

We speak of the "individual" as the "unit" of the race. This may be true in limited areas, today, but it was not true in the long past. *There were no individuals then.* The group was the unit. The *individual* could never have survived. The group survived, if it did survive, because it was composed of *members,* good members, who conformed strictly to custom, asking no questions. Individuality was suppressed. The patterned mind was standard. The conservative inherits that patterned mind.

Can such mind as this have any real place in the modern world? It is the structural material of any world. It is the residue of orderliness, if any, that can still be found in these disorderly years. That sort of mind *stands* and while it stands, the world stands! Against the massive strength of this mind, the shallow waves of liberalism and the hot winds of radicalism alike beat in vain. These may wear away, now and again, some loose bit of mortar from the foundations, or some ancient gargoyle from a cornice. Such losses merely reveal more clearly the age-accumulated masses that remain. Occasionally some intellectual announces that he has, at last, succeeded in undermining the hoary pile; that all is in readiness for the Great Explosion. A rumble is heard. The mass trembles for a moment. Some fragments fall. Then it settles back more firmly than ever on the solid earth.

IV

The conservative does not have to worry about his social position. The stars have taken care of that. He accepts the patterned things, and holds that there can be no ultimate contradictions among the patterns. He keeps his various "selves" or "values" in separate compartments. He can be a deacon in the church and a leader of political corruption in his city at the same time, without the slightest difficulty. He and his are on the side of the angels. He accepts the ancient answers, and repeats them in their proper occasions. "I thank God," said the old fundamentalist college president once, "that I have never, in the course of my whole life, had a single moment of doubt!"

His group, or class, is The World. When the village clergyman was asked what part of the population of his village belonged to his own exclusive communion, he replied with simple conviction: "All that count!"

He refuses to inquire into causes. "You must not ask the 'causes' in your study of labor unrest in the lumber camps," said the president of the university to the professor of economics who had been employed to make such a study. "Any one who asks about causes will soon begin to find fault with our social institutions, and no good American will do that. Labor unrest is wrong! Never lose sight of that fact!"

Radicals seem unable to understand the cosmic strength of the conservative, and they bring endless charges against

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him. We must note a few of these charges. Here are some of them:

The conservative is satisfied with things as they are. He ignores, or denies, or rationalizes the crying evils of the age.

The conservative assumes that his own class, or group, is The State, The Social Order, and he believes that the welfare of his own class provides the best possible guarantee that the welfare of all will be cared for. At the same time, he condemns all talk about classes, holding that, in a "democratic society," there can be no such thing as a division of classes, or a "conflict of classes."

The conservative is opposed to new ideas. He is intolerant of criticism. He is a foe of progress.

The conservative wants wages of workers kept low, since capital must be conserved for new enterprises. This is what he says. But he really is afraid that if workers are paid a decent wage, they will "get out of hand."

The conservative praises "education for all," but he is really opposed to universal education, because he fears that the children of the lower classes will be "educated above their station."

The conservative makes much of "individualism" when he is fighting a labor union, or a strike; but he forgets all about it when he is organizing the predatory interests of his own class.

The conservative denies the existence of "social problems," except the one big problem of getting rid of the agitators who keep talking about problems. "The present social order is all right," he argues. "If any one finds anything wrong with it, he merely shows his own lack of adjustment. Let him straighten himself out, get himself organized, and he'll find that our institutions are the best in the world!"

These are some of the facets of the position of the conservative as given by his critics. What answers does he make to these indictments?

For the most part, he takes them good-humoredly, and lets them pass. When he does reply, he says something like this:

The conservative is never satisfied with things as they are. He is satisfied with nothing less than the best. But he wants to be sure that a change brings the best. His own class has most at stake in the state and in the social order, and it intends to defend its interests; but there is always room at the top, and any one may feel free to become a member of this upper class, by conforming to the conditions of membership. He is not opposed to new ideas, or to progress, or to criticism. He merely wants any new idea to be "tried and proven" before it is adopted. He wants criticism to be constructive, not destructive; he wants "progress" to build on what has been done, not tear it down and throw it away. He is always ready to raise wages, when that can be done without endangering the survival, or the control, of industry; but wages that absorb all the profits of the plant defeat themselves. He wants all children to have the best possible chance to get ready for the sort of life they can really expect to have. He sees no reason for spoiling a good mechanic to make a "cake eater." The Chamber of Commerce is composed of individuals who are working for a common interest. A labor union is run by an outsider, usually an agitator, who uses the dupes in the union to harass employers and to destroy the stability of industry, even of the social order, itself. The real problem is how to get rid of these fellows, who have nothing constructive to offer; who keep everything in confusion; and who argue that every one is out of step but themselves. To all such, we have but one word: "If you don't like this country, go back where you came from. Nobody will miss you!"

V

There is strength in this position, as long as it is not doubted. When conservatives try to defend themselves, as some are doing today, they almost always become ridiculous. Since their position has no logical consistency, it cannot be defended by arguments. In some ways, conservatism is in the most precarious position it has ever known. This is not due to any frontal attack by radicals. It is due to factors that are of nature, and that, therefore, may go as deep into reality as conservatism itself goes. What are these disturbing factors—that make even the conservative lie awake —some nights?

They are three in number: two are factors of nature, the third is found in social organization. They all speak the language of force, which is the langauge of conservatism. Yet the conservative is puzzled: can these disturbing things be real, or are they nightmares?

The first of these is found in those *new energies of nature,* now being explored by scientists and endlessly extended by technologists, which seem capable of becoming the instruments of an inexhaustible and automatic productivity of goods and, therefore, of making goods as plentiful as the air—which even common people can breathe freely, today. What is to become of the conservative's "conservation of capital," if wealth should become as plentiful as the air?

The second of these factors is found in those *new energies of human nature* which anthropology and the new psychology are uncovering and freeing from the ancient repressions of religion, class morality, and folkway loyalty; which find overflow in the hot blood and tingling nerves of youth; and which, since the coming of the automobile, can no longer be held within the bounds of local group control. What is to become of the "wisdom of experience," if these youthful energies get completely out of hand?

The last of these factors of disturbance is found in those militant organizations of workers rising everywhere in the world, which are asking, in some instances *taking,* a larger share of the wealth they help to create; a larger share in "social justice"; a more influential place in the councils of the nation, and the nations. What is to become of that class "whose right it is to rule," if these hitherto subordinate ones rise with strength enough to take over some of the seats of the mighty?

These three disturbing elements in the contemporary situation seem to imply, first, that *nature* can no longer be depended upon to defend the assumptions of the conservatives; second, that the human nature that is youth is freeing itself from the shackles of old customs, and is going its own unpatterned ways; and third, that the workers are not to be frightened much longer by the solemn warnings of an "employer class" which no longer offers them employment! Are not these enough to shake the assurance of even the most reactionary?

To be sure, primitive conservatives, from the earliest times, faced crises not unlike this one. But, in their day, they used, not the logic of the schools, of which they had none, but the wisdom

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of the earth, itself. They never attempted the impossible task of trying to defend their position with words. They lived; they enjoyed life, naturally, as long as they could; and when such existence was no longer possible, they gave themselves, with equal wholeheartedness, to whatever Fate had in store for them. They threw themselves into the Last Great Act—of starvation, or death in war—and passed off the stage, leaving neither regretful apologies nor any whining gods behind. They had neither the intelligence, nor the knowledge, nor the will, to continue existence on any other terms; and they had sense enough to know that!

VI

Yet for all these dire prospects, the contemporary conservative need not be unduly alarmed. The present age is scarcely in a position to take advantage of his precarious situation. It is not merely the liberal who is intellectually and morally bankrupt: the whole age is spiritually paralyzed—

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born!

Science and technology are dominant in the industrial area, perhaps; youth may be out of control, in its adolescent years; and the workers may be asking impertinent questions in many lands. But there is little likelihood that these disturbing factors can be brought together and organized for an intelligent assault on the strongholds of conservatism. They have no common interest. The scientist is interested in atoms; the technologist is building more machines; youth is "living its own life"; and the worker wants more wages. Each of these activities is a disintegrative factor, in itself: if they could all be integrated in a common interest, with a common plan of campaign, they could shake the world: they could build a new earth, fill it with the hopes of youth, and organize it for justice and peace!

But they can't get together. They do not, separately, see that all their activities have a common objective, and leadership is utterly lacking. Nor is adequate leadership likely to be found. Such leadership would have to be more intelligent than any the race has hitherto known. It would have to go as deep into nature and the earth as science and technology can go; as far into the past as conservatism has gone; as widely into the future as the visions of youth now go. There is no such leadership, today, and there is no place where such leadership can be developed. Scientists and technologists are content to make new discoveries and new machines, and to turn them over to capitalists for the benefit of a class interest. Youth is content to "have its fling" for a few adolescent years, then it joins the Junior Chamber of Commerce and takes lessons in "being good." Workers are content to escape responsibility for social reconstruction, if only they can find more pay in their envelopes. The age may look—but it will look in vain—for leaders to come from the schools, or the churches, or legislative halls. There is no leadership, today, that is competent to integrate all these emergent energies, and to concentrate them effectively on the task of social reconstruction—which they, separately, imply, but about which they can, separately, do little.

The age-long dominance of conservatism will continue, not as leadership, nor as a program of social orderliness, but wholly as *drift*. It can wait, as a glacier waits. It can absorb the discoveries of science and technology without accepting the implications of either. It can suck the energies out of youth, and make the rebel another "yes-man." It can flatter the worker, sell him stock in his own concern, and make him believe that he is his own employer. The structure of conservatism may be unstable. It may be shot through and through with contradictions. It may shake every time a critical wind blows. Nevertheless, it is here to stay: not because it has "soul," or "leadership" to offer, but wholly because it has mass, and mass is immortal.

Conservatism hasn't a leg to stand on. But, since it isn't going anywhere, it doesn't need legs. Its immobility is its strength. Life must have body, whether it has ideas or not. This ancient body of conservatism will remain, ideas or no ideas, beyond all temporary "new deals" and threatened revolutions; and "the more it changes, the more it will be the same." The past cannot be destroyed, or ignored, or denied. It cannot be made over, according to an innovating idea, except by the use of reconstructive measures that go clean to the roots of the ages. And any desirable new future will be found, when it has arrived, to be nothing but the conservative past, made over.

CHANCE HAS A WHIP

By Raymond Holden

The hands, with whip and pistol, fling at beasts
Lashings and loudness; the barred tigers cower.
Under the shiny hat, in the ivory tower,
In the vaulted skull where noble wisdom feasts,

Blooms the idea that makes the man a god
Jealous of action, anxious that seals should blow
His tune upon their trumpets, ponies know
Their plumes are his, elephants feel his rod.

Fear makes the horse dance, the lion stay his bite,
Holding the god's head in his jaws. Fear halts
The leopard's plunge and times the zebra's waltz.
The fear of fearing gives the trapeze height.

O god, accustomed to the crowd's held breath,
O mind of man, master of matter and fact,
Chance has a whip for your eventual act;
Chance wears the black hat while you practise death.

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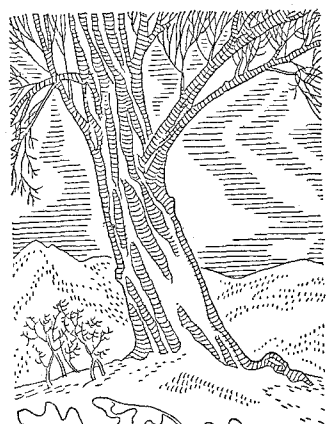
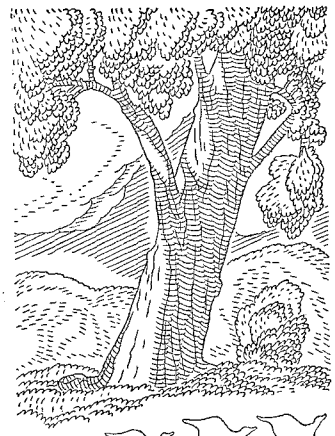
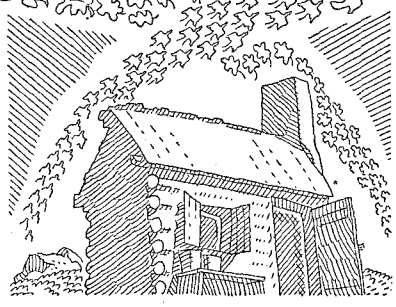




I Am Rich

By C. W. Whittemore

A cabin in the Berkshires is the haven for this erstwhile city dweller who built his own house, who marks the seasons in their steady pace and finds, for the moment at least, satisfaction



I AM the wealthiest resident on Pitts Hill Road; and also its poorest. Save for my log cabin, only cellar holes border it.

My cabin looks southward across a serrated declivity of blue-green: crowded tree-tops in a ravine stretching to the yellow green of a broad, cleared farm. Beyond the farm the slope continues toward a small village, unseen from the cabin, in the deeper valley of a river flowing through the Berkshire foothills.

The distance from cabin to village has been measured as four miles. In midwinter, gliding on skis over drifts, I have doubted the measure's accuracy; in midsummer, the sun pressing hot palms upon my pack-sack and road dust mounting my ankles, I have also doubted. Constantly I marvel at this simple demonstration of relativity.

To the west, north, and east I may walk for miles in hardwood timber, relieved here and there by small stands of pine and rectangles of brushland. From three sides of the cabin my reach touches trees; a cleared path leads southward to Pitts Hill Road, which, in turn, joins the narrow dirt road tracing the valley floor to the village.

For three-quarters of a century, I am told, wheeled vehicles have not rumbled over Pitts Hill Road. Bordering walls of moss-encrusted stone have tumbled in upon it. Spring freshets have worn downward to bedrock and ledge. A hundred years ago, an old farmer said, it was a busy stage road.

A flat stone is my cabin doorstep. I sit here watching the shadows of trees. What a clock-face is the forest, telling the time of seasons! I sit here in the summer dusk. What a symphony of night songs! I stand here in the winter's morning twilight, looking out upon a new fall of snow. The world begins at my doorstep—not a footprint or track leads from or to it.

I exult! I have drawn my horizon about me. Beyond it are folk still troubled, I know, by matters which once annoyed me.

To be a pauper among paupers is distressing. To be a pauper, alone on Pitts Hill Road, is to be wealthy.

I chose for the cabin site the crumbling stones of an old cellar hole. Whoever before me had selected this valley view, this side-hill shelter, would not grudge me so trifling a bequest. The hole had nearly been filled by the compost of many winters. The roots of tall trees penetrated beyond its original depth. From a distance of a dozen paces only a slight hollow was discernible.

With axe, pick-axe, and saw I came here one morning and decided to build. My shoes sank in moist dead leaves. As I stood beside the cellar hole I wondered, as one wonders when meeting an underlined passage in yellowed pages.

I looked upward through the spring fabric of green, even then being rapidly woven by black birch and white, by ash and by oak. I looked about me, listened for a moment to the impatient rush of the brook nearby, and decided that here I should build.

I remember that day. It is a part of me. I came here in the gray of a morning, thumbed the new edge of an axe, and marked my first tree. To the right or left, it did not matter which way that first tree fell. The thud of its fall to the ground was music. I looked up, and saw the wisp of a cloud sail by. There was a patch of clear sky over my head—a ragged patch hewn by the swing of my axe.

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And at dusk I stood with foot on a sap-moistened stump, looking up into the shell of afterglow. Around me were white chips, and on one side of the opening a pile of logs was mounting.

This new patch of sky was mine. It was there, too, the next morning, when I lifted my face from the frosted fibers of my blanket. What a feeling it is to want to leap from the blankets in the morning—to yank and pull against the checking drag of aching muscles!

Sweat and aching muscles are good. And when I drank from the brook, salt from my body gave the water a pleasant tang.

I had never cleared land before, but I learned. I learned, as well, to curse. What is a man to do but curse when, after an hour's effort to fell a towering oak in a chosen direction—marking it here, sawing it there, driving persuasive wedges—a sudden gust of wind topples it to a contrary point? But curses stayed in my throat as I lifted my head and measured the ever-widening patch of blue!

And at night a crackling blaze in a pit of stones, a beacon extending my day into dusk. Smoke confounding late spring insects; ligneous fragrance more pleasing than incense borne by solemn thurifer.

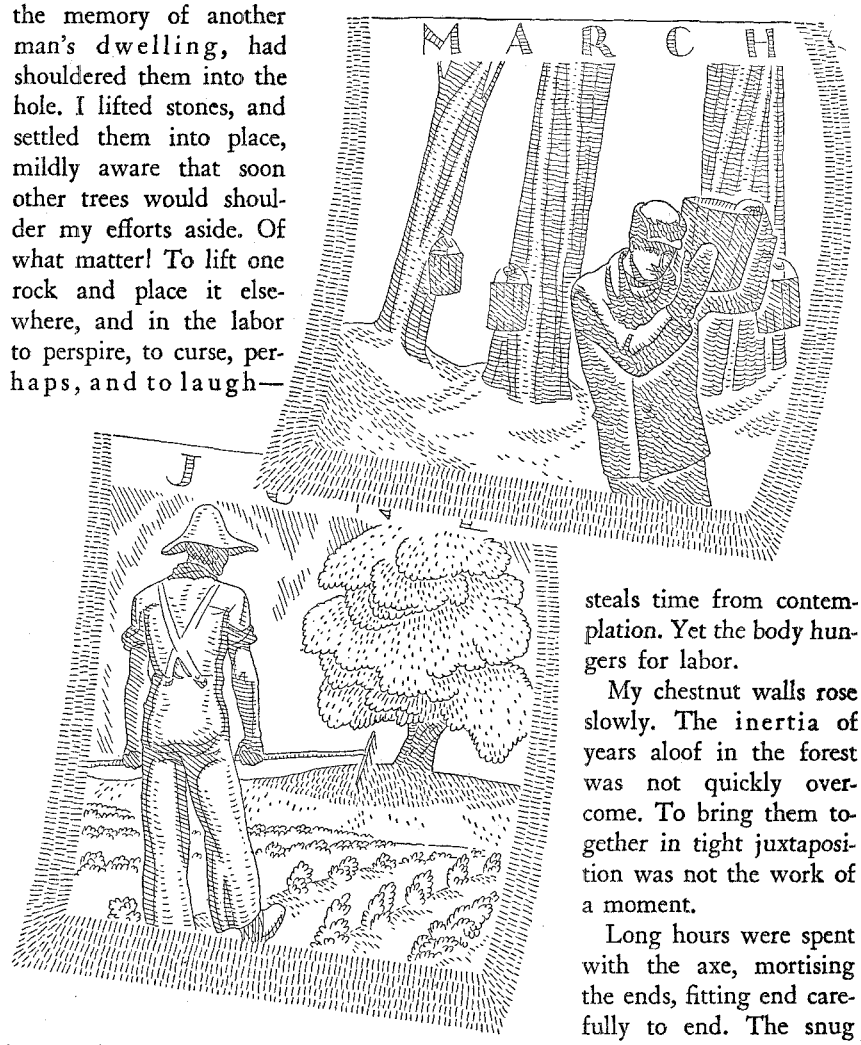
The vespers of night birds! The whip-poorwill crouched at the base of a rock or stump down-valley, instinctively crouched at the base of a natural acoustic shell; the many-toned and garrulous hermit thrush; the xylophonic downward sweep of the Wilson; the inquisitive, intermittent hoot of the barred owl.

I was not alone, not without music of its kind.

I chose chestnut for my sills—dead chestnut which for twenty years had stood lifeless, awaiting my axe. Dry and straight grained, it was sound to the heartwood. Majestic gray bones of the New England forest, they deserved more care than patience permitted my axe to give them. I planned to hew them on all four sides, but compromised with one. An interminable job! For months I kindled my fire with curled chips of chestnut.

Chip, chip! Hew to the line! Chip, chip!

To rest aching wrist and forearm I repaired the cellar wall, where frosts and growing trees, gently nudging aside the memory of another man's dwelling, had shouldered them into the hole. I lifted stones, and settled them into place, mildly aware that soon other trees would shoulder my efforts aside. Of what matter! To lift one rock and place it elsewhere, and in the labor to perspire, to curse, perhaps, and to laugh—



but in the main to enjoy each task.

I learned simple laws: that, with lever and fulcrum, persuasion of a deeply imbedded stone is easier; that a cornerstone is with less effort rolled down hill than up.

One day the foundation was in place. It is good for a man to leave his labor, and in the village were provisions I needed. I drove the axe blade into a stump, peered up at the sky to learn the weather, and walked down the path. At the turn of the path I halted and looked back. I leaned against a sturdy tree trunk and murmured to myself, "Suppose somebody comes by my place, now, while I am gone. He will stop, walk around the timbers, put his hand upon them, and then go away. He will know that somebody is building."

To labor is good. To erect a cabin of log walls alone is a task. Not for nothing is the barred owl termed a bird of wisdom. Let a crow build a nest this year—next year it will house the owl. Wisdom shakes its head at labor; it steals time from contemplation. Yet the body hungers for labor.

My chestnut walls rose slowly. The inertia of years aloof in the forest was not quickly overcome. To bring them together in tight juxtaposition was not the work of a moment.

Long hours were spent with the axe, mortising the ends, fitting end carefully to end. The snug thud of each timber, dropping into place, was important punctuation.

Securing the posts, the eaves plates, raising the rafters and laying the roof boards—these were items of light exercise. Hewing the logs was toil.

At times I turned my back upon the walls, and walked among the trees. And when I returned to the cabin, its roof cast a shadow on the floor. I watched that shadow. Do you understand? I had opened a patch in the forest, and now I had roofed a shelter from the rain.

For a year I have earned my living in enjoyment: coin that depends not upon exchange for value. Down-valley, I am told, the dollar has fallen—or has it appreciated? On Pitts Hill we laugh at fictitious silver or gold content; my neighbors because they are dead, and I because I am living.

Each week, for a year, a single dollar of society's currency has been paid to me for paragraphs in the village paper. That weekly dollar has been exchanged for food: enough, so far, for one man.

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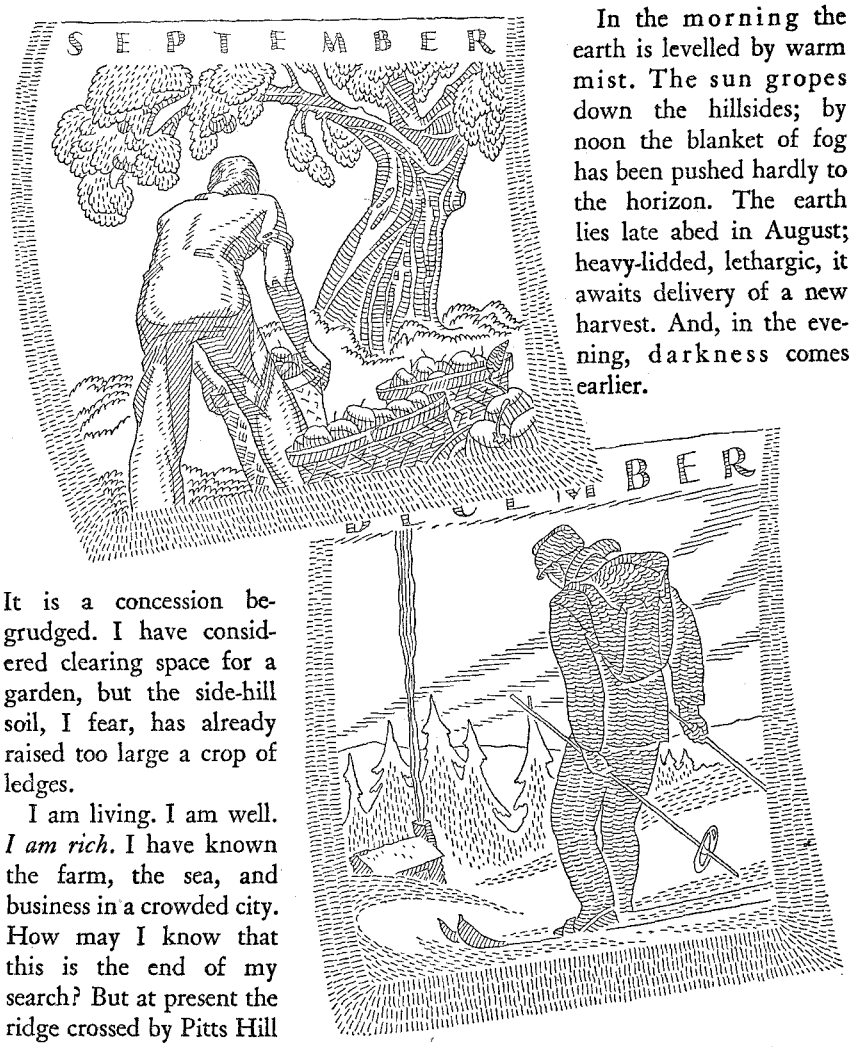

It is a concession begrudged. I have considered clearing space for a garden, but the side-hill soil, I fear, has already raised too large a crop of ledges.

I am living. I am well. *I am rich.* I have known the farm, the sea, and business in a crowded city. How may I know that this is the end of my search? But at present the ridge crossed by Pitts Hill Road is my mine, from which I unearth a wealth of enjoyment.

In late summer I draw from its limitless store.

It is August, the month of blackberries and locusts, of foggy mornings, smoky noons, and darker evenings. Summer is ripe, and the smell of mellow summer is in the wood lot. The earth is warm, well-baked; the pedestrian, fearless of sun or dust, feels the heat of the soil reach upward, caress his ankles. It is the greeting of the earth to feet daring to leave the repetitive upward pound of the pavement.

In the woodlot blackberries are ripening, nodding, heavy with purple juice. Each tiny, seed-containing globule of ebony reflects the sun, entrusts minute fragrance to the breeze. The rhythmic nod of heavy-sweet blackberries in the sun and breeze! Left to an undisturbed destiny they soon drop, sift their way to the bottom of a brittle brush pile. And in their fall they mark a gray, barkless branch.

In the morning the earth is levelled by warm mist. The sun gropes down the hillsides; by noon the blanket of fog has been pushed hardly to the horizon. The earth lies late abed in August; heavy-lidded, lethargic, it awaits delivery of a new harvest. And, in the evening, darkness comes earlier.

It is the pause following the benediction, before the recessional. Summer kneels in the open woodlots, in the shade of green timber, in the chip-strewn yard before my cabin, and at the edge of evening.

I listen, perhaps, to the rattle and tap of fall rain on my tarred-paper roof; it is my morning music. From the random, unscored, pattering rataplan my ears select a rhythm to suit and to soothe my mood.

My thoughts ride easily, like chips upon a gentle surf, buoyed by the sibilant whisper of tiny drops which have fallen far to reach my shelter.

Staccato, unmetered, crisply random is the rain first gathered by overhanging branches, and in larger drops wind-sprinkled. Herein is the stimulant of choice untrammelled and unprescribed. Chaotic, anarchic, scorning metronomic precision: this sudden drip, and drop, and desultory patter, perhaps, more nearly tells of nature's way and mood.

I listen, and know that dry stream beds are filling, that the soil of field and pasture and woodland is swollen with welcome moisture. Ripened acorns, bursting fibrous bonds, drop from limb to limb, or whisk through leaves to the ground: tick, tock, marking the turn of a season. The sheltered cricket, beneath a stone, stridulates briskly, or pauses to move back from encroaching seepage. Upward through needles and leaves, outward from the bark of stumps and tree trunks come the stolid blooms of mushrooms. The ants have closed the doors of their domes, and through intricate passageways retired to subterranean safety. These things I know without stepping beyond my eaves at the north and south.

In the village and city the rain falls upon other roofs, streaks down other window panes. Behind the glass are disappointed folk. The bridge table, a scurried trip to the movies, must substitute for other plans. Storekeepers grumble. Roadside stands yawn vacantly.

And meanwhile I listen to fall rain on my tarred-paper roof, and from the pattering rataplan select a rhythm to suit my mood.

No more permanent than upon summer sand, but equally beautiful, is the account of happenings written upon winter snow. And to observe events, or the account of events, is a manner of enjoying life.

I am awakened by cold that creeps through log interstices, chinked though they are with deer moss. The cold creeps from the cabin corners and reaches beneath my mound of blankets. I arise, kindle a fire, and decide I have slept enough. My feet within the oven, on the stove a pot of coffee gurgling, I estimate the time by the moon who couches herself in an old oak crotch, forking high beyond my western window. By the town hall timepiece, miles of lonely road away, it may be three o'clock—the hour when, waking or sleeping, we and our dreams are one, when thoughts are idle and unconstrained.

Outside I hear the snap and crackle of frost rending the fiber of trees. The early evening fall of snow has covered my doorstep clean. When I am ready to make tracks, I'll make them. For the time I have my universe to contemplate.

Alone? Ah, but François Rabelais sits

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on my rude board shelf, slapping a knee as he lifts a glass and tells me more of Panurge's perennial predicament; Montaigne looks about with analytical eye while Rousseau listens, considering not what is said, but his own aroused thoughts. Alone? But George Moore is here, Knut Hamsun, Turgenev, Chekov, Melville, Thoreau, Joyce, and Mumford. Not for want of company have I ever been alone!

That inner lonesomeness? That I have known on a winter morning. At times when the woods, white and stunned, seemed to hold their breath, I have felt the gnaw of lonesomeness. I came to know every knot in my cabin walls. I counted the sticks of wood in the wood box. I paced the planks of the floor—a trick I'd brought, no doubt, from the sea. I walked the planks until I could shut my eyes and tell from the note of the creak where I stood. There were times when I hated myself and the cabin bitterly. But not the bitterness of the sort I have known in a subway crush.

And a cup of coffee on a winter morning is an almost certain cure. Lonesomeness, I figure, is but a temporary lull in peristaltic action, when the mind is in command.

From the knoll top, back of the cabin, I greet the rising sun. Like sail tips on a white sea, smoke spirals from valley farmhouses. Wood smoke lies like an aerial island above the village. It is well with my human neighbors, time now that I call upon neighbors of feather and fur.

Light snow which covers the crust squeaks beneath the weight of my gum rubbers. I listen and pucker my brow. Twenty below, or colder, unless my ear deceives. For I have learned that the sound of snow underfoot varies with the temperature. Did you know that a cricket's tempo is more rapid on a hot night than a cold?

But the wind is swinging lightly to the south. Today it will be warmer.

I mount the ridge, for a distance, by the stage road—now a frayed yet unbroken ribbon of white. I pause where a great hemlock stretches its sheltering limbs. The evening snow hardly sifted through, not enough to cover the tips strewn about, snipped off by sharp teeth of the quilled pig or squirrel. Blunt green needles are the crumbs of an old feast, sinking slowly into the white, sun-worn cloth.

I follow the hedgehog's round, deliberate print. Seldom have I not found them at home, and then not far away. Theirs is a bucolic and small-horizoned existence. When going about their business of feeding they walk the same path, to the same young beech or hemlock, and return by the same path. But now, after a fresh snowfall, and a moonlit night, I see tracks made while they were at play. Their purposeful tread alters to a trot, aimlessly they circle among small trees. The book of tracks in snow, I tell myself, I must read more often.

The hedgehogs dwell in the hollow trunk of an ancient chestnut. I rap. From within comes the dry rasping of quills, a grunt, and the sound of claws ascending. They are at home. It is well, no doubt, with them.

Chance directs my tramp along the ridge. I cross and examine a fox run. I observe that a deer—a buck from its blunt hoofprint, spent the night in the valley stand of pines, but early this morning mounted the ridge. I follow the impressions made by spread toes of a partridge, the delicate trace of drooping wings beside them.

It is good to return to the cabin, to open the door and meet the smell of myself rushing out to meet me! The fire replenished, I turn with zeal to my typewriter.

In the late afternoon, perhaps, I lash skis to my feet, and skim down-valley to the village. I return at dusk, and pause for a moment in the pines. I know it is silent, that no breeze stirs, yet I seem to hear the tenor drone of summer locusts. Are they last year's or next year's?

In the spring, too, I draw from surrounding wealth.

It is the day, let us say, when for the first time the sap in my tiny sugar orchard runs as if it really intended to reach the limbs, and twigs, and buds. Any number of farmers, sap flies, minute snow fleas, have also been awaiting this sudden rush of maple life-blood. For many days the gray, rough-barked butts of old rock maples along country roads have been colored by the stolid red buckets, squatting around the waist of the tree at its greatest circumference, patiently waiting for the rise of sap from the roots.

Today the sap springs upward and spurts from my sumac spouts. I wade through knee-deep, soggy snow still sheltered by laurel, to reach my trees, and gather many gallons of sap in a bucket. My cabin steams, the paper in my typewriter is moist. The stove must be fed continuously. Much labor, but at the end of the day I have a quart of golden sweet syrup.

At times, when I return to Pitts Hill from a brief visit to the city I have left behind, it seems that here my roots have gone down. Here I am at home. Last summer I built these log walls—in the winter did they build me?

Chance, not premeditation, has caused me to pause with uplifted axe while I look down-valley and listen to the mellow whistle of a train, to watch through a fringe of birch leaves a scarlet tanager perched on the uppermost tip of a hemlock, to stand in an open wood lot while the very atmosphere vibrates with summer heat; chance, not premeditation, has permitted me to whisper, "This is a moment." And roots, I somehow suspect, are like signing a contract with the future.

But to seek explanations is idle; solutions lead but to new problems. For the present I am here, the wealthiest yet the poorest resident of Pitts Hill Road. I am alive, able to swing an axe, healthy enough to perspire, to eat, drink, and sleep well.

It is enough.

Next month: "Hell and High Water," the story of a forester, by WILLIAM P. LAWSON.

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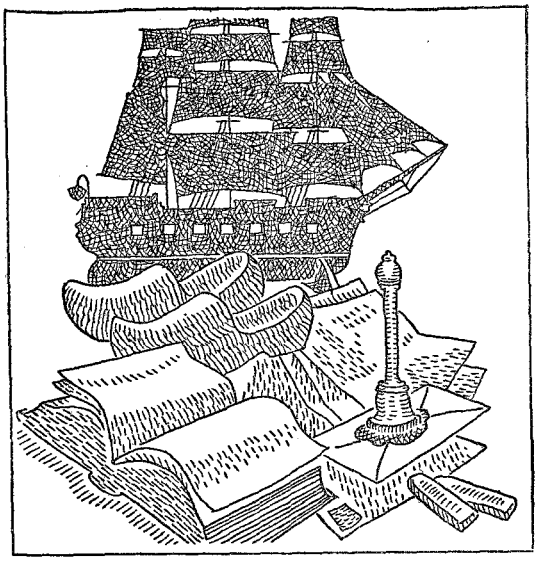
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



One Hundred Selected New Books of the Year . . . Corporal Punishment, Pro or Con . . . To Sleep, and to Dream . . . "Jul-yet" versus "Jul-i-et"

HERE is my selected list of one hundred new books among those I have read or examined since the first of May, 1934. I have included no translations; these are all native, no matter on which side of the Atlantic they may have been born. I believe that every one of these books is worth buying, and will make a desirable addition to the family or individual library. I hope also that persons who have the agreeable though somewhat difficult task of buying books for reading clubs, public libraries, etc., may find this list of some use.

You will not find here works on economics, "government," politics, or applied science; the foundations of all such treatises are shifting sand. The books I have chosen deal only with human nature in its eternal and unchangeable manifestations; and even in the biographies and histories it is the revelation of human nature rather than the discussion of institutions that determines their importance.

For in the far-distant future, say eight thousand years from now, the history of the remote past may be written in the way Mark Sullivan writes today of our times. Instead of a succession of wars, men may be more interested in the general progress and activities of mankind; wars will seem like turbulent and messy interruptions; in the phrase of Wingfield-Stratford (I quote from memory) the whole career of Napoleon may seem to have been an "irrelevancy."

But people will always be interested in reading love stories, going to the theater, looking at pictures, and listening to music. The verbal, graphic, dramatic, musical expression of human emotion will survive all empires and all seismic disturbances, whether they are caused by acts of God or by the folly of men.

FICTION

One Light Burning, by R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50. Combining a thrilling love-story with thrilling adventures in the tundras of Siberia. The conversations are profoundly interesting; they are a tonic for the spiritual life.

So Red the Rose, by Stark Young. Scribners. $2.50. A warmly sympathetic interpretation of the aristocratic social life in the deep South before and during the Civil War. The family conversations are particularly good.

Lamb in His Bosom, by Caroline Miller. Harpers. $2.50. This got the Pulitzer Prize last Spring, and deserved it. It is an epic of life in Georgia one hundred years ago.

A House Divided, by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. $2.50. Completing the trilogy, and now all three books have been assembled in one volume. The scenes and characters are mainly Chinese, but the interest is elementally and universally human.

End of the Chapter, by John Galsworthy. Scribners. $3. Three novels in one volume—*Maid in Waiting, Flowering Wilderness, Over the River.* Exhibiting mainly the struggle in loyalties which interested the author, possibly because it took place every day in his own heart.

Heaven's My Destination, by Thornton Wilder. Harpers. $2.50. One of the easiest books to read and one of the most difficult to understand; this is proved by its enormous sale and by the puzzlement of the reviewers. No novelist today is more subtle; and with the one exception of Zona Gale, none can say so much in so few pages. My advice is to read the book twice and the chapter in the courtroom three times.

Hornet's Nest, by Helen Ashton. Macmillan. $2.50. Showing how the "human element" interferes with a young surgeon's ambition. Every character in the book is well drawn.

The Road to Nowhere, by Maurice Walsh. Stokes. $2.50. Romance is never dead.

Little Orvie, by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday Doran. $2.50. It is fortunate that the child is not always the father of the man. This is an exasperating book because the mimicry is so perfect. One of its most brilliant characters is the Cat.

Come and Get It, by Edna Ferber. Doubleday Doran. $2.50. Having revealed Chicago, the river-theaters of the South, the land rush in Oklahoma, the invasion and conquest of Connecticut, Edna Ferber takes us back to the lumber kings and lumber jacks of Wisconsin. Her hero dies too soon for the good of the book. But no one will forget the big Scandinavian and his family.

Green Light, by L. C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. An "inspirational" novel with the inescapable faults of style and construction. It will do you good, however, if you will co-operate by giving it a chance.

Sinbad the Soldier, by Percival Christopher Wren. Houghton Mifflin. $2. Naturally ripping; one of his best since *Beau Geste.*

She Fell Among Thieves, by Dornford Yates. Minton Balch. $2. As Captain Wren is the successor of Dumas, so is Mr. Yates of Anthony Hope. This is a wildly exciting yarn, without a slow page.

Death Sentence, by Alice Duer Miller. Dodd Mead. $2. An exciting and well-written story, with a powerful and much-needed implication.

Now in November, by Josephine Johnston. Simon & Schuster. $2. "A common grayness silvers everything,—all in a twilight . . . and autumn grows, autumn in everything."

Years Are So Long, by Josephine Lawrence. Stokes. $2.50. One of the most painful and most powerful of recent novels. One effect has been to increase substantially the number of persons taking annuities.

Once a Wilderness, by Arthur Pound. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50. An amazingly truthful interpretation of the swift change in Michigan from men to machines. The hero is as real as any man you know.

First and Last, by Ring Lardner. Scribners. $2.50. Reminding us of a great loss to literature.

Captain Nicholas, by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday Doran. $2.50. Not his greatest, but one of his most entertaining novels.

East and West, by Somerset Maugham. Doubleday Doran. $3. A collection of short stories by a master of the art.

The Free Fishers, by John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. A good story of a real

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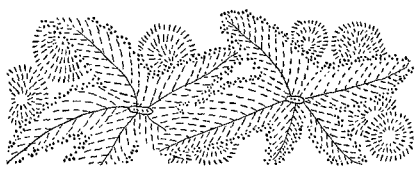
society. The horsemanship will delight those who know horses.

My Shadow as I Pass, by Sybil Bolitho. Viking. $2.50. A record of poignant grief; a tragic revelation.

The Taking of the Gry, by John Masefield. Macmillan. $1.75. In getting through the difficult channel it is as exciting as the opening of Cooper's *The Pilot*.

Mary Peters, by Mary Ellen Chase. Macmillan. $2.50. Excellent amphibious novel of Maine and the Main.

Yonder Sails the Mayflower, by Honoré Morrow. Morrow. $2.50. A good novel combining the facts of history with artistic characterization.



Goodbye, Mr. Chips. Little Brown. $1.50. *Lost Horizon*. Morrow. $2.50. *And Now Goodbye*. Grosset. $1.75. *Without Armor*. Morrow. $2.50. *Ill Wind*. Morrow. $2.50. *The Passionate Year*. Little Brown (out of print). *The Meadows of the Moon*. Butterworth, London. 3s. 6d., by James Hilton. The first two are the best, but all are worth reading.

Of Time and the River, by Thomas Wolfe. Scribners. $3. This is the only book I include without a distinct personal recommendation. I include it because of its universally enthusiastic reception. I have not had time to read so long a book. I hope it is all "they say" it is.

The Story of an African Chief, by Aiki Nyabongo. Scribners. $3. Illustrated by Eleanor Maroney. Astonishing narrative in the form of fiction, of the strange customs and people of a country near the Mountains of the Moon.

Brinkley Manor, by P. G. Wodehouse. Little Brown. $2. No recommendation necessary.

BIOGRAPHY

R. E. Lee, by Douglas S. Freeman. Scribners. Four vols. $3.75 each. Illustrated. Worthy in every way of its great theme.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, new edition, ed. by Powell. Oxford. Four vols. $28 complete. This is Hill's edition of 1887 reinforced by more recent researches. The best edition of the best biography.

Life of Carlyle, ed. by David A. Wilson. Dutton. $5. Sixth and concluding volume by David Wilson MacArthur. Reading this is like walking and talking with Thomas himself.

Walter Savage Landor, by H. C. Minchin. Methuen (London). 6s. Many hitherto unpublished letters by both Landor and Browning.

Alfred De Vigny, by Arnold Whitridge. Oxford. $2.50. A brief but illuminating account of his life and works, with excellent criticism.

A Backward Glance, by Edith Wharton. Appleton Century. $2.50. Charming autobiography, with many portraits of contemporaries.

Alexander the Corrector, by Edith Olivier. Viking. $2.50. A delightful Life of Cruden, who made the Concordance.

Story of an Itinerant Teacher, by Edward H. Griggs. Bobbs Merrill. $1.50. Interesting account of the education and travels of a famous public lecturer.

To My Sons, by Harold Bell Wright. Harpers. $2. The terrific environment and horror of his boyhood.

Experiment in Autobiography, by H. G. Wells. Macmillan. $4. Remembrance of things past is interesting; prophecies of the future very dull.

Vale, by Dean Inge. Longmans Green. $2. It is well to read this after Wells's book, to see how different two distinguished Englishmen can be.

I Remember, by J. Henry Harper. Harpers. $3. Member of the famous publishing firm tells many good stories.

Fourscore, by Robert Grant. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. There are a few patricians left in America, and Judge Grant is one of the most urbane and most courageous.

Dostoevsky, by A. Yarmolinsky. Harcourt Brace. $3.75. This is the best biography in English of the great Russian.

Milton, by Rose Macaulay. Harpers. $2. Much in little.

Oliver Cromwell, by John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50. Scholarly and dramatic.

Francis the First, by Francis Hackett. Doubleday Doran. $3. As king and as man, with plenty of atmosphere.

Thaddeus Stevens, by Thomas F. Woodley. Telegraph Press (Harrisburg, Pa.). Extremely interesting account of one of the most picturesque characters in American political history. Founded on original research.

Roman Spring, by Mrs. Winthrop Chanler. Little Brown. $3. Delightful reminiscences of Americans and others in Italy.

My Cousin, Marion Crawford, by Maud Howe Elliott. Macmillan. $2.50. Intimate life of a famous and striking personality.

My Own Story, by Marie Dressler. Little Brown. $2.50. Vivacious history of a really wonderful personality; her tremendous vitality was equalled by her loving-kindness.

Anne of England, by M. R. Hopkinson. Macmillan. $3.50. The author believes Anne was a great queen. Illustrated.

Marlborough, by Winston Churchill. Scribners. $6. Biography of a great soldier by a brilliant politician.

GENERAL LITERATURE

The Sceptical Approach to Religion, by Paul Elmer More. Princeton. $2. Showing that the adventures of the mind may be as thrilling as those that are physical or emotional. A very remarkable book.

The Curtain Falls, by Joseph V. Reed. Harcourt Brace. $2.75. Surely one of the most exciting books ever written of life behind the curtain.

Heaven High, Hell Deep, by Norman Archibald. Boni. $2.50. Truthful account of an airman's experiences in the war.

The Unknown God, by Alfred Noyes. Sheed & Ward. $2. This is a profoundly interesting story of the progress of an intelligent and honest thinker from agnosticism to religious faith. Solid thought beautifully expressed.

The Story of Gardening, by Richardson Wright. Dodd Mead. $3. From earliest times to the penthouse.

Alice James, Her Brothers, Her Journal, ed. by Anna Robeson Burr. Dodd Mead. $2.50. A great personality herself, with clear pictures of William and Henry.

A Year's Embassy to Mustafa Kemal, by Charles H. Sherrill. Scribners. $3. Close-up views of a man who has made history.

Sweet Land, by Lewis Gannett. Doubleday Doran. $1.50. Excellent account of seeing the United States inexpensively by automobile.

A Girl Before the Mast, by Betty Jacobsen. Scribners. $2. Around the Horn on a sailing ship. A true story.

Can Prayer Be Answered? by Mary Austin. Farrar & Rinehart. $1. She thought it could and I hope that now she is certain.

The Provincial Lady in America, by E. M. Delafield. Harper. $2.50. Agreeable comments on America by a travelling English feminine novelist, who was wise enough to take coffee in the only country that provides the best specimens.

Stars Fell on Alabama, by Carl Carmer. Farrar & Rinehart. $3. Romance and mystery in our own land.

A Primer for Tomorrow, by Christian Gauss. Scribners. $2.50. A conjecture of the future, with reflections on present mental necessities.

In the Dark Backward, by H. W. Nevinson. Harcourt Brace. $2.50. Accounts of distant countries seen through the eyes of scholarly memories.

The Halcyon Era, by Lord Ernest Hamilton. Dutton. $3. A survivor of Victorian times looks back and forward.

English Journey, by J. B. Priestley. Harpers. $3. Travelling around his native island this trained observer reports what he sees.

The Scotland of Our Fathers, by Elizabeth S. Haldane. Appleton Century. $3.50. A book full of information and illuminated by wisdom.

One's Company, by Peter Fleming. Scribners. $2.75. Shrewd and humorous account of a journey from England through Russia to the east.

Introduction to Cambridge, by S. C. Roberts. Macmillan. $1. In very small compass telling just what we want to know about the University of Cambridge.

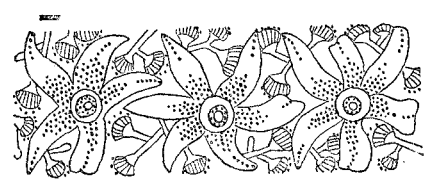
Peace with Honour, by A. A. Milne. Dutton. $2. Vigorous plea for world-peace by a distinguished novelist, dramatist, humorist.

Bob Davis at Large, by Robert H. Davis. Appleton Century. $2.50. Observations on travels abroad by a first-class journalist.

America's Tragedy, by James T. Adams. Scribners. $3. The political history of the U. S. in the nineteenth century.

The Secret of Victorious Living, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harpers. $1.50. Sermons which in their simplicity and sincerity unconsciously explain their author's eminence.

Why Not Try God? by Mary Pickford. Kinsey. $1. A witness to the results of communication with the Unseen.



Letters from John Galsworthy, ed. by Edward Garnett. Scribners. $2.50. Full of interest to students of contemporary literature.

Author Hunting, by Grant Richards. Coward McCann. $3.50. Innumerable and entertaining anecdotes of great literary figures by a publisher.

A Western Wind, by Charles S. Brooks. Illustrated by Mary S. Brooks. Harcourt Brace. $2.50. The author spent some of his last days in California on the coast.

Letters from Greenroom Ghosts, by John Mason Brown. Viking. $2. The past and the present of the stage, by one of the best drama critics in America.

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The American Theatre as Seen by Its Critics, by Moses and Brown. Norton. $3.75. The past and the present reviews of plays.

A Letter of Emerson, ed. by Willard Reed. Beacon. $1. An hitherto unpublished masterpiece by the greatest mind in American literature.

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Letters of Jonathan Swift to Charles Ford, ed. by D. N. Smith. Oxford. $6. Hitherto unpublished letters about *Gulliver's Travels* and other things.

Journal of a Lady of Quality, ed. by Evangeline and C. M. Andrews. Yale. $4. Thrilling diary of a voyage by a Scots lady in the eighteenth century.

The Glory Road, by Arthur Hopkins. Dutton. $2. Religious meditations by a famous theater director.

The Victor Book of the Symphony, by Charles O'Connell. Simon & Schuster. $3. Synopsis of every famous symphony, written for those who have no technical knowledge.

The Georgian Scene, by Frank Swinnerton. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.50. Personal reminiscences and literary criticism of British authors from 1900 to 1934.

Men and Women of Far Horizons, ed. by Jesse R. Wilson. Friendship Press. $1. Brief and lively accounts by foreign missionaries of their experiences among far-distant peoples.

In the Steps of the Master, by H. V. Morton. Dodd Mead. $3. After reading this book one feels like taking the first ship for Palestine. It is an ideal guide.

A Connotary, by the Hon. John G. Pollard. Crowell. $1. A diverting, humorous little book, good for reading aloud.

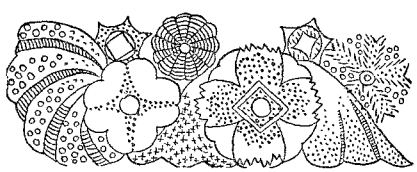
The Doctor in History, by H. W. Haggard. Yale. $3. An interesting history of physicians, copiously and wonderfully illustrated.

England in the Reign of Charles II, by David Ogg. Oxford. Two vols. $12 complete. The general social life of the Restoration. Illustrated.

Johnson's England, by A. S. Turberville. Oxford. Two vols. $14 complete. All the social, literary, and athletic activities of 1750. Illustrated.

Oxford History of the United States, by Samuel Morison. Oxford. Two vols. $10 complete. It is interesting to read about ourselves as an Englishman sees us.

Early Victorian England, ed. by G. M. Young. Oxford. Two vols. $14 complete. The social life in England from 1830 to 1865. Illustrated.



VERSE

Wine from These Grapes, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers. $2. Fully sustains her great reputation.

Dream and Action, by Leonard Bacon. Harpers. $2. Splendid narrative poem of an almost impossible and yet real person.

Amaranth, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan. $2. The ordinary situation reversed. Powerful characterizations.

Basket for a Fair, by Laura Benét. Doubleday Doran. $1.75. Original poems of imagination and beauty.

American Song, by Paul Engle. Doubleday Doran. $1.75. Just the opposite of "defeatism."

The Primrose Path, by Ogden Nash. Simon & Schuster. $2.50. One of the funniest books I ever read; filled with original humor. A marvellous book for convalescents and others.

Man with a Bull-tongue Plow, by Jesse Stuart. Dutton. $3. A series of sonnets by an original and vigorous man from Kentucky.

Riders of the Sky, by Leighton Brewer. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. Very fine narrative poem of an airman in the war.

Our Cat, by Baron Ireland. Doubleday Doran. $2. Witty and brilliant verses by a humorist who understands cats.

AND FIFTEEN THRILLERS

Hearken to the Evidence, by H. R. Wakefield. Doubleday Doran. $2. Full of cerebration.

Fer de Lance, by Rex Stout. Farrar & Rinehart. $2. One of the best murder stories of the century.

Bulldog Drummond at Bay, by H. C. McNeile. Doubleday Doran. $2. Always welcome.

Death in the Air, by Agatha Christie. Dodd Mead. $2. Don't look at the last chapter till you reach it.

The White Priory Murders, by Carter Dickson. Morrow. $2. Aren't you glad of the plural?

The Line-up, by Helen Reilly. Doubleday Doran. $2. Steadily exciting.

The Crime of the Chromium Bowl, by E. Best Black. Loring & Mussey. $2. Mrs. Black has invented a splendid detective.

The Casino Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. Scribners. $2. Just as good as you knew it would be.

Sinister Inn, by J. J. Farjeon. Dodd Mead. $2. The grandson of Joseph Jefferson understands how to make a dramatic narrative.

Shadow on the Wall, by H. C. Bailey. Doubleday Doran. $2. Perfect of its kind.

The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little Brown. $2. One of his best.

Legacy of Death, by R. A. J. Walling. Morrow. $2. Well-written and compelling.

The Bannerman Case, by Jeremy Lord. Doubleday Doran. $2. Ingenious and thrilling.

The Woman He Chose, by James H. Wallis. Dutton. $2. The great scene in court.

A Girl Died Laughing, by Viola Paradise. Harpers. $2. She is the only one who laughed.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

The distinguished physician Doctor James J. Walsh of New York writes me an interesting letter about corporal punishment.

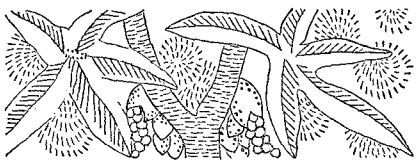
Thank you ever so much for that note on corporal punishment. I have argued for about a quarter of a century that no one has a right to say anything about corporal punishment unless he himself was corporally punished.

Like Dr. Johnson in that case at least, I was roundly whipped a number of times when I was young, and I am quite sure that it did me good. I have what may be called personal laboratory experience. People who were brought up as single children in families or as one of a precious pair and never were whipped have no right to an opinion in the matter.

The pun with which you end your March column is almost good it is so bad, because the worse a pun the better it is. One of the best I have ever heard came to me from an ex-vaudevillian who was dying of cancer. I saw him one evening and knew that he would probably be dead before morning so I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. "Only this," he said, "ask that fellow next door not to play the fiddle tonight. He does violins to my feelings."

P. S. REMEMBER JOHNSON SAID, "A MAN WHO MAKES PUNS WILL STEAL SHEEP." HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME EXPERIENCE.

Almost with the same mail came the following letter from the well-known London journalist, S. K. Ratcliffe.



Why do you say that corporal punishment is the thing? It can't be! In my elderhood I have few dogmas, but this is one: that the parent, the guardian, the elder, must not use physical violence upon a child or older boy or girl. It seems to me all bad. I know; for once, in a moment of ungovernable anger, I brought a roll of newspaper (it was a very slim one!) down upon the head of my son at the breakfast table. He was dumb with amazement! It is all bad. Look at that abominable scene of Murdstone in the Copperfield film! Admit the thing itself, and you have Murdstone.

And what do you think? *The Spectator,* the great weekly which I have the honor to represent in America, has lately been publishing letters about the caning of big girls in school! If I had been at home I should have urged the editor to come out with a blistering leader that would have finished off those disgusting fellers.

In one of the obituaries of J. S. Fletcher it was stated that he had read only one detective story other than his own: *Trent's Last Case.* It is almost, though not quite, the only one I have read myself. One of the literary mysteries of the time is concerned with E. C. Bentley's failure to continue after that notable success. And oddly, I have never asked him about it.

He was a colleague of mine on *The London Daily News:* assistant-editor under A. G. Gardiner. A fine journalist, a wit; a schoolfellow of G. K. Chesterton at St. Paul's. He invented the form of verse that started with the biographies illustrated by G. K. C. *E.g.:*

> What I like about Clive
> Is that he is no longer alive.
> There is something to be said
> For being dead.

Others, as you know, have imitated this *genre* without acknowledging their debt; and have gained reputation and money thereby. Bentley left *The D. News* in 1912. Ever since then he has been an editorial writer on *The Daily Telegraph.*

From Professor W. H. Rasche, of Virginia Polytechnic Institute:

While I am writing, please let me ask you to do something in your delightful department in SCRIBNER'S about the widely current misuse of the words *flair* and *ilk.* Over the radio, in the newspapers, in conversation, I constantly notice the misuse of these words.

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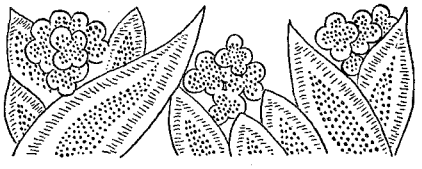
Please add your powerful voice in SCRIBNER'S in opposition to this misuse of these words.

Charles T. Atkins, of the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, sends me the following quotation about sleep, from Plato:

Much sleep is not required by nature, either for our souls or bodies, or for the actions in which they are concerned. For no one who is asleep is good for anything, any more than if he were dead; but he of us who has the most regard for life and reason keeps awake as long as he can, reserving only so much time for sleep as is expedient for health;



and much sleep is not required, if the habit of not sleeping be once formed.

From Professor Homer Cherrington of the State University of Iowa:

I was a graduate student at Harvard; the mid-year examinations, which had been very gruelling, were over. In exhaustion I went to bed and had a horrible dream. I was out on the plains of the West, standing in front of a country railway station. A freight train thundered by and as I saw the red lights on the caboose vanish in the darkness, I turned to look through the window of the lighted station—the only building in sight. Inside were three men: the station master and two others. The former as executioner was leading the others, with black caps over their faces, to two electric chairs. As the victims marched to their doom, the station master chanted a dirge, which so far as I know I had never heard before.

The picture made such a vivid impression on my mind that I told my wife about it early the next morning. That night we went to see Il Trovatore which was given in Boston by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. I had never seen the opera and was familiar with only a few parts of it. Much to my astonishment the orchestra, in the midst of the performance, struck up the tune exactly as I had heard it in my dream the night before.

In connection with the nation-wide celebration of the 90th birthday of that great American citizen, Elihu Root, I was informed by the Hon. George Wickersham that when Mr. Root was presiding over the New York State Convention of 1915, the Chaplain failed to appear, and without any hesitation and with absolutely no embarrassment Elihu Root made the following statement and offered his own prayer. It was one of the most impressive moments in any public gathering in recent times. Here is the record:

"Wednesday, May 5, 1915.

"*The President:* The arrangement under which the clergyman was to be present this morning appears in some way to have failed. Let us pray.

"Almighty God, we pray to Thee to guide our deliberations this day. Make us humble, sincere, devoted to the public service. Make us wise, considerate of the feelings and the opinions and the rights of others. Make us effective and useful for the advancement of Thy cause of peace and justice and liberty in the world. For Christ's sake, Amen."

TWO SYLLABLES OR THREE

I myself have always pronounced "Juliet" in two syllables, like "Julia," "Julian," and "Julius," and there is nothing that hurts my ear worse than the three syllables JUL-I-ET, that is, with the English, not the French name. The Oxford Dictionary gives only two syllables, but to my amazement the new Webster allows three. I am sure this is a vulgarism, but I have just received an interesting letter from Joseph Livingstone Jennings, of Hamden, Conn.

Many thanks for your kind letter concerning the case of "Jul-yet" versus "Jul-i-et."

Now I have discovered two more "criminals": Funk & Wagnalls in their New Standard Dictionary, and Professor Vizetelly himself! Neither of these eminent authorities so much as deigns to give "Jul-yet" even as a secondary pronunciation. In this they follow the example of the venerable and venerated Noah Webster himself.

But it seems to me that Shakespeare should be the most reliable authority, on the pronunciation of a name he has made immortal; and his meter, in lines where he uses this name, appears generally to support your contention; for he, as a rule, treats it as a word of two syllables. To illustrate, permit me to quote:

But soft! the light through yonder window breaks:
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Oh the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand!

Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy—

Come, cordial and not poison go with me
To Juliet's grave: for there must I use thee.

What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.

I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come, death and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

For here lies Juliet and her beauty makes—

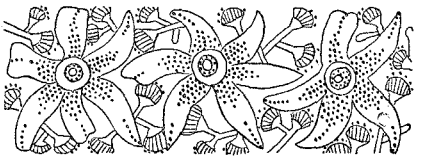
The preponderance of evidence seems to show, that Shakespeare treated the name as a word of two syllables—Jul-yet not Jul-i-et; but unfortunately the issue is somewhat beclouded owing to the fact that, in some few lines, he uses it as a word of three syllables:—

Wert thou as young as Jul-i-et thy love—

As true and faithful Jul-i-et—

Than this of Jul-i-et and Romeo.

Attorney Reilly might seize on these lines, and make much of the fact that the one last



quoted is the final line of the dramatic poem itself. He might also aver, that, anyway, not all words are now pronounced as they were in Shakespeare's time. I myself recall hearing Herbert Hoover, then President, in a radio talk, pronounce horizon as "hór-i-zon" and thought I had "our Michael Cassio on the hip"; but, on looking it up, found it was so pronounced by Shakespeare, or pronounced thus in his day.

Anyway—

Professor Phelps holds to "Jul-yet";
But Noah Webster—"Jul-i-et";
And Funk and Wagnalls does the same,
And Vizetelly! more's the shame;
While Shakespeare's meter seems to show
That he did not pronounce it so;
At least it mostly is "Jul-yet"
With him, and seldom "Jul-i-et."

Well, Shakespeare sometimes stretches a word to fill out the line: as CE-LI-A, in *As You Like It.*

It was a splendid idea of the Players, New York, to revive this year in their annual theatrical production, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" during the week from May 27 to June 1. This "Mystery melodramatic farce" by George M. Cohan will be glorified by the appearance of Mr. Cohan himself in the leading rôle.

ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB

Miss Leta Mooney, secretary to Mrs. Fanny Reese Pugh, of Hearne, Texas, has just joined the club. She read the entire book aloud to Mrs. Pugh, who is recovering from a serious eye operation.

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Behind the Scenes

About Scribner Authors. . . . A Bigger Letter Department. . . . What Does Ail Nursing? . . . Jews Not Communistic. . . . Russia Before and After the Revolution. . . . John Strachey Again.

Abbé Ernest Dimnet, with the late Ambassador Jusserand, is the only Frenchman who has attained literary distinction by his English writing. He studied under the famous scholar and poet, Angellier, at the University of Lille and Paris, and took a degree in English and taught English literature first at Lille and after 1902 at the College Stanislas in Paris. He began to write for the English reviews in 1897 and has been Paris correspondent for many of our nationally known magazines for years at a time. Most of us know him as the author of *The Art of Thinking,* and his new book *My Old World* is well up on present best-seller lists. He comes to the United States for a few weeks every fall to lecture and visit. He calls America his fountain of youth.

While his new novel *Of Time and the River* goes into its seventh printing **Thomas Wolfe** is in England, taking his first vacation in years, and hoping that his book is going to go all right. He plans to go also to Russia and Germany, where large royalties on his first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel,* have accumulated which must be spent inside the respective countries. "Gulliver" is the second of his stories to appear in Scribner's this year.

"Free Initiative and Free Prices" is the outcome of many discussions which **David Cushman Coyle** has had with planners, both liberal and radical, and of the growing criticism of price fixing under the NRA. During the past year Mr. Coyle has been consultant to the Mississippi Valley Committee and to the Water Section of the National Resources Board. He is a member also of the Technical Board of Review of the PWA and is well known as a lecturer all over the country.

Ernest Hemingway, author, hunter, fisherman, corrects proof on "Green Hills of Africa" between fishing trips off Key West, Fla. This new book, in seven instalments, has the advantage for Magazine readers, of containing a complete incident in each instalment so that each could stand alone.

Erskine Caldwell, whose play *Tobacco Road* and other stories of share croppers have been causing comment all over the country, was born in Georgia, in a place, he says, that isn't even on the map. At an early age he was taken away to live in such places as Memphis, Charlotte, and Tampa. "I tried to run away with a circus," he writes, "but got hauled back home by a policeman; I sold papers, but when I stayed out after dark the first day the neighborhood was called upon to form a searching party and I never could get permission to leave our block again; every time I was entered into a new school I got in a fight the first day." He has travelled a lot, has done newspaper work in Atlanta and New York and spent several sessions in Hollywood. His recent observations of conditions in the South have just been published under the title of *Tenant Farmer* and a book of short stories, *Kneel to the Rising Sun,* will be out soon. He lives in Mount Vernon, Me., "where I keep three ferocious dogs that have been trained to tear the pants off of visitors who drop in to stay two or three weeks and who fail to bring their own food supply."

Jesse Stuart is his own best biographer. In a letter received in January he says:

I don't know what is interesting about my life for your column "Behind the Scenes." I know to me life has been interesting and I have loved all of it from the beginning. I was born in 1907 in W-Hollow. I still live in W-Hollow but I am boarding away now and go back over the week-ends. I am teaching school.

The poem you now have in your possession ("The Cities"—March, 1935) to use in Scribner's was written in the mountains of east Tennessee this summer. I planned to spend the summer there and got into a row at church one night when some fellows called me out of the house and started a row with me over speaking to some fairly-nice looking girl. I didn't know but two boys there and they "stood by me." We went to the creek and got us some flat rocks to offset any pistols or knives. But it was rumored that I was a "stool-pigeon" spying for stills. A few people believed it. I wrote about ten poems while I was there and tore up stakes from there to Nashville—at Nashville I wrote "Songs for the Snow." Then I came back to Fullerton and wrote "Songs of Destiny" in the smokehouse by an onion-pile. I was so sick I had to sit propped up to use the typewriter—I never wrote any more poetry until December and then I wrote "Sonatas of Spring"—now in consideration of Scribner's editors.

I started "Sonatas of Spring" here in school—locked myself away from students and teachers and wrote the first two sections. I was hiding when we were supposed to have a teachers' meeting—a teacher found me and I told her to go on home and take it easy that we would not have a teachers' meeting. She smiled and closed the door. I went to Tennessee Christmas to see Elizabeth and I couldn't rest with the "Sonatas of Spring" on my mind—I ran off—broke three invitations with Elizabeth's friends and my friends and came home and went to the smokehouse and finished "Sonatas of Spring" by the onion-pile. I haven't written any poetry since but I have written prose occasionally. When I wrote "Songs of the Snow" it was hot as hell. When I wrote "Songs of Destiny" I wanted to fight something, for I was sore over the way I was treated in east Tennessee—when I wrote "Sonatas of Spring" I dreamed of Spring for we had winter days that reminded one of Spring—even the redbirds sang and whistled from the barren boughs. In Nashville, Tennessee, I slept with all my windows up and only a sheet spread over me during three pretty days and pretty nights in December.

At the present I am sick to write a book of prose I have in mind but this school work holds me down—I plan to write the book this summer. In the meantime I anticipate a visit to New York City and to New England and I expect to stay two weeks. I want to see the ocean above all—

Jesse Stuart.

Like his parents and grandparents, **Frederick Osborn** was born in New York City. His business career since graduation has been varied. It includes the management of a printing company, a year underground in mines in the Southwest, traffic manager and then president of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton R. R., which he eventually sold to Henry Ford. He is director in a bank and a number of corporations; trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, commissioner of the Palisades Interstate Park. For a long time he has been desirous of finding out what we know about the evolutionary changes taking place in the human race in the United States. Since 1928 he has carried on his business on a half-time basis and devoted the rest of it to research on this subject. His personal background for "Social Morality

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in a Diminishing Population" is also good. He has six children of his own.

William L. Fletcher, president of William L. Fletcher, Inc., Personnel Managers and Counselors, probably knows as much as any one in the country about what makes a man suitable for a good job. He has been interested in getting the right man for the right job since 1916 and has studied all methods of employment good and bad for years, sifting out the best and meeting and talking with thousands of potential employers and thousands of college graduates.

The author of "How Can I Believe?" **Katharine Shepard Hayden,** is in private life Mrs. J. T. Salter of Madison, Wis. Her brother is Joel Babcock Hayden, headmaster of Western Reserve Academy at Hudson, Ohio, who was for many years pastor of Fairmont Church in Cleveland.

Thomas H. Uzzell, who writes "Postage Stamp Psychosis," has for the last fifteen years been training professional writers in New York City. He was formerly associate editor of one of the nationally known magazines and has lectured on fiction writing at Columbia and Missouri State Universities. He is the author of *Narrative Technique* and the editor of *Short Story Hits.*

Joseph K. Hart, although he has published many books, is a teacher before he is a writer. He started teaching at seventeen in a swamp-bound school in Noble County, Indiana, his home state. He graduated from a small college in Indiana and later he says *"got my education*—over and above the farm—in the University of Chicago." He has taught at five universities and is now at Teachers College, New York City. For seven years he was educational editor of *The Survey Graphic.* His most recent research has been in the field of the application of the point of view of anthropology to contemporary culture and educational theory and practices.

For nearly ten years after the war, **C. W. Whittemore** submitted to the conventional rules of business and society, editing, writing, advertising, and selling for various firms and companies in New England. "I returned to Boston during depression's depths," he says. "Much scrambling failed to find a foothold. I learned to know that feeling of being out of step. I felt unhealthy in an unhealthy atmosphere. So I went back to the hills which I knew—and gained the perspective described in 'I Am Rich.'" While in the woods his writing failed to sell, so because of family obligations he closed the cabin and came back to town. Since then he has sold practically everything he wrote while in the woods. He calls it "a rather ironic twist of marketing experience." In June he returns to the woods, not because he hates society but because he likes it too well.

William E. Wilson is at present somewhere in the Mediterranean on a freight boat. He was brought up in Indiana in the midst of politics and when he was sixteen his father was elected to Congress. He went to Harvard, taught in Porto Rico, worked in a department store in Boston, worked on several newspapers, got an M.A. from Harvard and has since lived and taught in Providence, R. I. He teaches at Brown and is head of the English Department at the Rhode Island School of Design.

READERS will note that *Behind the Scenes* has been given a definite spot in the Magazine and that its space has been expanded. This is due to the increasing responsiveness of readers and the interesting material contained in their letters. We welcome letters from readers and shall be glad to publish occasional photographs if such publication would aid in illustrating a point. It unfortunately is not possible to publish every letter or even those letters we do use in entirety.

NURSING

Sir: "What Ails Nursing?" asks Inis Weed Jones: Nursing is really founded upon *bedside care of the sick.* To take it from its foundation means the difficulties under which nursing labors today. This does not mean that the hospital is entitled to the school for nurses, but it does mean that the nurse school should be an integral part of the university and those hospitals, qualified to give students their practice work in bedside care of the sick, *would be registered for such teaching by the university nurse faculty.* For when we learn to build nurse education upon its sole and only foundation, then we will *train* nurses and *develop* the practice of nursing.

There are many other corrections to be made in nurse education, but what I have emphasized brings out the first essentials: What constitutes the basis for nursing and where its education should be developed.

In his article on "Pedagogical Racketeering," by Henry W. Holmes, Dean of the Harvard School of Education, in the same issue with "What Ails Nursing?" Mr. Holmes has given some pertinent suggestions about education in general, therefore applicable to nurse education in particular.

I am a pioneer nurse educator in Colorado and Denver. What I have said above is what I have always held to be the way nurse education should be developed. But I do want to add that nurse education practices are not the only education practices that could be improved.

LOUIE CROFT BOYD.

Denver, Col.

TRIALS

Sir: Since reading an article entitled "What Ails Nursing?" in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, I have been thinking much, and wish to put in a word on the needless trials the nurses put up with from their patients.

I am a nurse of vast experience, having nursed in the far north and in the southern parts of North America, in mining camps, in large cities, etc.

I think it would be a good idea if in each community there were classes formed to teach the general public how to talk to and how to treat nurses when they fall into their hands and make the attendance at these classes compulsory.

And now about sending an obstetrical nurse to scarlet fever cases and a surgical nurse to a case of pneumonia, a well-trained nurse with *common-sense can handle any kind of a case.* I did not have any training in communicable diseases, yet when I was sent to my first case of scarlet, my patient was a delicate child, one of five, none of whom had scarlet and the doctor, "an old-fashioned one," kept saying to me, you will be here for a long time as they will all take it. He was delighted and surprised when my patient made a rapid recovery and no one else in the family took it. He laid this all down to good nursing.

As far as vulgar stories are concerned, that is one of the trials of the nursing profession, having to listen to them being told with a leer by the patient. Not all patients afflict them on their nurses. I was overseas doing war nursing four and one-half years and in charge of a hospital for returned men for one and one-half years, six years in all, doing war work and have yet to hear my first vulgar story from a soldier patient, but have been bored by several from private patients.

JEAN I. BELL.

New York City.

JOHN STRACHEY

Sir: The Magazine is to be congratulated on its publication of the article by John Strachey. It is well reasoned, calm, and appeals to the intellect rather than the emotions.

It amused me to see that you carefully counter-balanced Mr. Strachey by Mr. Huntington, whoever he may be. Mr. Huntington's article simply shows that you must have some understanding of your subject in order to write convincingly about it—an understanding which he woefully lacks. Any one who calls the Russian economic system State Capitalism, as he does, simply has no understanding of either capitalism or socialism.

Mr. Huntington ends up so ringingly: "For, if at some distant time you should reach our level of today, I have the faith to believe that the United States will then have passed far beyond that level to something better."

(Continued on page 14)

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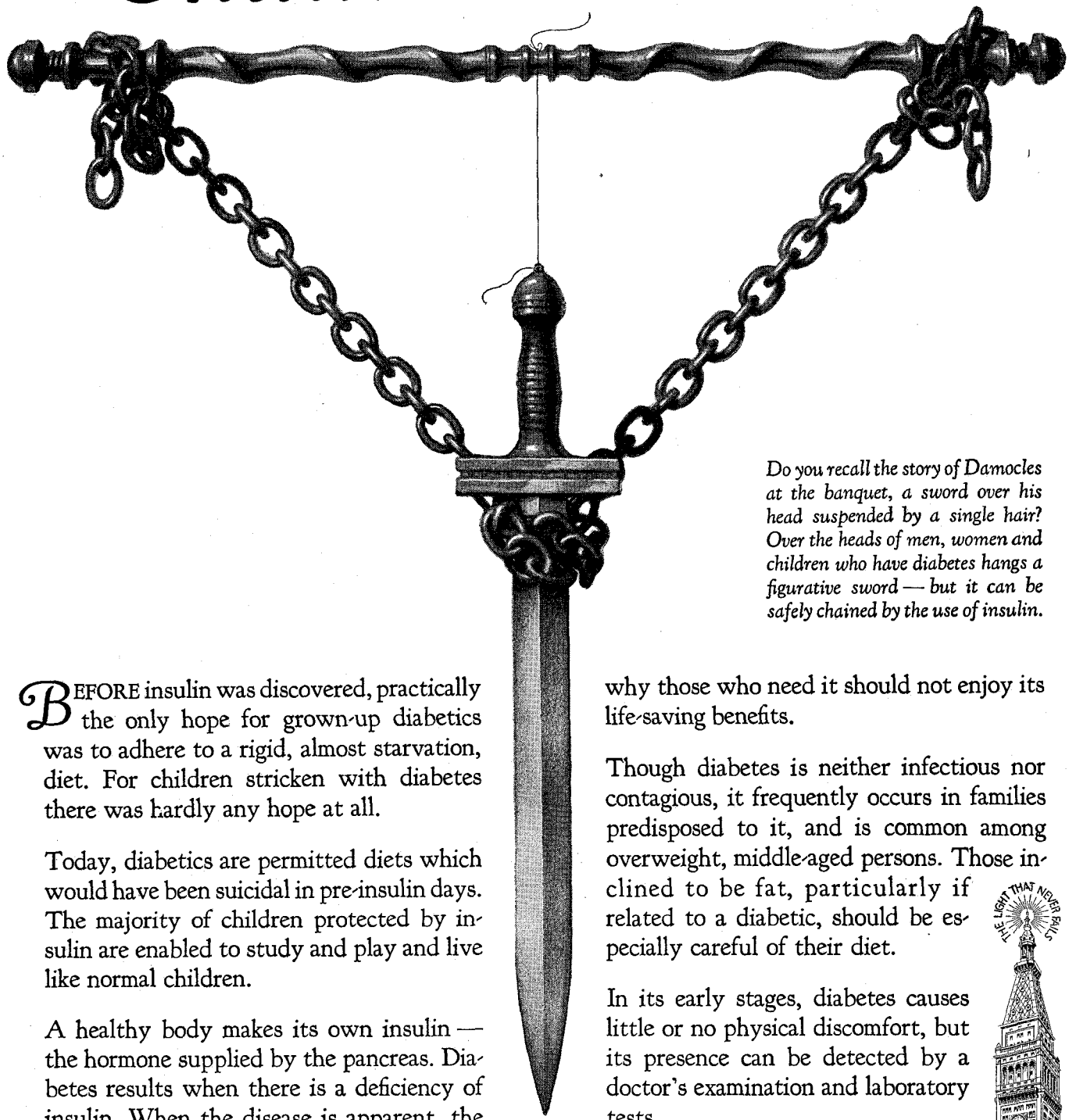
Chain the Sword



Do you recall the story of Damocles at the banquet, a sword over his head suspended by a single hair? Over the heads of men, women and children who have diabetes hangs a figurative sword — but it can be safely chained by the use of insulin.

BEFORE insulin was discovered, practically the only hope for grown-up diabetics was to adhere to a rigid, almost starvation, diet. For children stricken with diabetes there was hardly any hope at all.

Today, diabetics are permitted diets which would have been suicidal in pre-insulin days. The majority of children protected by insulin are enabled to study and play and live like normal children.

A healthy body makes its own insulin — the hormone supplied by the pancreas. Diabetes results when there is a deficiency of insulin. When the disease is apparent, the proper amount of injected insulin supplies a substitute for this essential element.

Injection of insulin is a simple matter. Most doctors show their patients, young and old, how to make the injections themselves. Insulin now costs less than formerly and it can be had everywhere. There is no reason why those who need it should not enjoy its life-saving benefits.

Though diabetes is neither infectious nor contagious, it frequently occurs in families predisposed to it, and is common among overweight, middle-aged persons. Those inclined to be fat, particularly if related to a diabetic, should be especially careful of their diet.

In its early stages, diabetes causes little or no physical discomfort, but its presence can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send, without cost, the booklet "Diabetes" which tells how to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes, and gives information about diet. Address Booklet Department 635-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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"By the Old Mill Stream"

. . . ON PARK AVENUE

■ Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, it *has* been done . . . and absolutely without the aid of mirrors! A brook, a water-wheel, trees, flowers . . . all within lorgnette range of swanky Park Avenue. This oasis in the desert of summer-time New York is called the Park Lane Gardens, where you can lunch, or dine on the finest viands and liquors to be found this side of The Bois. Dancing during cocktails and dinner to the rhythm of Mitchell Schuster and his orchestra.

If the idea of eating in the open doesn't appeal to you . . . the lofty, cool indoor garden awaits your pleasure. And that famous Round-the-World Bar has left its Winter post, and followed the crowd right out into The Gardens. The same delicious drinks, and the same old challenge: "If you stump the bartender on any authentic national drink, it's on the House!"

You'll go a long way before finding a more charming place to while away those pleasant hours that follow a hard, hot day of New York's Summer.

Bartender! A tall, cool one, please!

TWO ROOM APARTMENTS . . . from $10 a day. Or at special monthly rates. Also 2 to 6 room apartments with pantries, furnished or unfurnished, at special yearly rates.

Commendatore Gelardi, Managing Director

NEW YORK'S HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Park Lane

PARK AVE. • 48TH TO 49TH • NEW YORK

Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 384*)

How, Mr. Huntington? Under capitalism, perchance? It isn't "faith" that moves the rank and file of us, but the goods.

If SCRIBNER'S could give us a little more of John Strachey, and others of his sort, without this cautious "counter-balancing," it would be a much stronger and more valuable publication.

JOHN LAUDER.

Boston, Mass.

COMMUNISTIC JEWS?

Sir: In his splendid article on "Liberty—Is It Worth While?" Mr. James T. Adams unconsciously voices a common anti-Semitic charge, which unfortunately enjoys great currency, that Jews as a race are more favorably inclined towards Communism than other groups.

A careful student and impartial investigator like Mr. Adams can easily correct this false impression by an examination of the leadership and membership of the Communistic parties both here and abroad. The great mass of Jews despise the despotism of Stalin as much as they do that of Hitler and Mussolini. A few Jews are leaning towards Communism, but not in any proportionately larger numbers than other groups in our citizenry.

Hoping that you will give this letter space in your next issue, and if possible bring it to the attention of Mr. Adams, I am

(Rabbi) THEODORE N. LEWIS.

Sioux City, Iowa.

The following is an open letter to W. Chapin Huntington, referred to above, who wrote "An Uncensored Letter to a Soviet Friend" in the April issue.

UNDER THE CZAR

Your valuable and friendly letter was by unforeseen circumstances delivered to me. You probably have forgotten who I am, but knowing the Russian language you can decipher my name. You will probably recollect that I was at the pier, if not in person at least in spirit, wishing you a happy sojourn in my native land. Do you recall me now? I am one of the mass, that burst the dykes of the Russian frontier in 1904–1905, that came to these shores not to seek a fortune, but to escape an unjust war that we had no desire to participate in. From this you can see that I am not a recent arrival here but have had ample time to reflect and compare the past with the present, the old Russia and the new.

From your letter, I can see that although you profess friendship and impartiality, you are not very fair. In the first place, you approach the subject from the point of view of automobiles and frigidaires. You exclaim about what a liberal government with the aid of foreign capital could do in the line of improving the standard of living. You forget to mention that this would have burdened the nation with a bonded indebtedness that even the great-grandchildren would not have been able to repay.

I have often wondered if the friends of Russia who have been accustomed to hobnob with the nobility, ever tasted the food and the bread that was furnished to us in the army of the Tzar. Did you ever take a spoonful of cabbage soup that stunk to heaven. The only reason that you ate it, was that the $.22½ (22½ cents) per month in wages, after dropping a few pennies for candles for the chapel in the box, did not even leave you enough for shoe polish.

Did you ever see the uniforms they gave us to wear? By law we were entitled to two suits

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"Who Sees the Trends Anticipates the News"

WATCH THIS:

Hauptmann Appeal to be Heard JUNE 20

—All American News Services, March 29, 1935.

An appeal and an acquittal upon appeal. Then where is New York's ex-prisoner? Free in New Jersey! Students of the law who have gone into the case are of the opinion that he can remain free there forever. The only claim which New York could legally make against Hauptmann, then or now, in order to recover him, would be to charge that he was a fugitive from justice. But how can New York contend that Mr. Hauptmann fled from the jurisdiction of New York courts when he once fought them in the extradition proceedings?

—*"Criminals With Carfare."* NEW OUTLOOK, Jan. 1, 1935.

Hitler Scraps Versailles Treaty, Orders 500,000 Conscript Army

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune, March 17, 1935.

It will continue for many years, the whittling away of the substance of the Versailles Treaty; for Germany is united in a determination not to rest until the last trace of the hated "diktat" has disappeared.

"The Phantom Clause." NEW OUTLOOK, March 1, 1935.

Germany's re-entry into the League of Nations hinges on her right to re-arm. Here we examine the present nucleus of Germany's future military power.

—*"Hitler's Many Armies."* NEW OUTLOOK, Feb. 1, 1935.

League Seeks Ban on Warlike Broadcasts —N. Y. Times, Apr. 4, 1935.

Ship and airplane have been tamed by international law, but radio waves, recognizing no man-made boundaries, emerge as a new cause for world conflict.

—*"Battle of the Wave Lengths."* NEW OUTLOOK, March 1, 1935.

New Dust Storms Over Oklahoma, Colorado, Kansas and Missouri Add Ravages Already Running into Millions

—N. Y. TIMES, March 26, 1935.

Aridity is slowly increasing in the midlands of America and poses a problem about our eventual fate. —*"Desert Ahead."* NEW OUTLOOK, Aug. 1, 1934.

Watch an extraordinary new magazine policy in operation

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Behind the Scenes

of clothes. In reality, we only received patched-up rags unless we slipped a dollar, if we were lucky enough to have that much, to the quarter-master. Then he would give us one that didn't have so many patches.

Were you ever in a place called Kantakuzouka? It belonged to one of our American princesses by marriage. I can still remember the peasants, coming from the northwest in the spring, to hire out on that estate for the entire summer for $15 to $20. Did you see how they were laying in the market near the cattle stalls day and night without shelter, waiting until they were hired? None of your friends ever went over there to see it and write open letters to the princess and compare those conditions with the American standard of living. None of them warned the princess that unless these conditions were corrected, they might slide down into the bottomless pit of that market place.

Again you talk of the inefficiency of their skilled mechanics. As it happens, I am a mechanic and acquired my skill before coming here. I have the experience afforded by a thirty years' sojourn in the United States of America, yet I fail to notice the inferiority. In fact any manufacturer will testify to the superiority of the European-trained mechanic. The numbers may be lacking, but the quality is there. In the United States we have an industrial development of fifty years' standing and yet when it comes to certain very fine instruments, our standards do not compare with those of some European countries. And yet, no one will assert that we can not improve along these lines. Should not these same possibilities be conceded to the Russians?

Did you ask yourself the simple question of why the Russians accord the American engineer such high esteem and yet have such contempt for American newswriters and legal minds? I have been away from there so many years, that I can sense the reason. The American engineer brings them a practical scientific knowledge that can lift them from the animal level of life. The writers and legal minds have nothing to offer in the line of knowledge except bondage. Most of the men and women of Russia that are articulate now are well acquainted with the industrial development of Europe and America. They, no doubt, are bending all their energies to avoid the mistakes and pitfalls that they made of which you are unaware.

J. H.

Buffalo, N. Y.

AND AFTER

Sir: I read Mr. W. Chapin Huntington's article in your April's issue with great interest, and possibly some supplementary information bearing on the question of actual industrial and agricultural production in Russia after seventeen full years of Soviet experiment and work and also that of under the Czarist regime may be useful.

It must be borne in mind that in 1913 over 50 per cent of the manufactured output of the country was done by *hand* by the peasants during the long winter months and in the time free from their agricultural occupations. In making their comparisons with pre-revolutionary times, this factor is rarely or ever mentioned by the Soviet statisticians, as the handicrafts have to a very great extent been destroyed. Were this factor taken into account it is problematical whether industrial output, notwithstanding the enormous development of power-driven manufacturing plant in Russia during the last few years, is any greater now than in 1913. So far as quality of output is concerned there can be no comparison, pre-war Russia producing some of the highest and most artistic qualities of textiles, copper and silverware, bronze-work, glass and crockery in the world.

JUST A LITTLE TOUCH OF FRENCH IN YOUR COCKTAIL, MONSIEUR?

Voila!... What could be easier than to make a Dubonnet cocktail like this?

½ Dubonnet
½ Dry Gin
Stir with ice
Add thin slice of lemon

Schenley IMPORT

ABI-49

DUBONNET

You know how the French, they love the happy life? You know those gay Paris nights? Then you understand—is it not?—that the French know where to look for joy. That is why Dubonnet, the great French tonic wine and apéritif, is the first of all favorite drinks on the Paris boulevards! Do as the French do—make yourself a Dubonnet cocktail. It is of a simplicity!

"Take it from the French —your lunch will taste better after a Dubonnet*"

*Straight, chilled, but not iced

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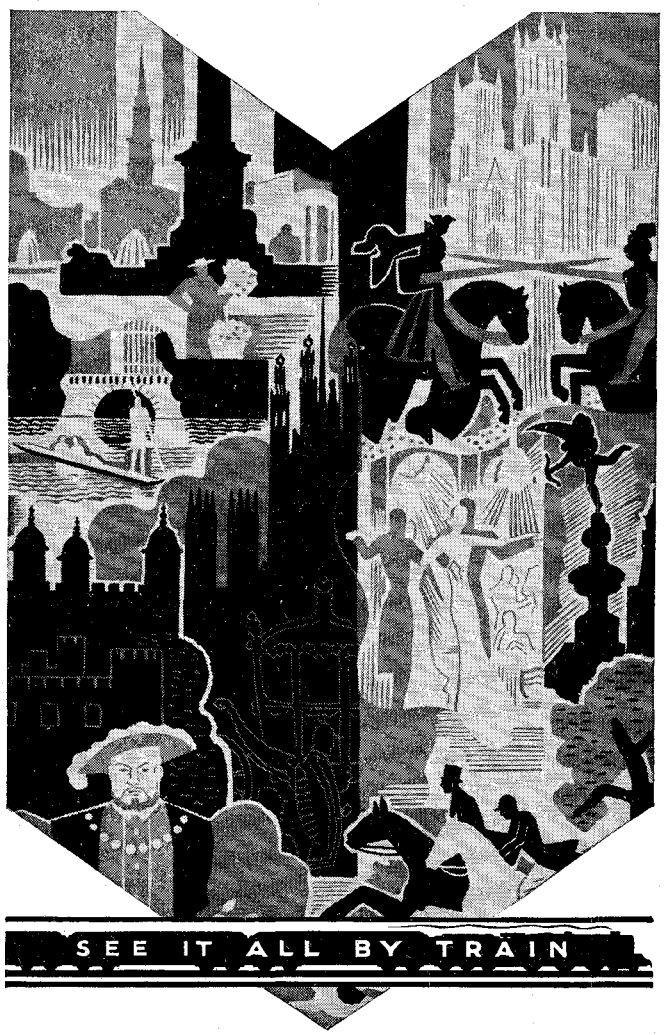

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ENGLAND has all the ingredients of a perfect trip. History—wondrous cathedrals, ancient abbeys and Castles—like enormous carved jewels. Scenery—a veritable picture-book countryside alive with legend and loveliness. Gaiety—shops, theatres, musicales, night clubs with everything for an "American" good time. • Trains are at perfection in the land of their invention and travelling by train is a continually changing panorama of English countryside. • A choice of sixteen different routes to the Continent headed by the luxury "Golden Arrow" service to Paris and the Harwich routes to Northern Europe—make it convenient for you to include other countries in your tour. In England all the old dollar values still exist. So go over for the splendid bargains in fun, adventure and relaxation that England offers in a never-to-be-forgotten trip. • For itineraries, literature, maps, etc. write Department 25.

T. R. DESTER, *General Traffic Manager*, ASSOCIATED BRITISH RAILWAYS, Inc.
551 Fifth Avenue, New York...*or your own tourist agent*

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 15)

The foregoing facts may explain that notwithstanding the efforts to increase production by installing new plant, there is a continued scarcity of goods.

The cost in human lives in carrying out the "Experiment" initiated by the original doctrinaire leaders of the Communist party, mostly utterly ignorant and unaccustomed to agricultural or industrial pursuits, has been probably not less than 20,000,000 and possibly much higher. What the Revolution has cost in human misery, loss of faith and individual initiative it would be hard to estimate. Mr. Huntington is perfectly right in stating that whatever efforts the present Communist system and regime may make to overtake the Western civilized states and America it will always lag behind hand a lap or two owing to this very loss of initiative.

H. H. CHARNOCK.

London, England.

MICHIGAN TIMBER

Sir: I am enclosing under cover the tear sheet of the page of Sunday's issue of *The Daily Times* carrying a review of C. Hartley Grattan's "They Didn't Spare the Trees."

Grattan's views were carefully drawn and sensible, and it is with considerable pride that the residents of this region hail certain enterprises now well under way that will restore the former wealth of the area. While Grattan views these projects as something hoped for yet largely unattainable, I am glad to inform you that these projects are already well under way and sanely administered. Fathered by experiments in the Huron National Forest, the restoration of the Michigan "cut-over" is now largely a matter of waiting rather than hoping.

EDGAR M. WOODS,
News Editor, "Daily Times."

Bay City, Mich.

FROM A KANSAS FARM

Sirs: The following is a feeble attempt on the part of a Kansas bankrupt wheat farmer to tell what he thinks of SCRIBNER'S. I may as well start in by saying that I became personally attracted to SCRIBNER'S because of the fact that its pages are filled with good food for mental reflection.

I have been a constant reader of SCRIBNER'S since April, 1931, in which issue C. H. Perry gave to his readers a fine understandable conception of the sorrowful Jew and after reading that issue I prevailed upon the local druggist to get me a copy every month and one of my hopes for the future is that I may always have the necessary thirty-five cents.

I think you are right in appealing to a class of people that possess an eye on both sides of their head and any article on any subject written for the purpose of giving us poor dumb mortals a little more truth and understanding of the complex questions of Life should be the means of producing a magazine that is well worthy the respect and praise of its readers.

Yours for the success of SCRIBNER'S,
J. S. MARSDEN.

Atwood, Kans.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS'S article, "Liberty, Is It Worth Fighting For?" in the May issue, has attracted so much attention and so many requests for reprints have come in that we have reprinted it in pamphlet form. It may be had at ten cents (in stamps) per copy.

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